MOORE'S
IRISH MELODIES.

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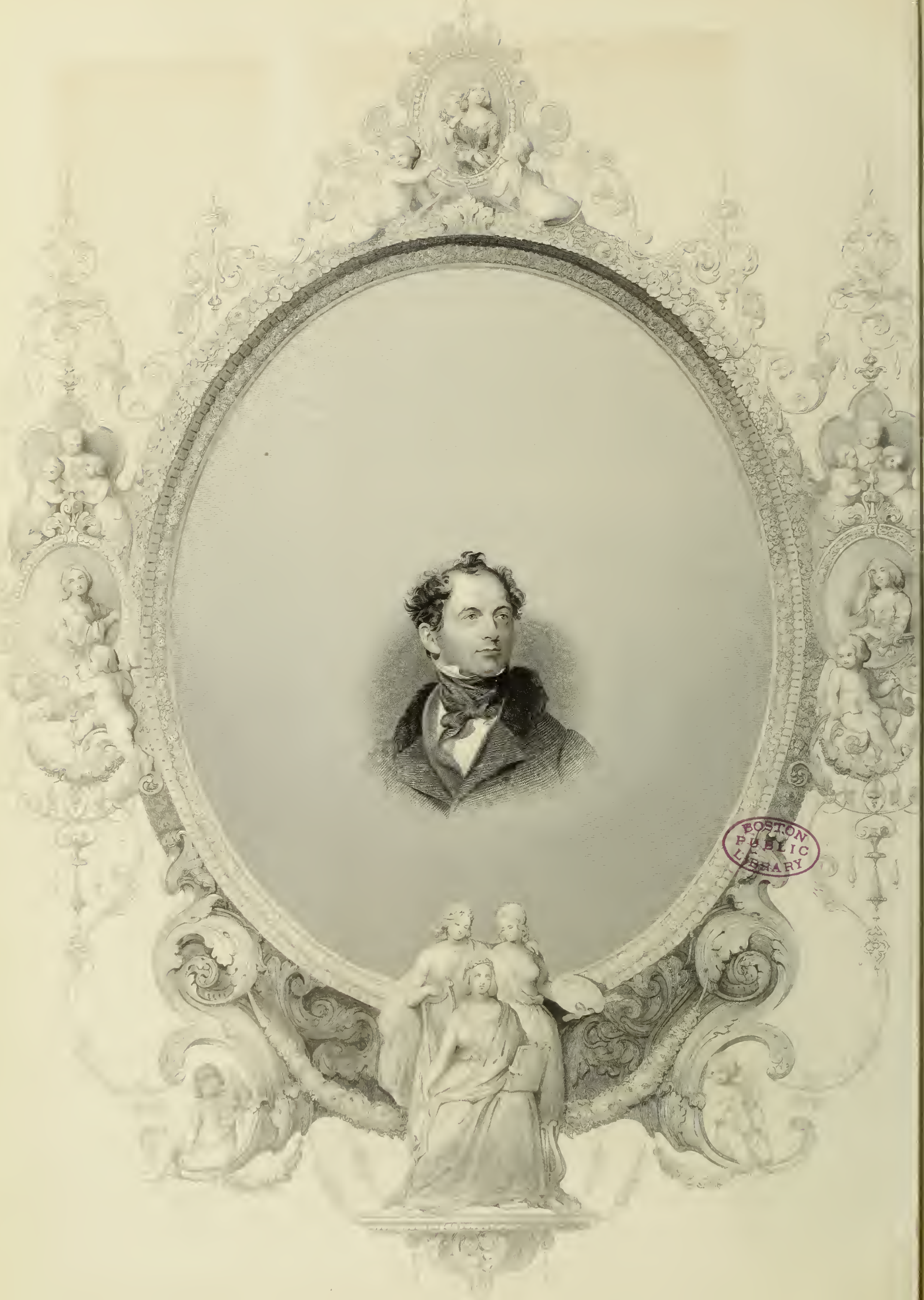
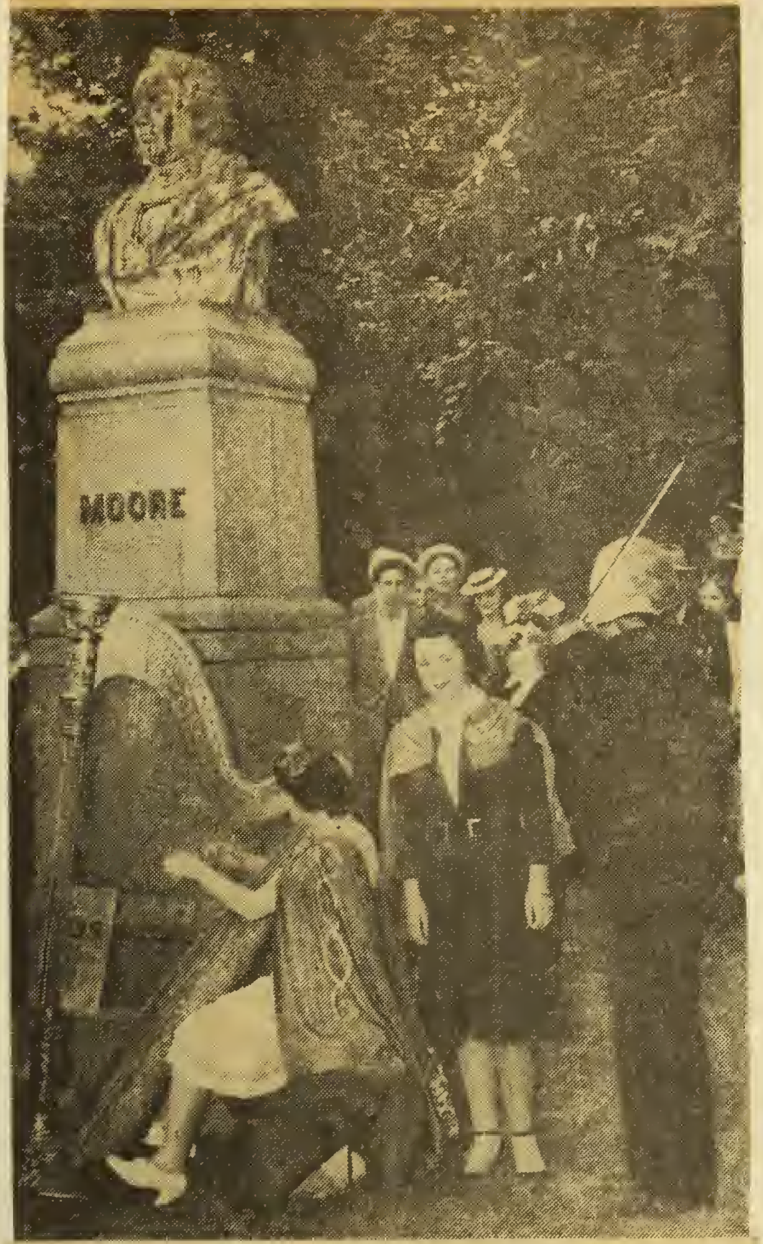


BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

IONORING MEMORY AND MELODY OF IRISH POET



At the foot of the statue of Thomas Moore in Central Park, Mae Behan, mezzo-soprano, is accompanied by Josephine P. Smith, harpist, and Francis Flanagan, violinist, as she sings, "The Last Rose of Summer." The New York Times

A memorial service for Thomas Moore, the Irish poet, was held yesterday afternoon, on the 164th anniversary of his birth, at the Moore Monument near the East Fifty-ninth Street entrance to Central Park. The program included the singing of several of Moore's melodies and a talk on the life of the poet by Professor James O'Brien of the Romance Language Department at Fordham University. 5-30-43

Professor O'Brien referred to Moore as "the most universal voice the people of Ireland have ever had in sorrow, or in gladness."

The ceremonw opened with "The Star-Spangled Banner," the music of whichis identical with that of Moore's "To Anacreon in Heaven." Among the other songs were "The Last Rose of Summer" and the "Soldiers' Song," sung by Mae Behan, Rita McLoughlin, Seamus O'Doherty and Julia R. Lennon to the accompaniment of Josephine P. Smith, harpist, and Francis Flanagan, violinist. Tim

The exercises ended with the placing of a wreath on the Moore Manument by Terry Long, president of the Dublin Society. Joseph F. McLoughlin, chairman of the Irish Feis to be held on the Fordham campus June 20, made the arrangements for the ceremony.

THOMAS MOORE HONORED

Irish Sing Poet's Melodies in Central Park Observance

The skirl of bagpipes and voices singing Irish melodies drew hundreds of persons yesterday to the statue of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, near the Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park. The program, marking the 173d anniversary of the poet's birthday, was presented by the Feis Committee of the United Irish Counties Association of New York.

While most of the two-hour program was devoted to the singing and playing of Moore's poems and melodies, brief speeches were made by Garth Healy, Irish Consul General in New York, James J. Comerford, assistant district attorney of New York County and chairman of the committee, and Joseph F. McLoughlin, chief clerk of the Appellate Term of Supreme Court.

Entertainers included Margaret Leary, Mary and Eileen Cagney, Kathleen Doyle, Helen Legge, Seamus O'Doherty, Edward Flaherty, Josephine Smith, Francis Flanagan, and members of the Armagh Pipers Band. Sean P. Keating, president of the association, placed a wreath at the monument. 5-25-53 T

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

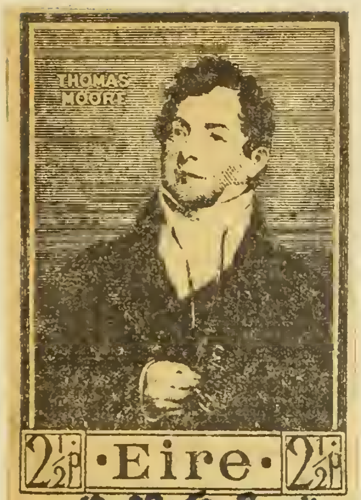
IN COMMEMORATION

OF THE

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

BIRTH OF THE POET.



10-23-52 [illegible]

A special commemorative to mark the 100th anniversary of the death of the Irish poet, Thomas Moore, will be issued by the Irish Post Office on November 10, 1952. The stamp will be issued in two denominations, 2½d. wine color, 3½d. green. The portrait of Moore appearing on the stamp is a reproduction of a painting by the Irish artist, Sir M. Archer Shee, which hangs in the National Gallery of Ireland. Moore, a musician as well as poet, is perhaps best known for his ever popular songs such as "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Meeting of the Waters," and "Last Rose of Summer."

MOORE'S

IRISH MELODIES

1911

WITH

THE CELEBRATED AND UNSURPASSED

SYMPHONIES AND ACCOMPANIMENTS

OF

SIR JOHN STEVENSON, Mus. Doc.,

AND

SIR HENRY BISHOP.

Illustrated by Twenty Original Steel Engravings,

AFTER W. P. FRITH, R.A., A. ELMORE, R.A. &c.

WITH A BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS MOORE,

AND

AN ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

"Cold, cold, must the heart be,
And void of emotion,
That loves not the music
Of Erin-go-bragh!"

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LIFE OF

THOMAS MOORE.

BRILLIANT as have been the examples of genius which the Emerald Isle has produced, few have equalled, and none exceeded in gaining the universal popularity which has fallen to the lot of the National Poet, Thomas Moore. From its earliest days, Ireland has been the land of song and poetry. Her Bards had no annals nor records but what were in verse. These Bards were the only people who delivered down the history of their time to modern ages. "The wonderful tales which they told, and the melody with which they accompanied them, made these people the delight of the simple ages." Moore amply fulfilled such a mission in modern days. The late Earl Russell tersely gives his estimate of him. "As a poet, Moore must always hold a high place. Of English lyrical poets, he is surely the first. Beautiful specimens of lyrical poetry may, indeed, be found, from the earliest times of our literature, to the days of Burns, of Campbell, and of Tennyson, but no one poet can equal Moore in the united excellence and abundance of his productions."

Thomas Moore, like many great men, sprung from comparatively obscure origin. In his own Memoirs, he says, "At this period, (1778), as I always understood, my father kept a small wine store in Johnson's Court, Grafton Street, Dublin: the same court, by the way, where I afterwards went to school. On his marriage, however, having received, I rather think, some little money with my mother, he set up business in Aungier Street, No. 12, at the corner of Little Longford Street; and in that house, on the 28th of May, 1779, I was born.

Moore's account of his early education is amusing. He relates that he went to a school kept by a "wild odd fellow," named Malone. This worthy used to pass the greater part of his nights in drinking at public-houses, and hardly ever made his appearance at school before noon, an event which was followed by his whipping all the scholars, for disturbing his slumbers. But thanks to his natural quickness, and the kindness of his mother, Moore fared better than his play-fellows. His poetic power, and lively imagination early showed their buddings. He was, at about the age of fourteen, sent to the grammar school of Samuel Whyte, the best then in Dublin. It was by the same master that the celebrated Brinsley Sheridan was educated. Under this person, Moore's talent for recitation and acting was encouraged; Mr. Whyte had a great fondness for the drama, and was frequently employed in preparing persons who intended to follow the stage as a profession. Moore gives an amusing account in his "Memoirs," of his early attempts at dramatic performances, when only eleven years old; and it was at about this period, that he made his second attempt at versification. On one occasion, when a performance was got up by the lads of the school, he personated Patrick in "The Poor Soldier," and Harlequin in a pantomime, besides contributing an appropriate epilogue.

Young Moore was intended by his father for the bar; but his family were Catholics, and to members of the Roman church the Dublin University was at that period closed, and thus the only recognised avenue to the learned professions was barred against their entrance. Although this restriction was swept away by the memorable Act of 1793, which abolished the most offensive enactments against the Catholics, yet this unjust exclusion seems to have cherished in the mind of the Poet that patriotic ardour and political energy, which, in early youth, were nearly placing him in an unenviable, if not a dangerous position. He was among the first of his faith who availed themselves of the new privilege of being educated at their national University, though they were still excluded from the attainment of college honours and emoluments. He entered the University in 1794. He remarks that in 1793 he first saw his verses in print, and that then he had become a determined rhymer. Having attracted notice by his early versification, Moore determined to attempt a free translation of some of the songs and odes of Anacreon into English verse; and after accomplishing a portion of this task, he submitted the manuscript to Dr. Kearney, then one of the senior Fellows of the University, afterwards Bishop of Ossory, and requested his advice relative to laying it before the Board, in the hope of obtaining some honourable reward or distinction. That gentleman spoke very highly of the translation, and encouraged him to persevere with it, but told him he did not see that the Board of the University could, by any public reward, give their sanction to verses of so convivial and free a character. In the year 1798, or 1799, he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts, and left the University.

The young poet then proceeded to London, for the twofold purpose of keeping his terms in the Middle Temple, and publishing his translation of Anacreon, by subscription. His name had been entered in the Middle Temple so early as the year 1795 or 1796, together with that of an intimate friend of his. The account he gives of his journey to the Metropolis, and his initiation into the forms of the Middle Temple, are richly humorous, yet also at times pathetic. The elegant and voluptuous productions of the Greek poet had the credit, we are told, of softening the mind of Polycrates into a spirit of benevolence towards his subjects. "They are, indeed," says Moore, "all beauty, all enchantment. He steals us so insensibly along with him, that we sympathise even in his excesses." It is somewhat singular that Moore's first work should be dedicated to the Prince of Wales, against whom, in after years, he aimed so many of his brilliant laughing satires. Two years later Mr. Moore published his juvenile efforts, under the title of "The Poems of the late

Thomas Little;" these were pleasing amatory trifles, some of which, in years of maturity, he would willingly have forgotten. In his preface, Moore reminds us that they were "the productions of an age when the passions very often give a colouring too warm to the imagination; and this may palliate, if it cannot excuse, that air of levity which pervades so many of them."

In 1803, Mr. Moore had the comparative sinecure of the treasurership of Bermuda conferred upon him; but slight as the duties were, they were not to his taste; so he appointed a deputy, and then proceeded on a tour through some parts of North America. American society also was not to his taste. He returned to England in no very excellent humour, and the Irish Republican Poet indulged an inconsistent sneer at what he rather superciliously called "rabble senators and merchant kings." He admitted, however, that the title of "Poet" bespoke everywhere a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; the captain of the packet in which he crossed Lake Ontario, not only loaded him with civilities, but begged on parting to be allowed to decline payment for his passage. Progress is rapid in America; on his journey to the Falls of Niagara he met with a slight accident, which detained him some days at Buffalo, then a mere village, consisting of huts and wigwams; many years have rolled away since then, and the village has now become a populous and splendid city. The first sensation of the Poet on beholding the terrific fall of waters at Niagara was that of slight disappointment; but its wild grandeur soon entirely captivated his imagination, and on each succeeding visit he seemed to behold new beauties. He tells us, "I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply affected: when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum." It was during this visit that he penned that universal favourite, "The Canadian Boat Song." The publication of two volumes of Odes and Epistles in 1806 followed Moore's return to his native land. In the poems descriptive of American scenery, he delineates the wild and beautiful features of that vast continent, not only with the graces of imagination, but with a singularly graphic accuracy. But the work, which Moore admits, called upon him a heavy storm of censure and criticism was followed by results that more than repaid him, for subsequently the most severe of his censors became one of his most cordial and valued friends.

The satirical poems "Corruption" and "Intolerance" appeared in 1808, and the "Sceptic" in the following year. In the preface of the two first poems, Moore indicated his strong political opinions from an Irishman's point of view, and in the "Sceptic" he gives some hard hits on the want of charity among religionists of all sects. But meanwhile, Moore had commenced his "Irish Melodies," which have done more to popularise his name than any of his works. Their production extended from 1807 to 1828, or perhaps 1834. It would be superfluous to criticise melodies that are known and sung, it might be said, throughout all the civilised world; but an extract from Moore's preface to their collected edition may be of interest. He remarks: "With respect to the verses which I have written for these melodies, as they are intended rather to be sung than read, I can answer for their sound with somewhat more confidence than their sense; yet it would be affectation to deny that I have given much attention to the task, and that it is not through want of zeal or industry if I unfortunately disgrace the sweet airs of my country by poetry altogether unworthy of their taste, their energy, and their tenderness." So far he speaks of *his* work, but he pays a high compliment to Sir John Stevenson, and we feel sure that our readers will agree with Moore in the just eulogy he passes on that composer, to whom we are indebted for the adaptation of music to the Melodies. Moore remarks: "In those airs, which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself; and although it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed, or having lost its charm for novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonised shape with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of sweetness to every part." The present work contains the musical adaptations of Sir John Stevenson, above referred to, and those of Sir Henry Bishop.

It may be briefly remarked, that the eminently National Irish spirit evinced in some of the Melodies, may in part be traced to Moore's connection, as friends, in 1798, with some of the prominent leaders of the rebellion of that period. Indeed, in his introduction to the Melodies, after giving a historical sketch of the rise and progress of the rebellion, he says in his Memoirs :—"I have continued them down to the very verge of the warning of the outbreak of 1798, the slight sketch of my early days; nor could I have furnished the Irish Melodies with any more pregnant illustration, as it was in these times, and among the events then stirring, that the feeling which afterwards found a voice in my country's music, was born and nurtured." Moore showed that he largely inherited the *esprit de corps* of his countrymen, for when Jeffrey had severely criticised his work already referred to—the "Odes and Epistles"—in the *Edinburgh Review*, Moore boldly challenged him to a hostile meeting. The "duel" was to have taken place at Chalk Farm, near London, in 1806; but just as the combatants were ready, "the Bow Street runners appeared from behind a hedge," and the valorous duellists ended the affair by being bound over to keep the peace.

Moore was now becoming a well-known man in the world of literature. In 1811 his opera, "M.P., or the Blue-Stocking," appeared, but it was not successful. In a letter, which he dates, Dublin, September 11, 1811, he complains bitterly of certain criticisms on this dramatic attempt, but he consoles himself with the following reflections :—"I shall now take to my poem, and do something, I hope, that will place me above the vulgar herd, both of worldlings and of critics; but you shall hear of me again when I get among the maids of Cashmere, the sparkling springs of Rochabad, and the fragrant bouquets of the Peris. How much sweeter employments these than the vile joke-making I have been at these two months." These remarks foreshadow the production of "Lalla Rookh."

Moore having thus gained access to the highest class of literary and social distinction, Lord Holland, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Grey, Lord Lansdowne, Rogers the poet, Croker, and even royalty courted his company. He makes a plea for not meeting Mr. Longman before 4 p.m. on the following day, because "I dare say I shall be up all night at Carlton House." But, to some extent, he cast anchor in the sea of fashion's frivolities. In 1811 he married Miss Bessy Dyke, and thus formed an alliance of happiness. In reference to this portion of his life the opinion of the late Earl Russell may be quoted, himself a pattern of domestic felicity. The Earl remarks, in regard to this period :—"From the year of his marriage to that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidences, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned home with a fresh feeling of delight." As a father, Earl Russell adds, that his affections "were no less genuine, but were not equally rewarded." The deaths of some of his children at an early period, of his remaining daughter and of his sons at a more advanced age, together with many other circumstances, cast a gloom over the latter years of his life, which was never entirely dispelled.

Passing over some details of the life of Moore, the production of "Lalla Rookh" may be next noticed. It appeared in 1817. Messrs. Longman agreed to give him the large sum of 3,000 guineas for a poem upon an Eastern story. Moore retired to the picturesque banks of the river Dove, in Derbyshire, went through a course of Oriental reading, and in three years produced his exquisite poem of "Lalla Rookh." Its success was triumphant, and at once dissipated from the mind of its author the doubts which, during the long anxious period of labour, would occasionally haunt him, respecting its reception by the public. It was the first product of a new school of poetry, perfectly Oriental in character; the warm rays of an Eastern sun seem to radiate from every page: the judgment of the reading world was taken captive, and bound in chains of flowers.

Moore thus relates how he prepared himself for this work. He says :—"Having thus laid open the secrets of the workshop to account for the time expended in *writing* this work, I must, in justice to my own industry, notice the pains I took in long and laboriously *reading* for it. To form a storehouse, as it were, of purely Oriental, and so familiarised myself with its various treasures, that, as quick as fancy, in her airy spiritings, required the assistance of fact, the memory was ready, like another Ariel, at her 'strong bidding,' to furnish materials for the spell-work—such was, for a long while, the sole object of my studies; and whatever time and trouble this preparatory process may have cost me, the effects resulting from it, as far as the humble merit of truthfulness is concerned, have been such as to repay me, more than sufficient, for my pains."

With respect to "Lalla Rookh," numerous have been the critics. But bearing in mind that the late Earl Russell was his most intimate friend, and his literary executor, his opinion of the work is here selected in preference to others. After making contrasts between the old epic poets, such as Homer, Virgil, and in more recent days, Milton and others, Earl Russell observes:—"Such charm of versification, such tenderness of womanly love, such strains of patriotic ardour, and such description of blind and fierce fanaticism, as are found in 'Lalla Rookh,' are found nowhere else in a poem of this length. Indeed, the fault on which most readers dwell is that the feast is too sumptuous, the light of a splendour which dazzles the eyes they were meant to enchant, and the flowers of a fragrance which overpowers the sense they were meant to delight." Further, in regard to "Paradise and the Peri," the Earl esteems it as "a short poem of exquisite beauty, and perhaps the most perfect in the volume."

Though Moore had obtained the highest popularity, and his company was coveted by the greatest in the land, yet he had to feel painful reverses. It has already been stated that he had received a kind of sinecure appointment at Bermuda, the duties of which he left in the hands of a deputy. The latter proved faithless, and Moore bitterly describes his disappointment in a letter addressed to his friend, Mr. Power, dated April 6, 1818. He says,—"My deputy at Bermuda, after keeping back from me my proper share of the receipts of his office, has now, it seems, made free with the proceeds of a sale of a ship and cargo, deposited in his hands, and *I* am called upon by a monition from Doctor's Commons, to be accountable for it. I know not what may be the extent of his defalcations, but it *may* be more than I can even attempt to pay. What a life it is! I am not, however, thank Heaven! at all cast down by the prospect; as it is not by my own misdeeds I shall suffer, there will be nothing in it to embitter my conscience, and I shall smile at Fortune still. They cannot take away from me either my self-respect, or my talents."

Here we have a melancholy picture. Moore in the zenith of his prosperity, reduced to the depths of adversity. But, at this juncture, his friends rallied round him. Jeffrey, with whom, as already related, he had nearly fought a duel, sent him an order for £500, and an offer for an advance for an equal amount. But his pecuniary difficulties were so severe that he was compelled to take refuge abroad.

Consequently, in September, 1819, Moore again visited Paris, now in the company of Lord John Russell; after remaining there a short time, they proceeded to the Simplon, going from thence to Milan, where they parted, the Politician proceeding to Genoa, and the Poet to visit Lord Byron at Venice. Moore also spent some time at Rome, where he carried on a delightful intercourse with those high-priests of the Arts—Canova, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner, and Eastlake. This delightful trip was followed by the appearance of a volume entitled "Rhymes on the Road," a light and pleasing record in verse of his travels, in which he expressed the various impressions made upon him by the exquisite productions of art and nature that everywhere met his dazzled and enraptured view.

Moore afterwards returned to Paris, and remained there until 1822. He produced, during his stay in that gay city, his sweet and melodious poem, "The Loves of the Angels," which seems to have been penned during a long dream of poetic love and sensuous rapture; and "The Fables of the Holy Alliance," a collection of political satires, some of which possess, not only a bold, but an enduring character. Probably he felt that the apparent trifler could tell home-truths with impunity, for his laughing muse has given birth to utterances which might have drawn down dangerous consequences upon the head of a more serious and sterner writer.

At length his difficulties in connection with the Bermuda affair were arranged, partly by the relations of his defaulting deputy, and also by his friends, Lord Lansdowne and Lord John (late Earl) Russell. On his return to England he took up his residence at Sloperton Cottage, in the immediate vicinity of the beautiful demesne of Bowood, the seat of his distinguished and ever constant friend, the late Marquis of Lansdowne. Here, surrounded by scenery in which a Poet would have chosen to dwell, visited by literary friends, and, indeed, enjoying an intercourse with all that was exalted in intellect, rank, or beauty, did he pass the remainder of his life. Here it was that he perfectly realised Lord Byron's generous eulogy, that he was "the Poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

In the full maturity of intellect, Moore turned his attention to prose writing, and in 1825 he penned a biography of the brilliant but thoughtless Sheridan; five years later, his well-known "Life of Byron" emerged from the press; it is a perfect picture of the literary and domestic character of that great creature of impulse and passion,—a photograph of the man, in words, although not by sunbeams. On this Macaulay remarks: "Considered merely as a composition, it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced." In 1831, he produced the "Memoirs of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," that rash and ill-fated patriot, who terminated a life of enthusiasm by a melancholy death in prison. Besides these biographical efforts, Moore produced, in 1827, his gorgeous prose romance, illustrative of Egyptian life, entitled "The Epicurean." This delightful book, of which the language, though not in verse, often rises to poetry, is, in some respects, his most elevated work.

We must now turn to the closing scenes of Moore's life, and for a description of them, the following is quoted from Earl Russell's "Life of Moore." "The latter years of Moore were clouded by loss of memory, and a helplessness almost childish; yet he preserved his interest about his friends; and when I saw him for the last time, on the 20th December, 1849, he spoke rationally, agreeably, and kindly on all those subjects which were the topics of our conversation. But the death of his sister Ellen and of his two sons, seem to have saddened his heart, and obscured his intellect. The wit which sparkled so brightly, the gaiety which threw sunshine over society, the readiness of reply, the quickness of recollection, all that marked the Poet and the Wit were gone. As we left his house, Lord Lansdowne remarked that he had not seen him so well for a long time. . . . But that very evening he had a fit from the effects of which he never recovered. The light of his intellect grew still more dim; his memory failed still more; yet there was never a total extinction of that bright flame. To the last day of his life, he would inquire with anxiety about the health of his friends, and would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the day before his death he 'warbled' as Mrs. Moore expressed it; and a fond love of music never left him but with life."

The Poet died calmly and without pain at his residence, Sloperton Cottage, on the 26th of February, 1852. In the following June, a committee of his friends, and admirers, met at the house of Lord Lansdowne, for the purpose of erecting a monument to his memory in his native city, Dublin. But such a man needed no such testimonial. Many have been the estimates of his character. His intimate friends have shown his virtues with an occasional hint at his failings. His works have been severely criticised, but have been generally applauded. But all the praise and cynicisms that have been heaped upon him are now matters of history and of little interest. His works, his songs, and his sentiments are left to us; and had we the honour of writing an elegy on the Man, and the Poet, we should only have selected his own words,—this favourite melody—" The Farewell to My Harp."

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

Dear Harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy cords to light, freedom, and song!
The warm lay of love, and the light note of gladness,
Have awaken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
But so oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness,
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine,
Go,—sleep, with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
It was *but* as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own!

INTRODUCTION TO THE IRISH MELODIES;

AN

ESSAY ON THE MUSIC OF IRELAND,

BY THOMAS MOORE.

It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness—the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness, which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which, I think, it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. Sometimes, when the strain is open and spirited, yet shaded here and there by a mournful recollection, we can fancy that we behold the brave allies of Montrose marching to the aid of the royal cause, notwithstanding all the perfidy of Charles and his ministers, and remembering just enough of past sufferings to enhance the generosity of their present sacrifice. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit for ever the land of their birth, (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile, mingling regret for the ties he leaves at home, with sanguine expectations of the honours that await him abroad—such honours as were won on the field of Fontenoy, where the valour of Irish Catholics turned the fortune of the day in favour of the French, and extorted from George II. that memorable exclamation, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects!"

Though much has been said of the antiquity of our music, it is certain that our finest and most popular airs are modern; and, perhaps, we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of most of those wild and melancholy strains which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and which were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body, "decantare loca dolentia." Mr. Pinkerton is of opinion that none of the Scotch popular airs are as old as the middle of the sixteenth century; and though musical antiquaries refer us for some of our melodies to so early a period as the fifth century, I am persuaded that there are few of a *civilized* description (and by this I mean to exclude all the savage ceanans, cries, &c.), which can claim quite so ancient a date as Mr. Pinkerton allows to the Scotch. But music is not the only subject upon which our taste for antiquity is rather unreasonably indulged; and, however heretical it may be to dissent from these romantic speculations, I cannot help thinking that it is possible to love our country very zealously, and to feel deeply interested in her honour and happiness, without believing that Irish was the language spoken in Paradise—that our ancestors were kind enough to take the trouble of polishing the Greeks—or that Abaris, the Hyperborean, was a native of the north of Ireland.

By some of these archæologists, it has been imagined that the Irish were early acquainted with the counterpoint, and they endeavour to support this conjecture by a well-known passage in Giraldus, where he dilates with such elaborate praise upon the beauties of our national minstrelsy. But the terms of this eulogy are too vague, too deficient in technical accuracy, to prove that even Giraldus himself knew anything of the artifice of counterpoint. There are many expressions in the Greek and Latin writers which might be cited with much more plausibility to prove that they understood the arrangement of music in parts: yet I believe it is conceded in general by the learned, that however grand and pathetic the melody of the ancients may have been, it was reserved for the ingenuity of modern science to transmit the "light of song" through the variegating prism of harmony.

Indeed, the irregular scale of the early Irish (in which, as in the music of Scotland, the interval of the fourth was wanting) must have furnished but wild and refractory subjects to the harmonist. It was only when the invention of Guido began to be known, and the powers of the harp were enlarged by additional strings, that our melodies took the sweet character which interests us at present; and while the Scotch persevered in the old mutilation of the scale, our music became gradually more amenable to the laws of harmony and counterpoint.

In profiting, however, by the improvements of the moderns, our style still kept its originality sacred from their refinements; and though Carolan had frequent opportunities of hearing the works of Geminiani and other masters, we but rarely find him sacrificing his native simplicity to the ambition of their ornaments, or affectation of their science.

In that curious composition, indeed, called his Concerto, it is evident that he laboured to imitate Corelli; and this union of manners so very dissimilar, produces the same kind of uneasy sensation which is felt at a mixture of different styles of architecture. In general, however, the artless flow of our music has preserved itself free from all tinge of foreign innovation, and the chief corruptions of which we have to complain arise from the unskilful performance of our own itinerant musicians, from whom, too frequently, the airs are noted down, encumbered by their tasteless decorations, and responsible for all their ignorant anomalies. Though it be sometimes impossible to trace the original strain, yet in most of them, "auri per ramos *aura* refulget" (Virgil, *Æneid* lib. 6, v. 204), the pure gold of the melody shines through the ungraceful foliage which surrounds it; and the most delicate and difficult duty of a compiler is to endeavour, as much as possible, by retrenching these inelegant superfluities, and collating the various melodies of playing or singing each air, to restore the regularity of its form, and the chaste simplicity of its character.

I must again observe that, in doubting the antiquity of our music, my scepticism extends but to those polished specimens of the art which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement; and that it would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous antiquary may be inclined to allow her. In addition, indeed, to the power which music must always have possessed over the minds of a people so ardent and susceptible, the stimulus of persecution was not wanting to quicken our taste into enthusiasm; the charms of song were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the Acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics.

Though the humble nature of my contributions to this work may exempt them from the rigours of literary criticism, it was not to be expected that those touches of political feeling, those tones of national complaint, in which the poetry sometimes sympathises with the music, would be suffered to pass without censure or alarm. It has been accordingly said, that the tendency of this publication is mischievous, and that I have chosen these airs but as a vehicle of dangerous politics—as fair and precious vessels (to borrow an image of St. Augustine) from which the wine of error might be administered. To those who identify nationality with treason, and who see in every effort for Ireland a system of hostility towards England—to those, too, who, nursed in the gloom of prejudice, are alarmed by the faintest gleam of liberality that threatens to disturb their darkness, like that Demophon of old, who, when the sun shone upon him, shivered!—to such men I shall not deign to apologise for the warmth of any political sentiment which may occur in the course of these pages. But as there are many among the more wise and tolerant who, with feeling enough to mourn over the wrongs of their country, and sense enough to perceive all the danger of not redressing them, may yet think that allusions in the least degree bold or inflammatory, should be avoided in a publication of this popular description—I beg of these respected persons to believe that there is no one who deprecates more sincerely than I do any appeal to the passions of an ignorant and angry multitude; but that it is not through that gross and inflammable region of society, a work of this nature could ever have been intended to circulate. It looks much higher for its audience and readers—it is found upon the pianofortes of the rich and the educated—of those who can afford to have their national zeal a little stimulated without exciting much dread of the excesses into which it may hurry them; and of many whose nerves may be now and then alarmed with advantage, as much more is to be gained by their fears than could ever be expected from their justice.

Having thus adverted to the principal objection which has been hitherto made to the poetical part of this work, allow me to add a few words in defence of my ingenious coadjutor, Sir John Stevenson, who has been accused of having spoiled the simplicity of the airs by the chromatic richness of the symphonies, and the elaborate variety of his harmonies. We might cite the example of the admirable Haydn, who has sported through all the mazes of musical science in his arrangement of the simplest Scottish melodies; but it appears to me that Sir John Stevenson has brought a national feeling to this task which it would be in vain to expect from a foreigner, however tasteful or judicious. Through many of his own compositions we trace a vein of Irish sentiment, which points him out as peculiarly suited to catch the spirit of his country's music; and, far from agreeing with those critics who think that his symphonies have nothing kindred with the airs which they introduce, I would say that, in general, they resemble those illuminated initials of old manuscripts, which are of the same character with the writing which follows, though more highly coloured and more curiously ornamented.

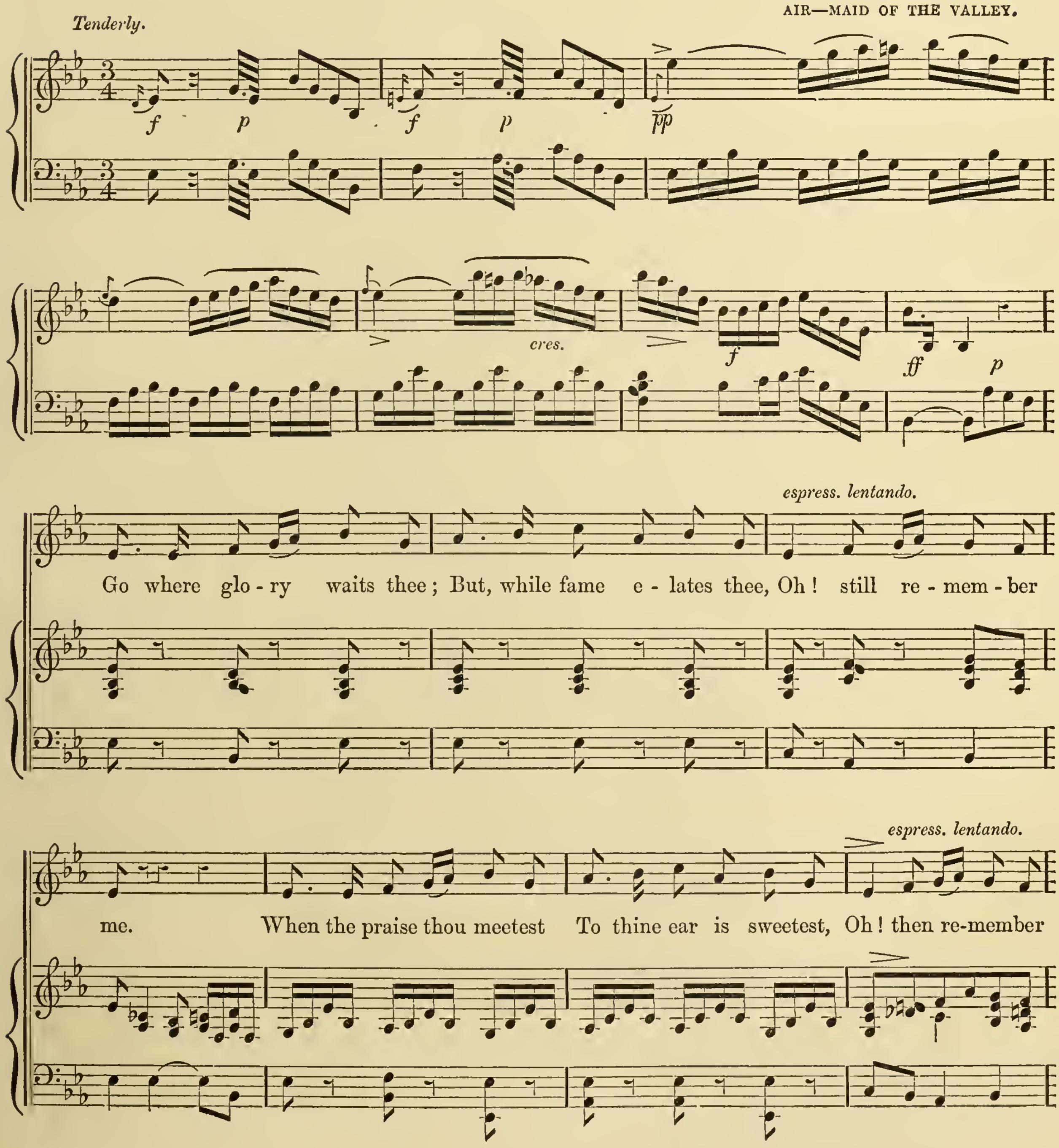
In those airs which are arranged for voices, his skill has particularly distinguished itself, and though it cannot be denied that a single melody most naturally expresses the language of feeling and passion, yet often, when a favourite strain has been dismissed as having lost its charm of novelty for the ear, it returns in a harmonized shape, with new claims upon our interest and attention; and to those who study the delicate artifices of composition, the construction of the inner parts of these pieces must afford, I think, considerable satisfaction. Every voice has an air to itself, a flowing succession of notes, which might be heard with pleasure, independent of the rest, so artfully has the harmonist (if I may thus express it) *gavelled* the melody, distributing an equal portion of its sweetness to every part.

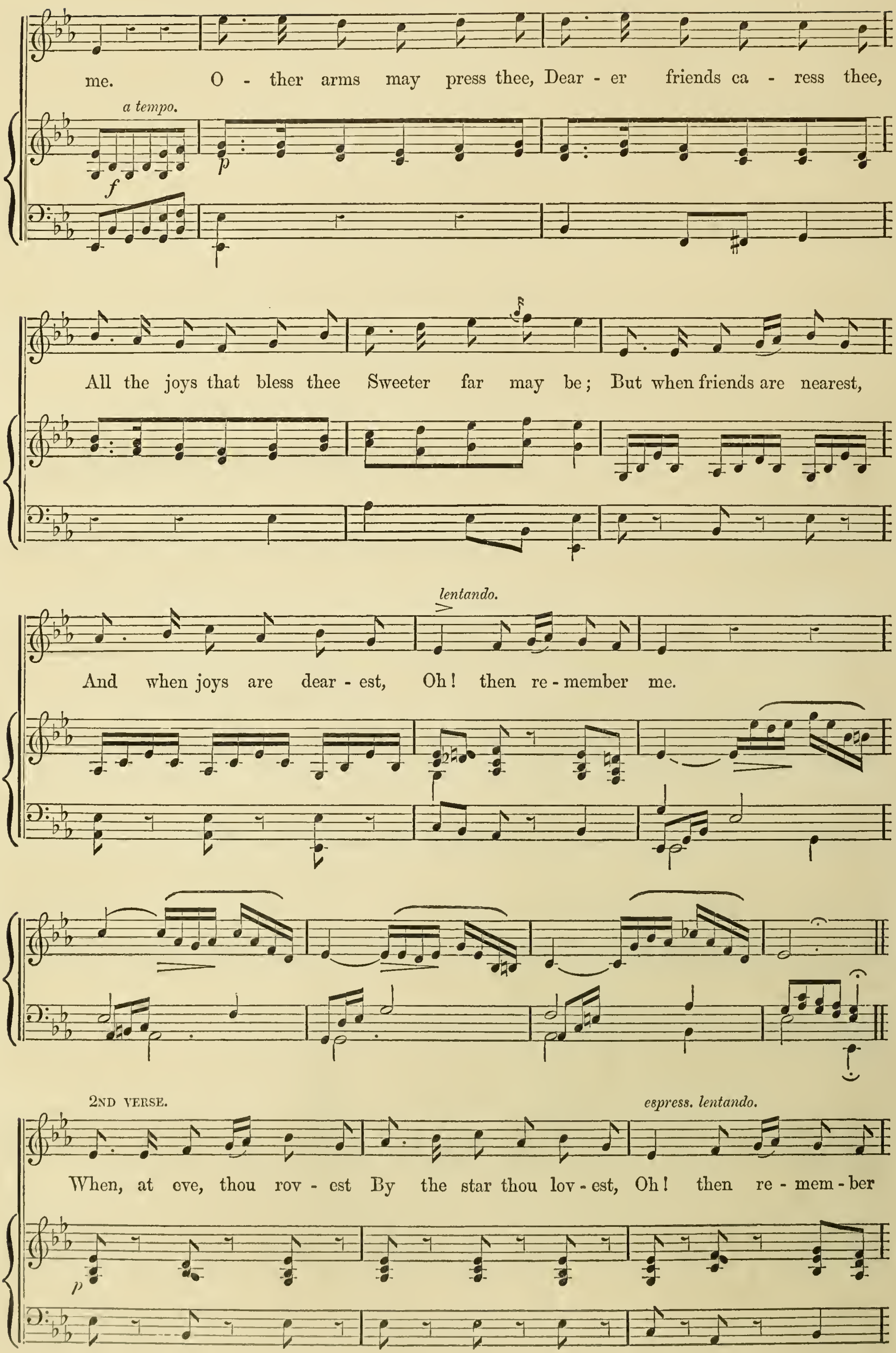
T. M.

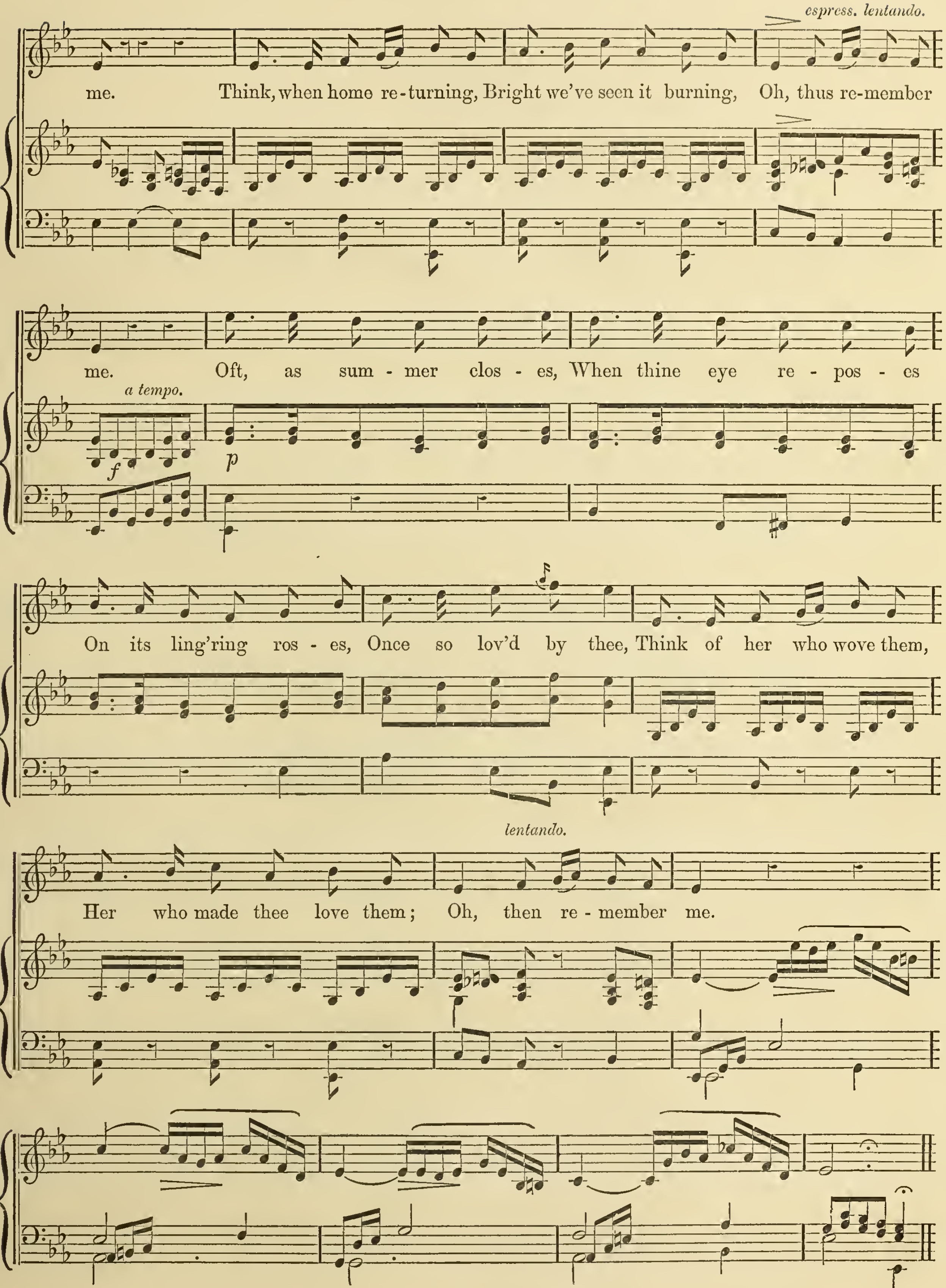
MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

AIR—MAID OF THE VALLEY.


Tenderly.
f
p
f
p
pp
cres.
f
ff
p
espress. lentando.
Go where glo - ry waits thee; But, while fame e - lates thee, Oh! still re - mem - ber
me. When the praise thou meetest To thine ear is sweetest, Oh! then re-member
espress. lentando.


me. O - ther arms may press thee, Dear - er friends ca - ress thee,
a tempo.
f
p
All the joys that bless thee Sweeter far may be; But when friends are nearest,
lentando.
And when joys are dear - est, Oh! then re - member me.
2ND VERSE.
espress. lentando.
When, at eve, thou rov - est By the star thou lov - est, Oh! then re - mem - ber
p


espress. lentando.
me. Think, when home re-turning, Bright we've seen it burning, Oh, thus re-member
me. Oft, as sum - mer clos - es, When thine eye re - pos - es
a tempo.
f
p
On its ling'ring ros - es, Once so lov'd by thee, Think of her who wove them,
lentando.
Her who made thee love them; Oh, then re - member me.

When around thee, dying,
Autumn, leaves are lying,
Oh, then remember me:
And, at night, when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing,
Oh, still remember me.

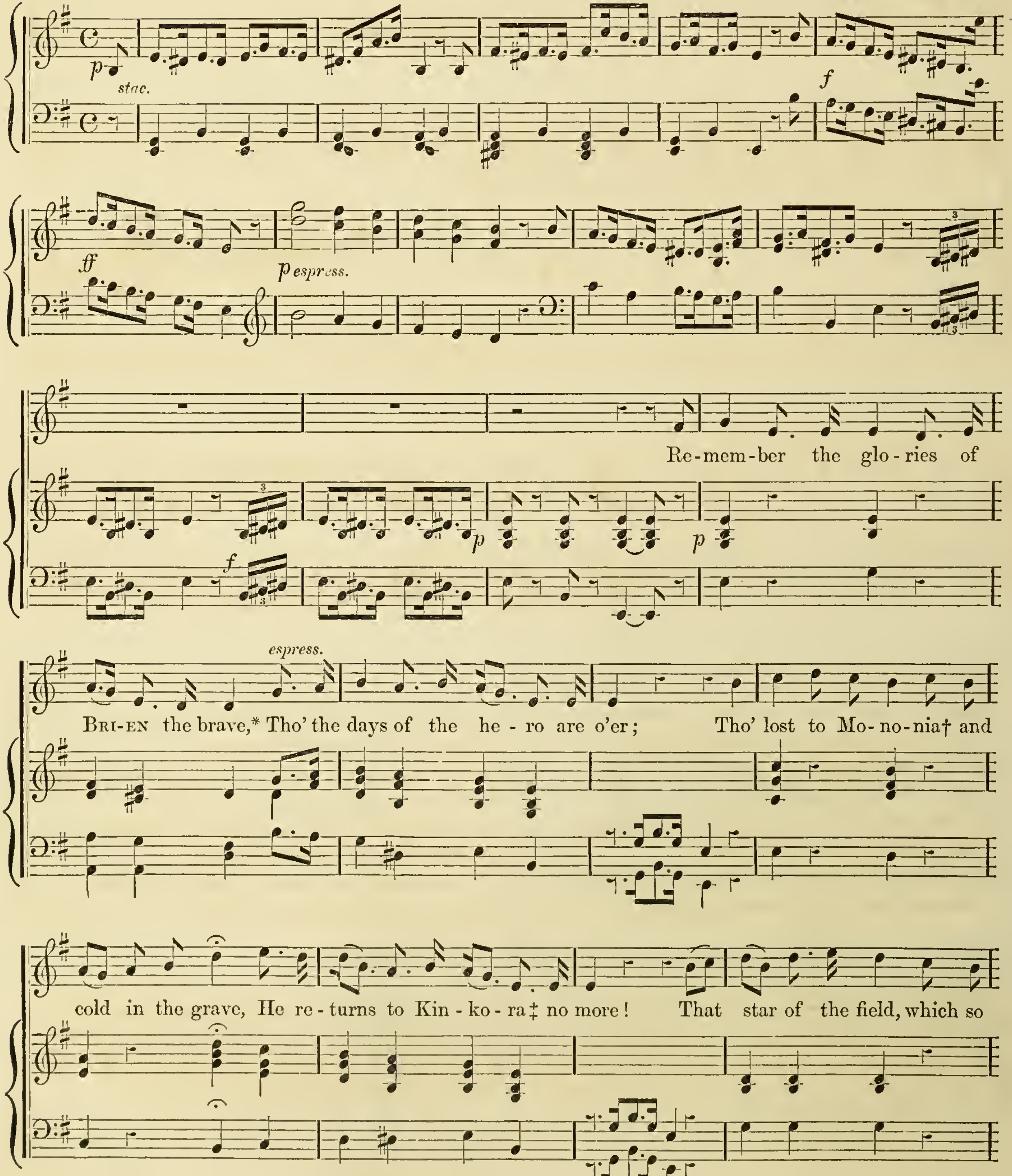
Then should Music, stealing
All the soul of Feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee;
Then let Mem'ry bring thee
Strains I used to sing thee;
Oh, then remember me.

WAR SONG.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE.

Bold.

AIR—MOLLY MACALPIN.

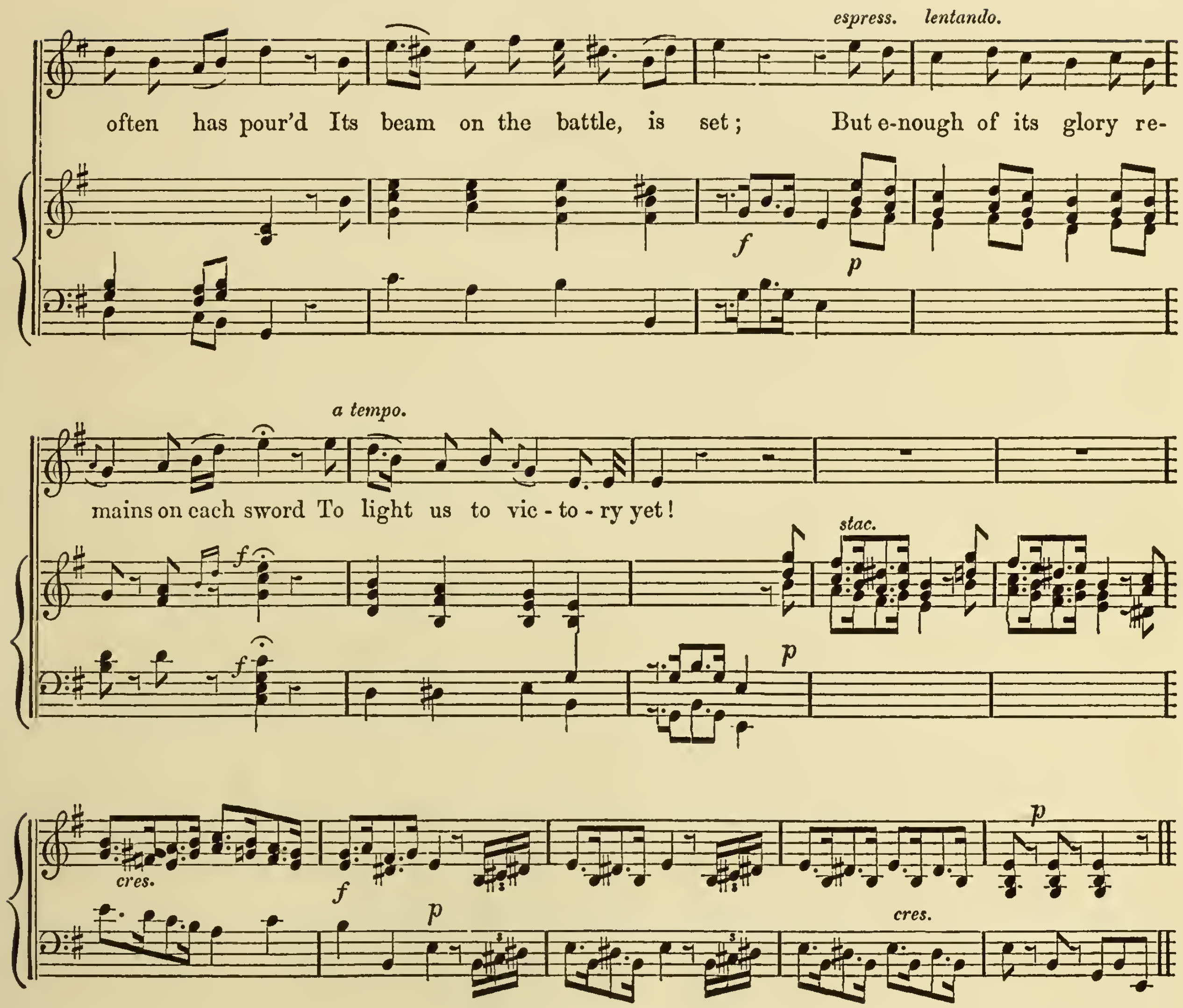

p
stac.
f
ff
p espress.
f
p
p
espress.
Re-mem-ber the glo-ries of
Bri-en the brave,* Tho' the days of the he - ro are o'er;
Tho' lost to Mo-no-nia† and
cold in the grave, He re-turns to Kin-ko-ra‡ no more!
That star of the field, which so

---

* Brien Borombe, the great Monarch of Ireland, who was killed at the battle of Clontarf, in the beginning of the 11th century, after having defeated the Danes in twenty-five engagements.

† Munster.

‡ The Palace of Brien


espress.
lentando.
often has pour'd Its beam on the battle, is set; But e-nough of its glory re-
f
p
a tempo.
mains on each sword To light us to vic - to - ry yet!
f
f
stac.
p
cres.
f
p
cres.
p

II.

Mononia! when Nature embellish'd the tint
Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
Did she ever intend that a tyrant should print
The footstep of slavery there?
No, Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
That 't is sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine
Than to sleep but a moment in chains!

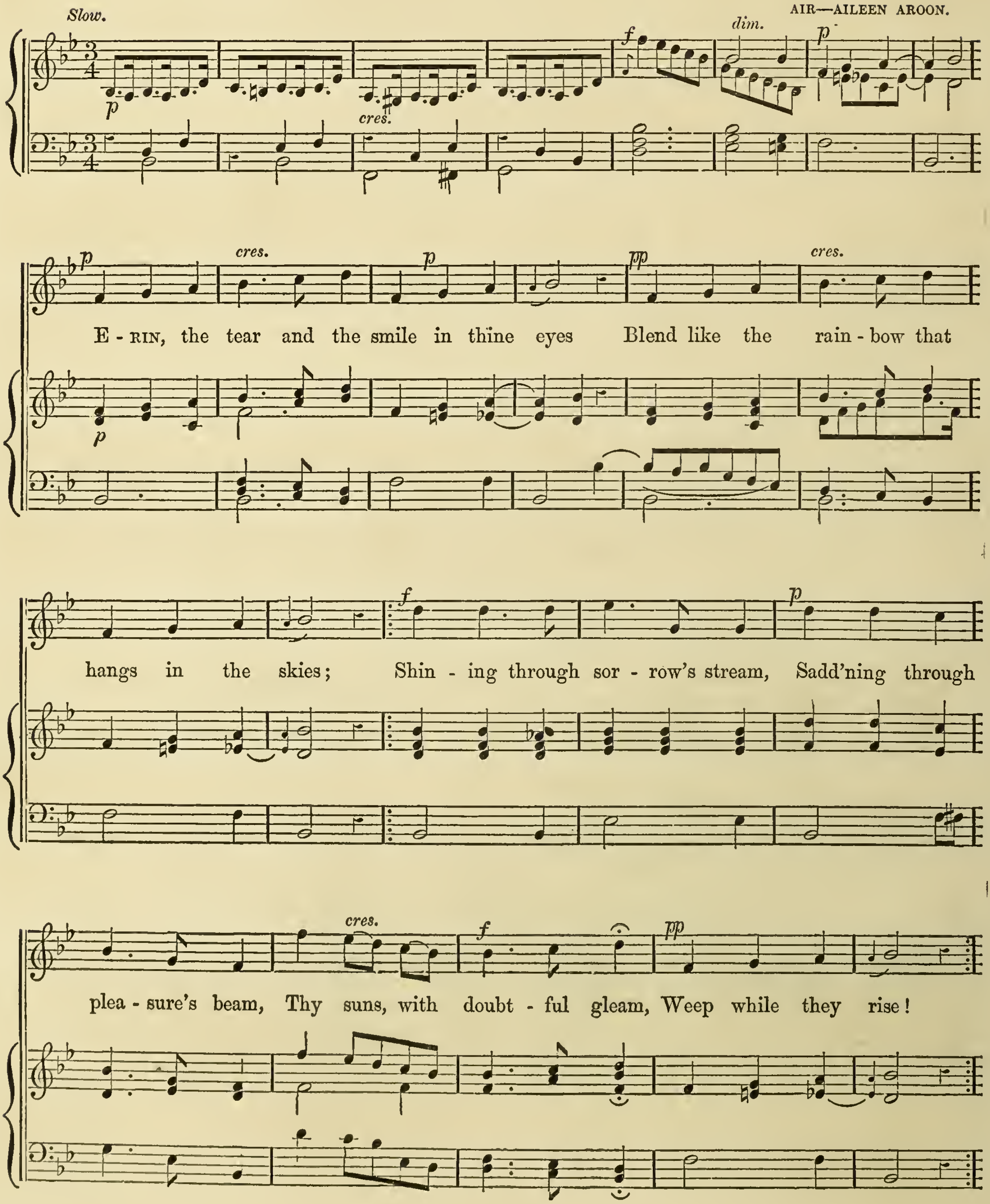
III.

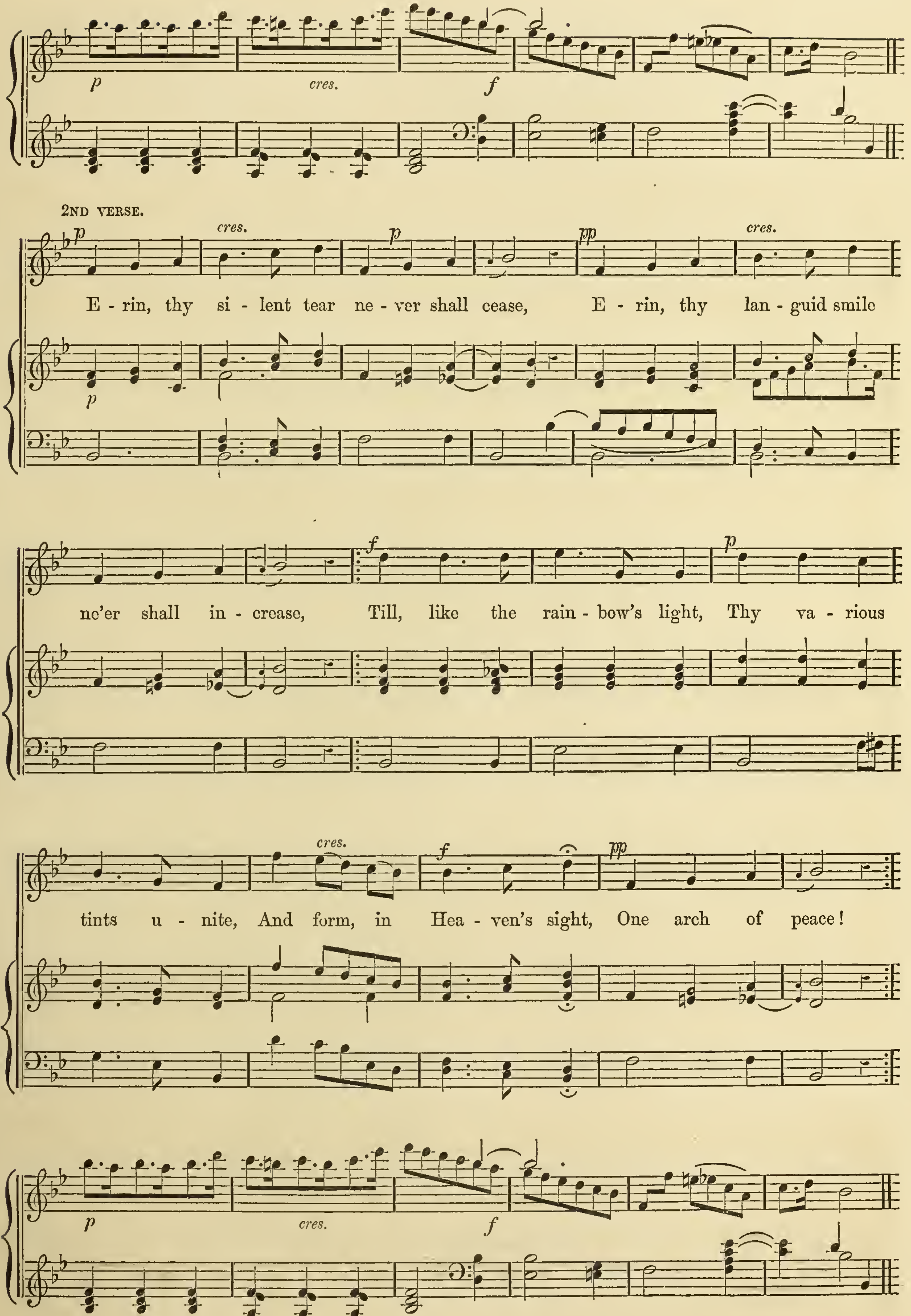
Forget not our wounded companions,* who stood
In the day of distress by our side;
While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
They stirr'd not, but conquer'd and died!
The sun, that now blesses our arms with his light,
Saw them fall upon Ossory's plain:—
Oh! let him not blush, when he leaves us to-night,
To find that they fell there in vain!

---

* This alludes to an interesting circumstance related of the Dalgais, the favourite troops of Brien, when they were interrupted, in their return from the battle of Clontarf, by Fitzpatrick, Prince of Ossory. The wounded men entreated that they might be allowed to fight with the rest. "*Let stakes,*" they said, "*be stuck in the ground; and suffer each of us, tied to and supported by one of these stakes, to be placed in his rank by the side of a sound man.*"—"Between seven and eight hundred wounded men," adds O'Halloran, "pale, emaciated, and supported in this manner, appeared mixed with the foremost of the troops!—Never was such another sight exhibited."—HISTORY OF IRELAND, Book XII. Chap. I.

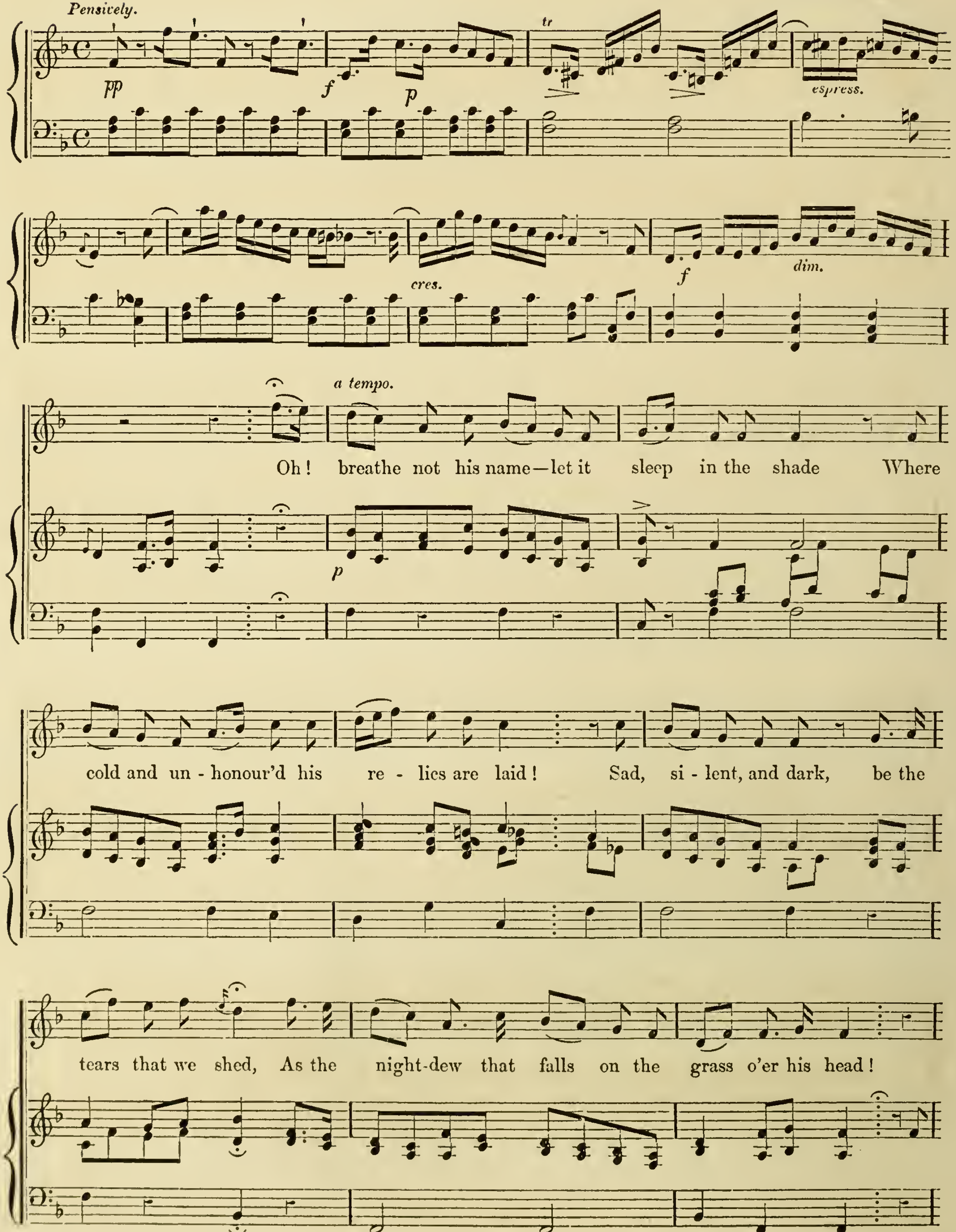
ERIN, THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

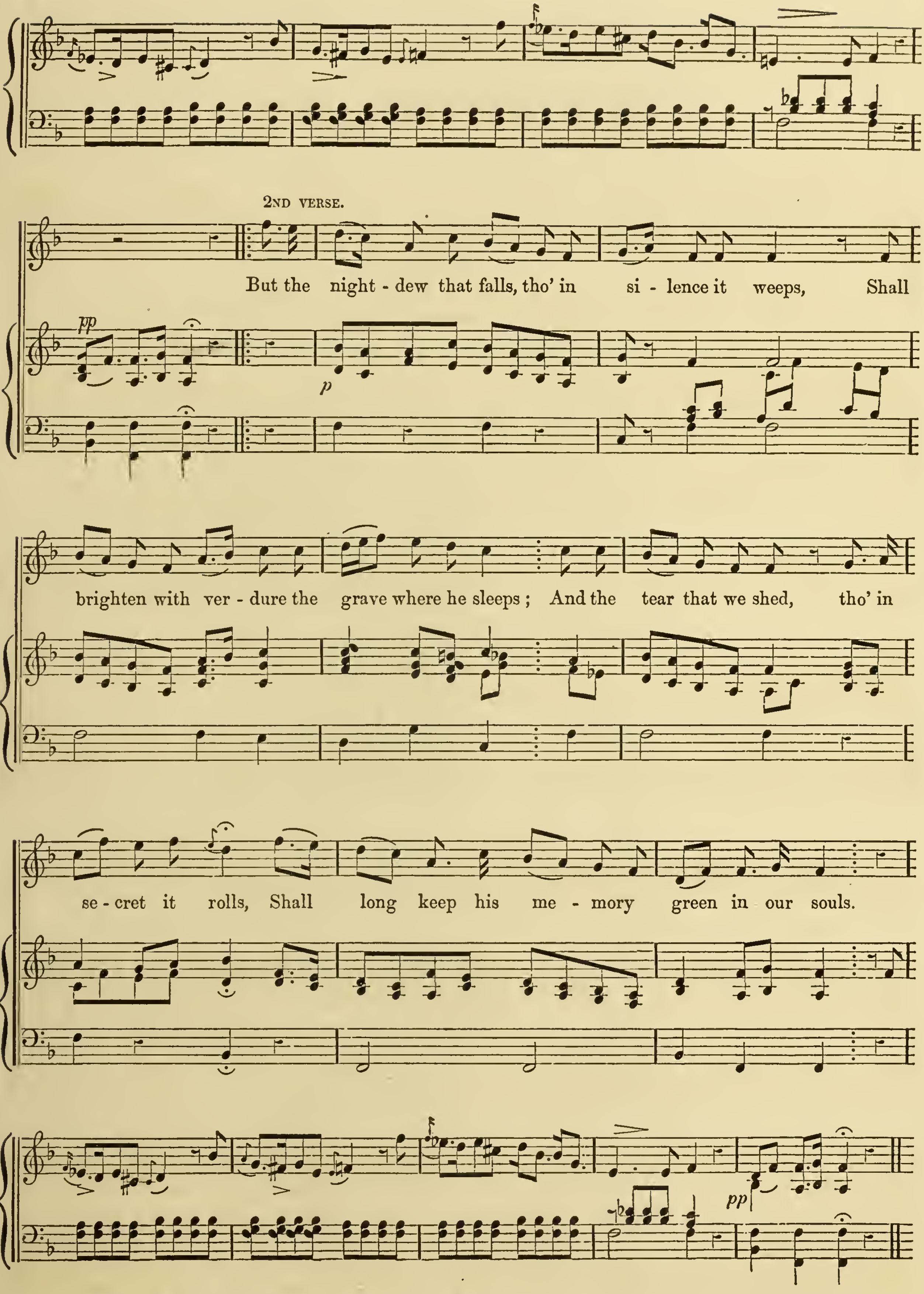

Slow.
AIR—AILEEN AROON.
p
cres.
f
dim.
p
p
cres.
p
pp
cres.
E - rin, the tear and the smile in thine eyes Blend like the rain - bow that
p
hangs in the skies; Shin - ing through sor - row's stream, Sadd'ning through
f
p
plea - sure's beam, Thy suns, with doubt - ful gleam, Weep while they rise!
cres.
f
pp


p
cres.
f
2ND VERSE.
p
cres.
p
pp
cres.
E - rin, thy si - lent tear ne - ver shall cease, E - rin, thy lan - guid smile
p
f
p
ne'er shall in - crease, Till, like the rain - bow's light, Thy va - rious
cres.
f
pp
tints u - nite, And form, in Hea - ven's sight, One arch of peace!
p
cres.
f

OH, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME.

AIR—THE BROWN MAID.

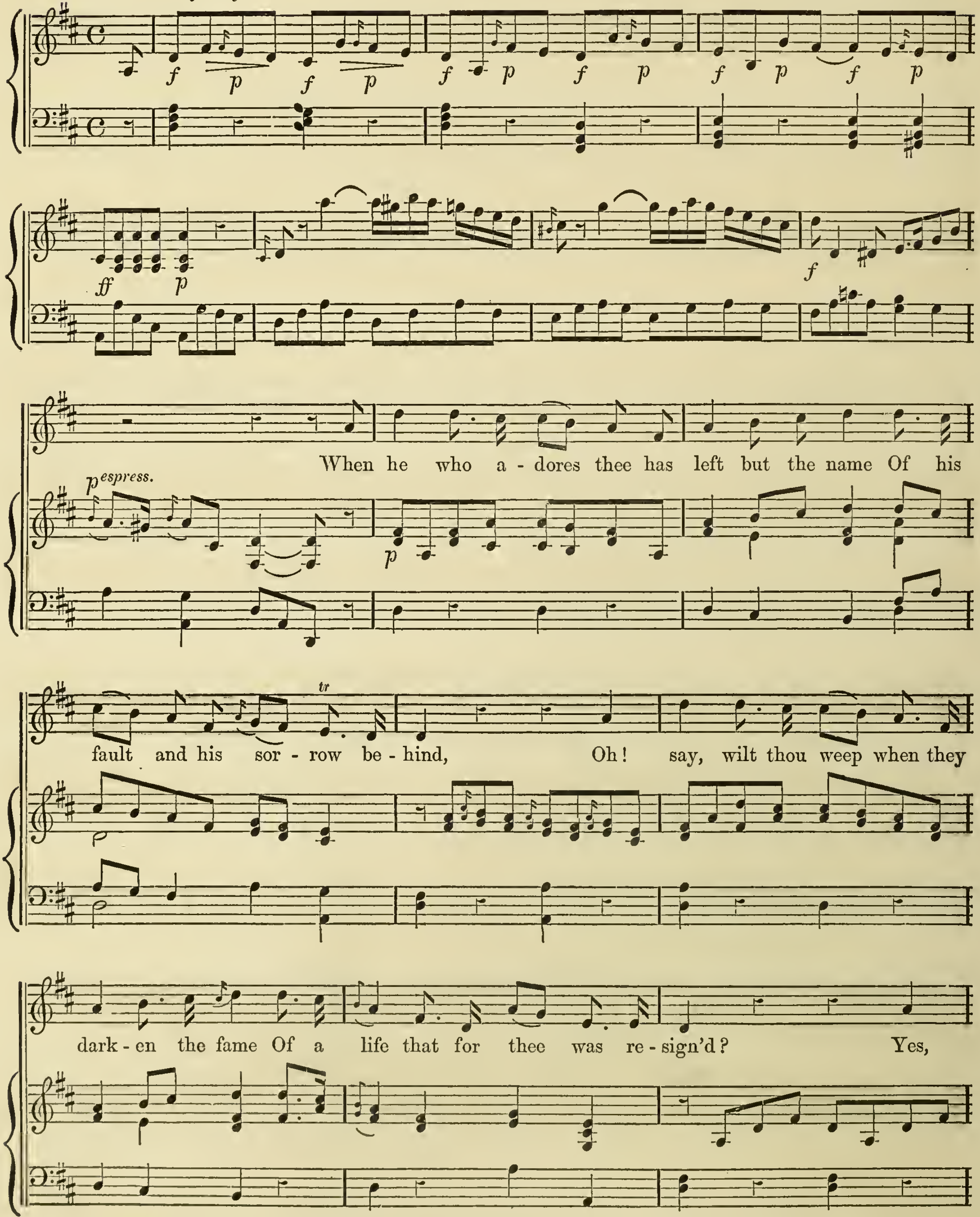

Pensively.
pp
f
p
tr
espress.
cres.
f
dim.
a tempo.
Oh! breathe not his name—let it sleep in the shade Where
p
cold and un - honour'd his re - lics are laid! Sad, si - lent, and dark, be the
tears that we shed, As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!


2ND VERSE.
pp
p
But the night - dew that falls, tho' in si - lence it weeps, Shall
brighten with ver - dure the grave where he sleeps; And the tear that we shed, tho' in
se - cret it rolls, Shall long keep his me - mory green in our souls.
pp

WHEN HE WHO ADORES THEE.*

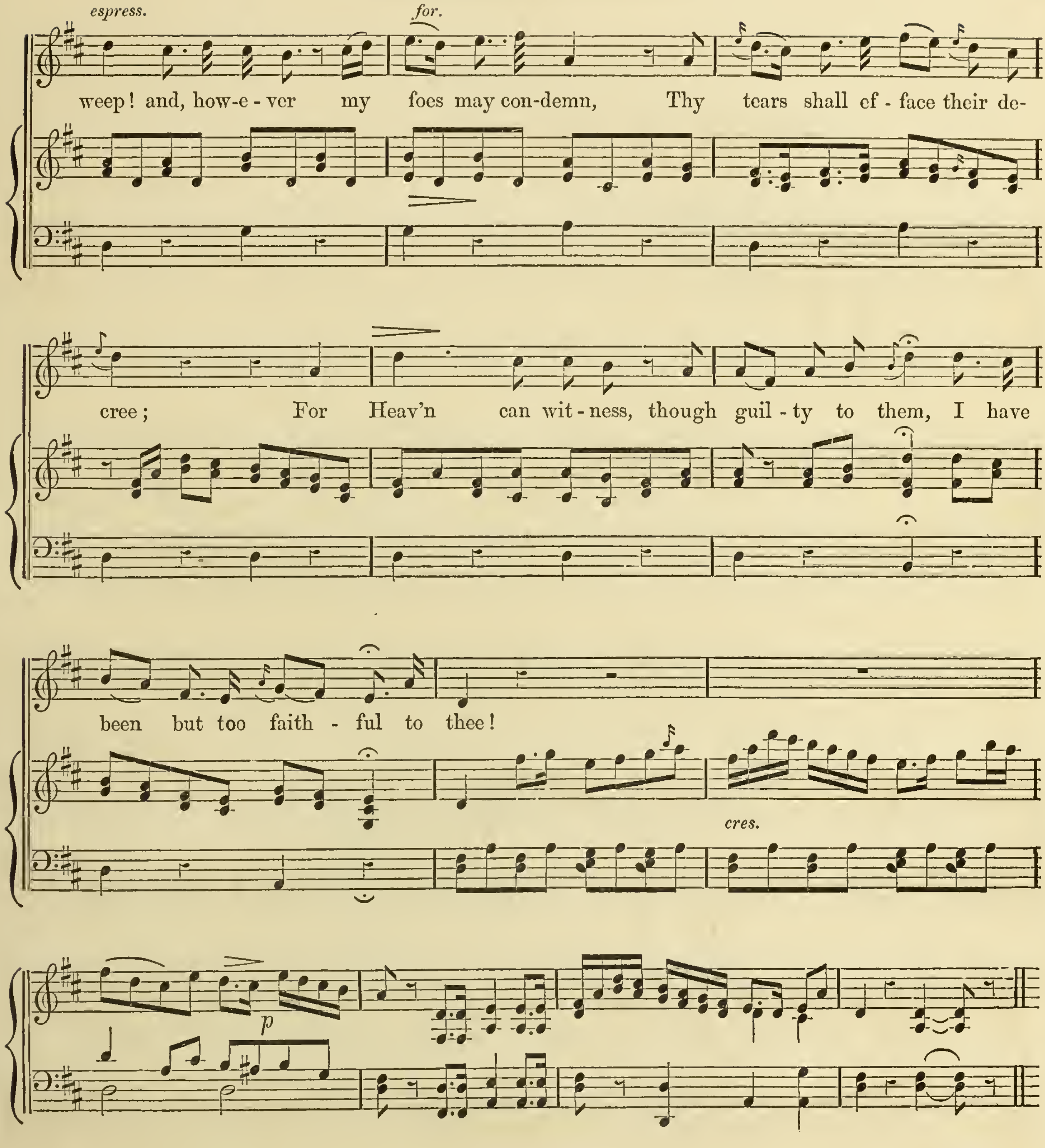
Slow and with feeling.

AIR—THE FOX'S SLEEP.


f
p
ff
espress.
tr
When he who a - dores thee has left but the name Of his
fault and his sor - row be - hind,
Oh! say, wilt thou weep when they
dark - en the fame Of a life that for thee was re - sign'd?
Yes,

---

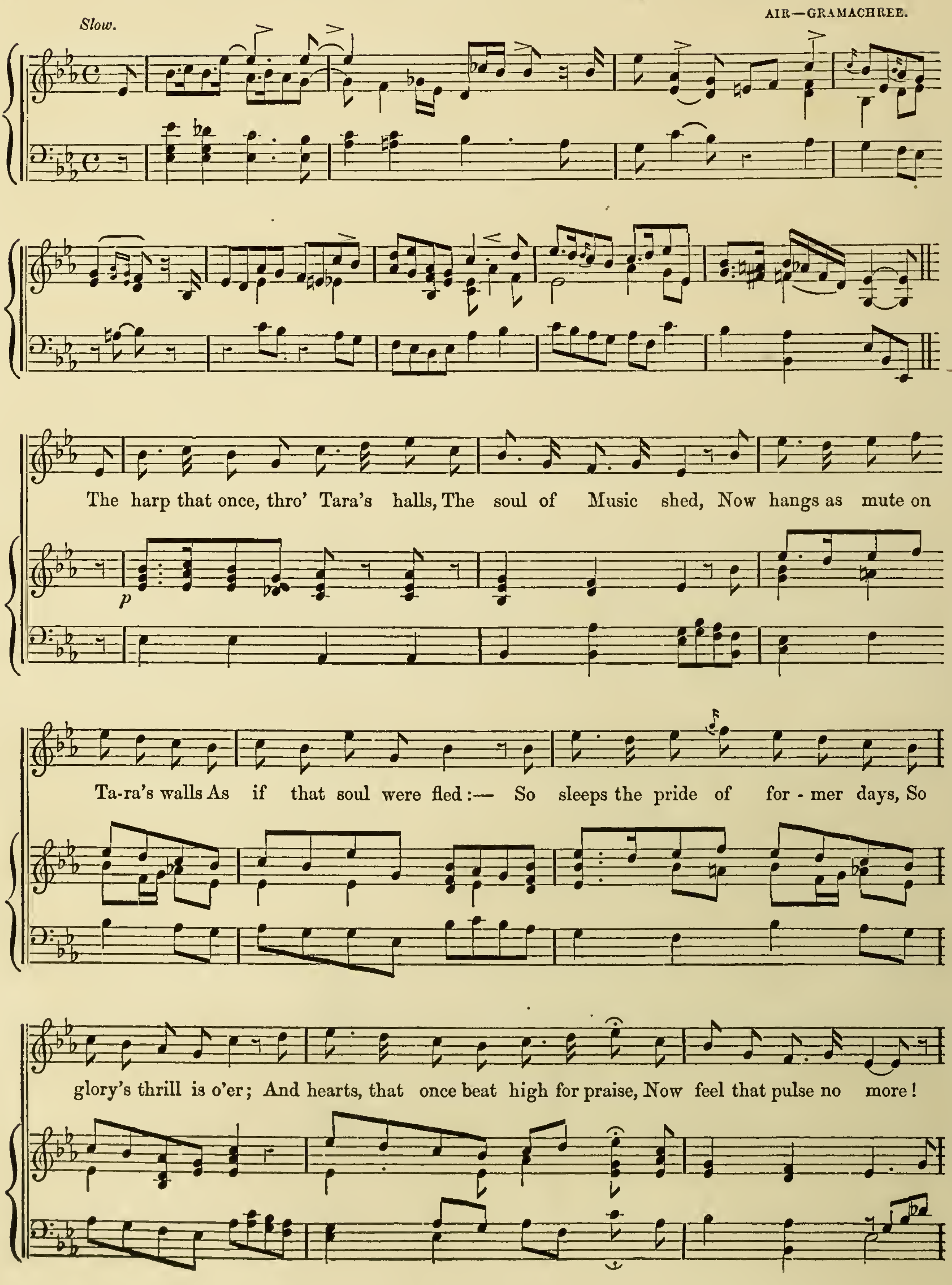
* These words allude to a story in an old Irish manuscript, which is too long and too melancholy to be inserted here.

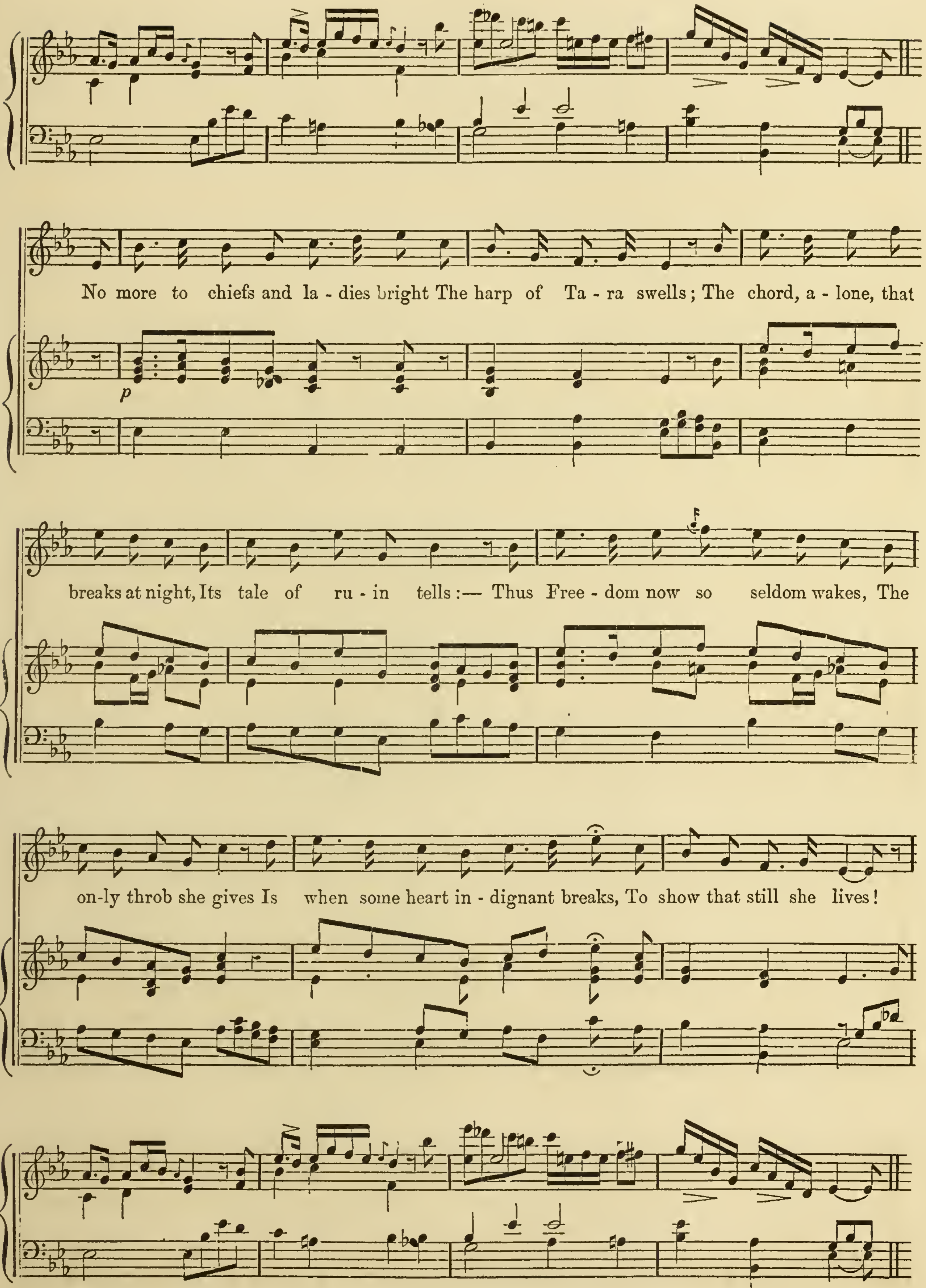

espress.
for.
weep! and, how-e - ver my foes may con-demn, Thy tears shall ef - face their de-
cree; For Heav'n can wit - ness, though guil - ty to them, I have
been but too faith - ful to thee!
cres.
p

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine :—
In my last humble pray'r to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
Oh! bless'd are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
Is the pride of thus dying for thee!

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS.

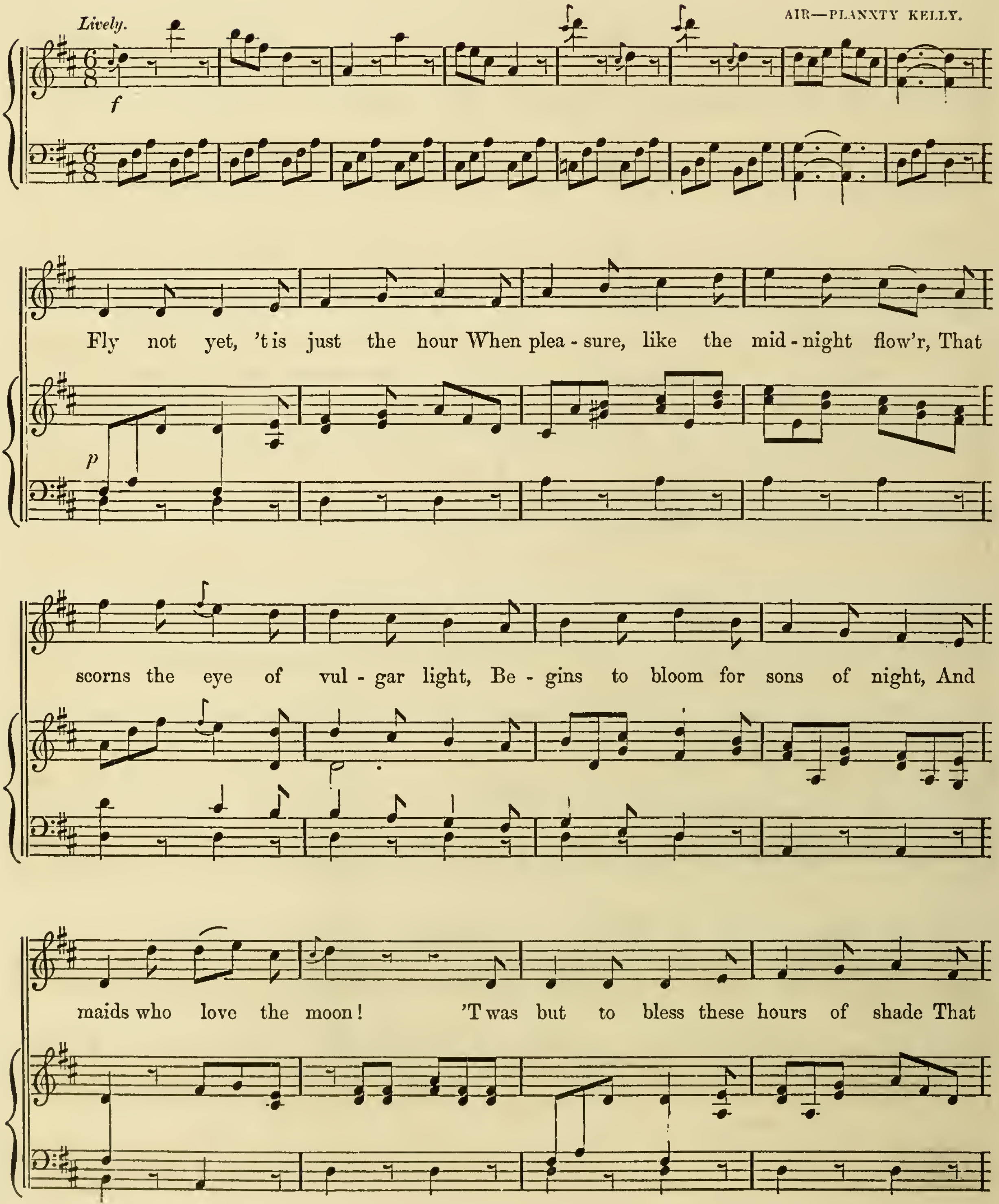
AIR—GRAMACHREE.

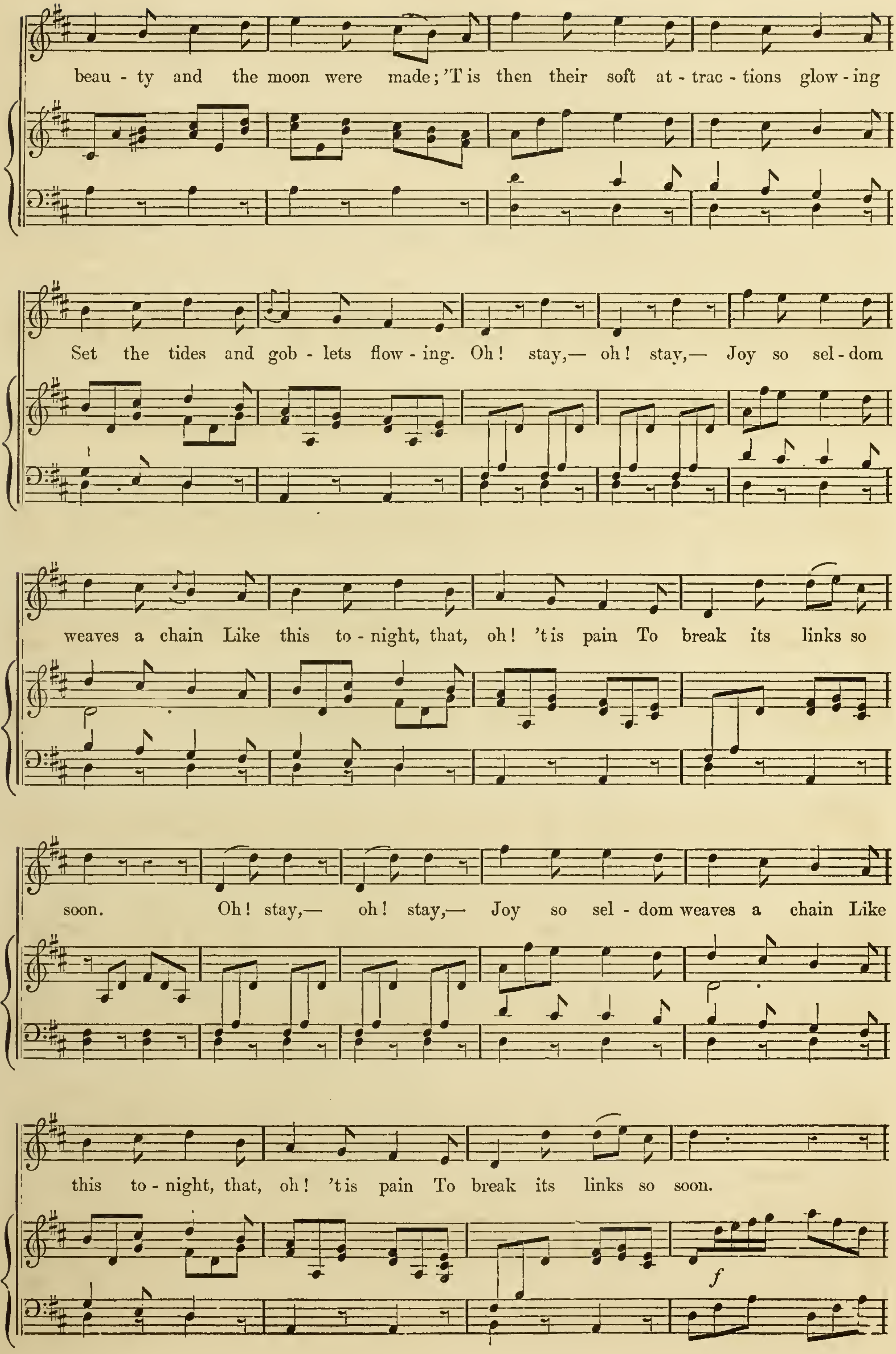

Slow.
The harp that once, thro' Tara's halls, The soul of Music shed, Now hangs as mute on
p
Ta-ra's walls As if that soul were fled:— So sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So
glory's thrill is o'er; And hearts, that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!

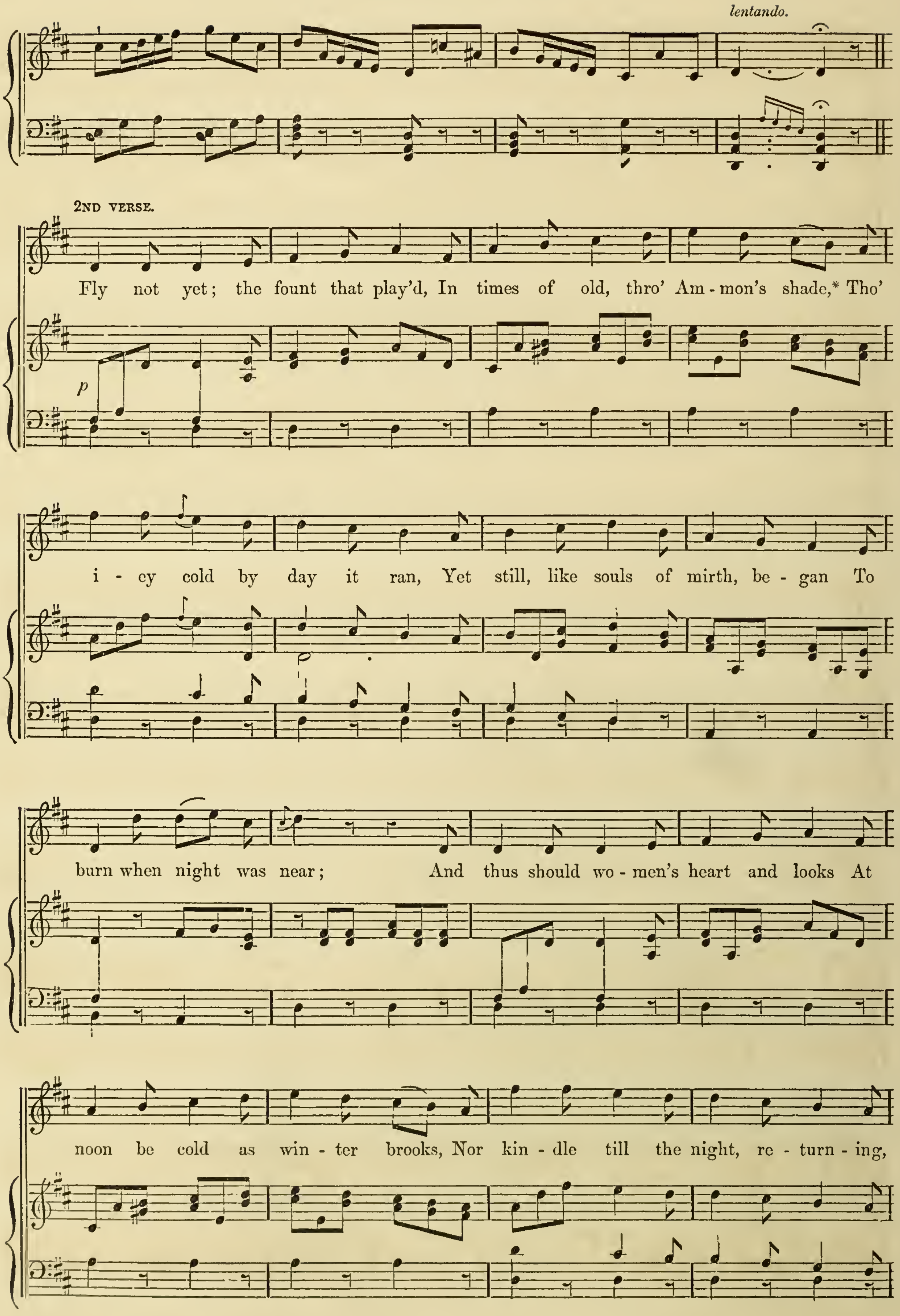

No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The chord, a - lone, that
breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in tells:— Thus Free - dom now so seldom wakes, The
on-ly throb she gives Is when some heart in - dignant breaks, To show that still she lives!
p

FLY NOT YET.

AIR—PLANXTY KELLY.

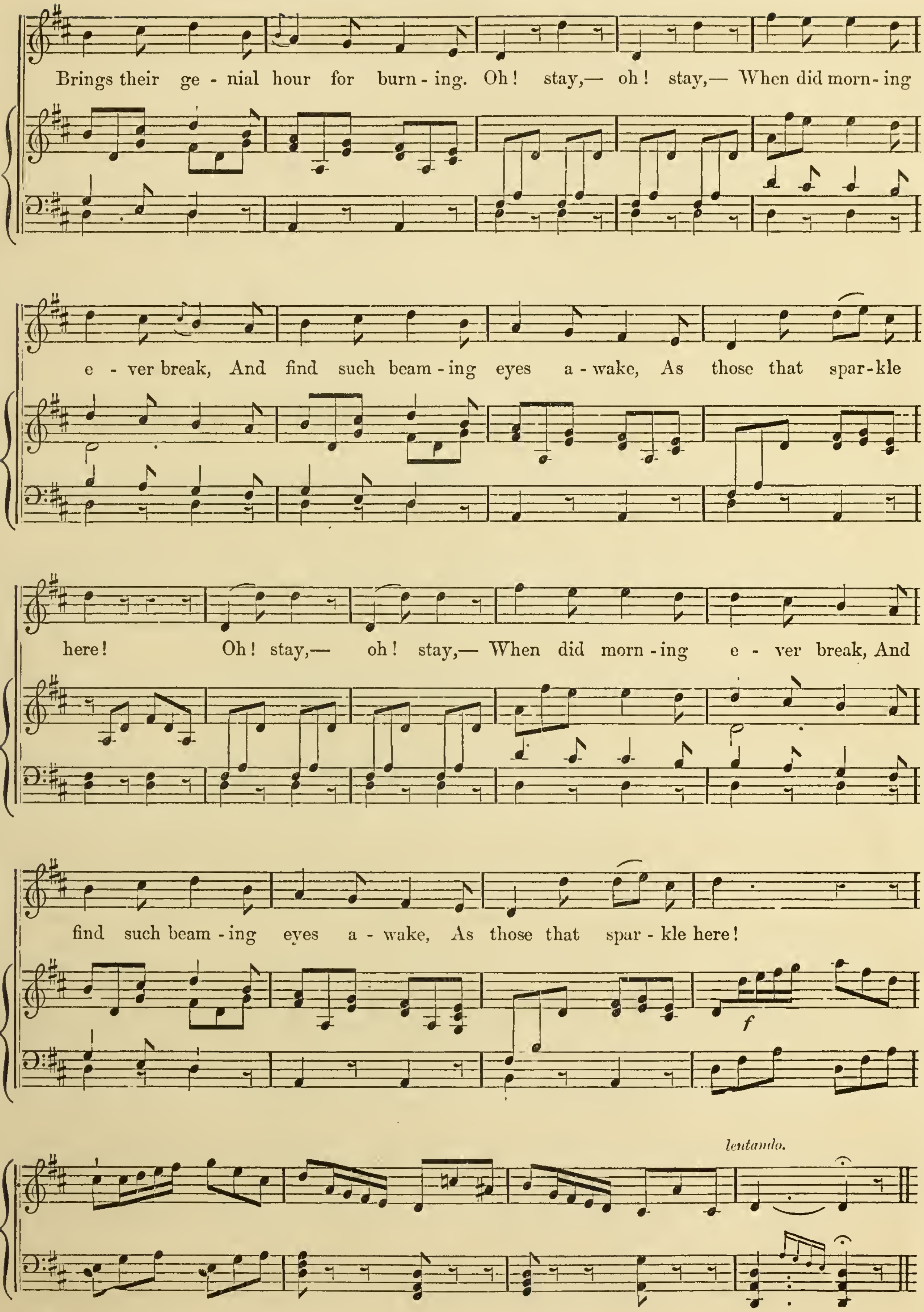

Lively.
f
Fly not yet, 't is just the hour When plea - sure, like the mid - night flow'r, That
p
scorns the eye of vul - gar light, Be - gins to bloom for sons of night, And
maids who love the moon! 'T was but to bless these hours of shade That


beau - ty and the moon were made; 'T is then their soft at - trac - tions glow - ing
Set the tides and gob - lets flow - ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom
weaves a chain Like this to - night, that, oh! 't is pain To break its links so
soon. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— Joy so sel - dom weaves a chain Like
this to - night, that, oh! 't is pain To break its links so soon.
f


lentando.
2ND VERSE.
p
Fly not yet; the fount that play'd, In times of old, thro' Am-mon's shade,* Tho'
i - cy cold by day it ran, Yet still, like souls of mirth, be - gan To
burn when night was near; And thus should wo-men's heart and looks At
noon be cold as win - ter brooks, Nor kin - dle till the night, re - turn - ing,

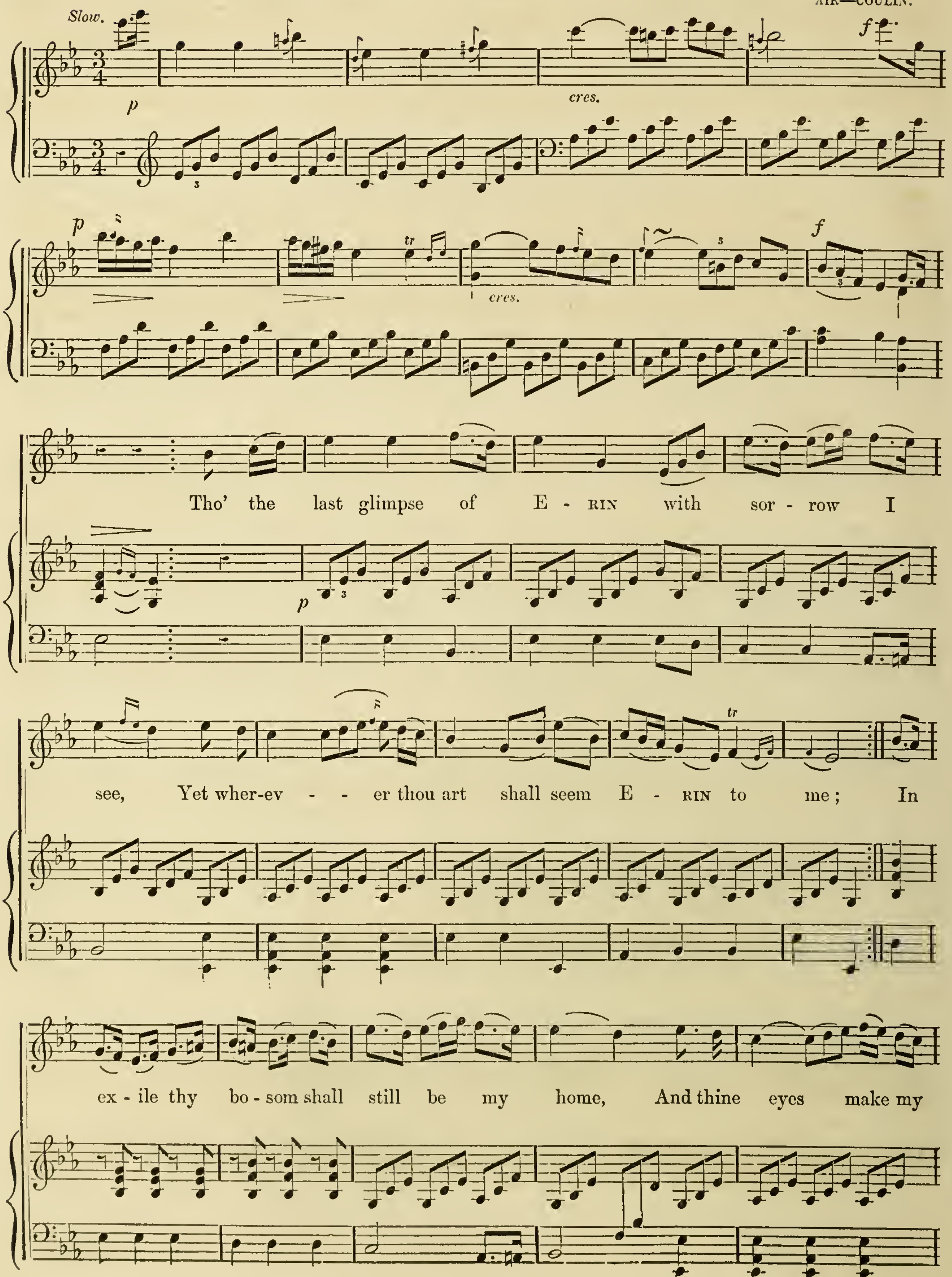
---

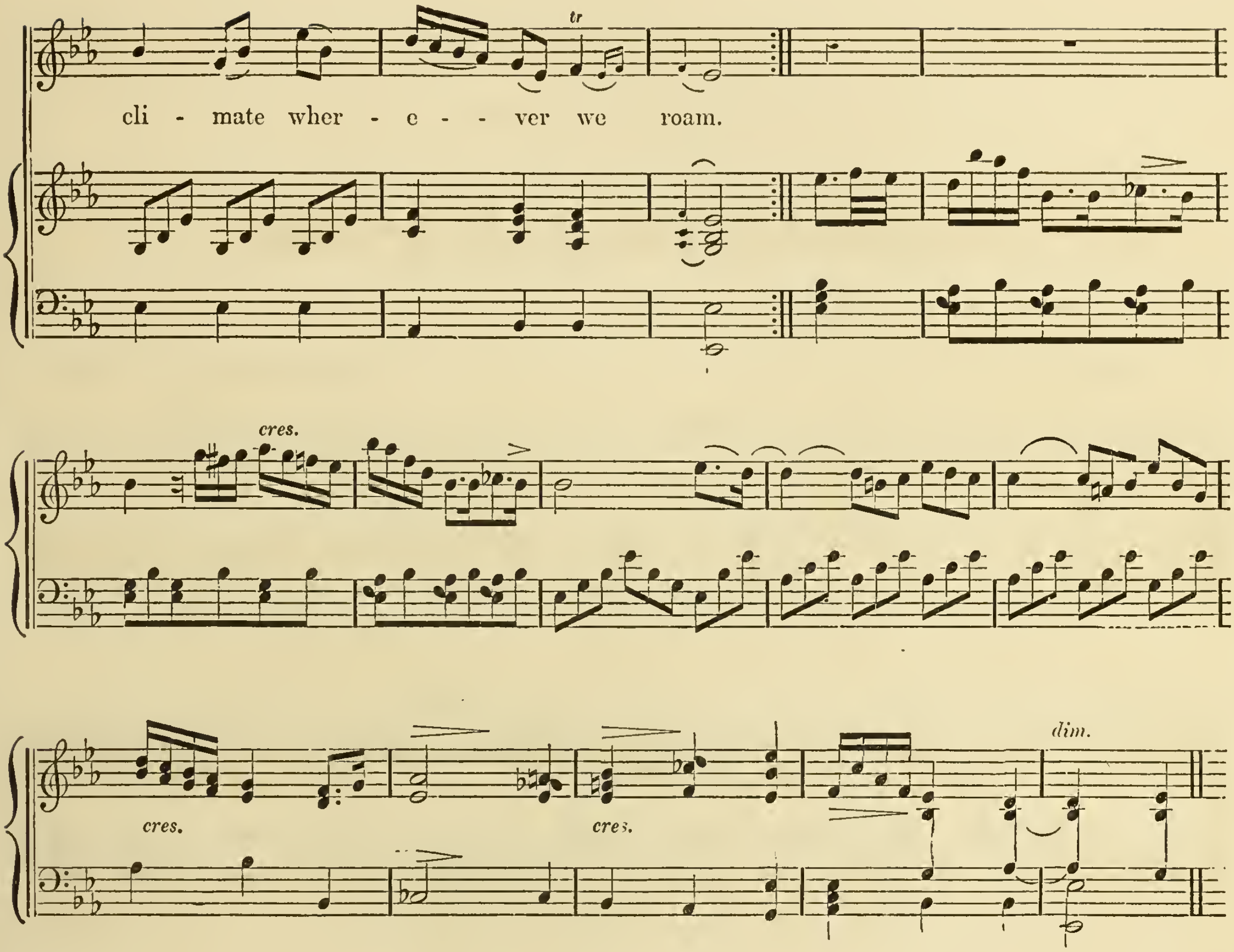
* Solis Fons, near the Temple of Ammon.


Brings their ge - nial hour for burn - ing. Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morn - ing
e - ver break, And find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle
here! Oh! stay,— oh! stay,— When did morn - ing e - ver break, And
find such beam - ing eyes a - wake, As those that spar - kle here!
f
lentando.

THOUGH THE LAST GLIMPSE OF ERIN.

AIR—COULIN.


Slow.
p
cres.
f
p
tr
cres.
f
Tho' the last glimpse of E - RIN with sor - row I
p
see, Yet wher-ev - - er thou art shall seem E - RIN to me; In
tr
ex - ile thy bo - som shall still be my home, And thine eyes make my



II.

To the gloom of some desert, or cold rocky shore,
Where the eye of the stranger can haunt us no more,
I will fly with my Coulin, and think the rough wind
Less rude than the foes we leave frowning behind:--

III.

And I'll gaze on thy gold hair, as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair.*

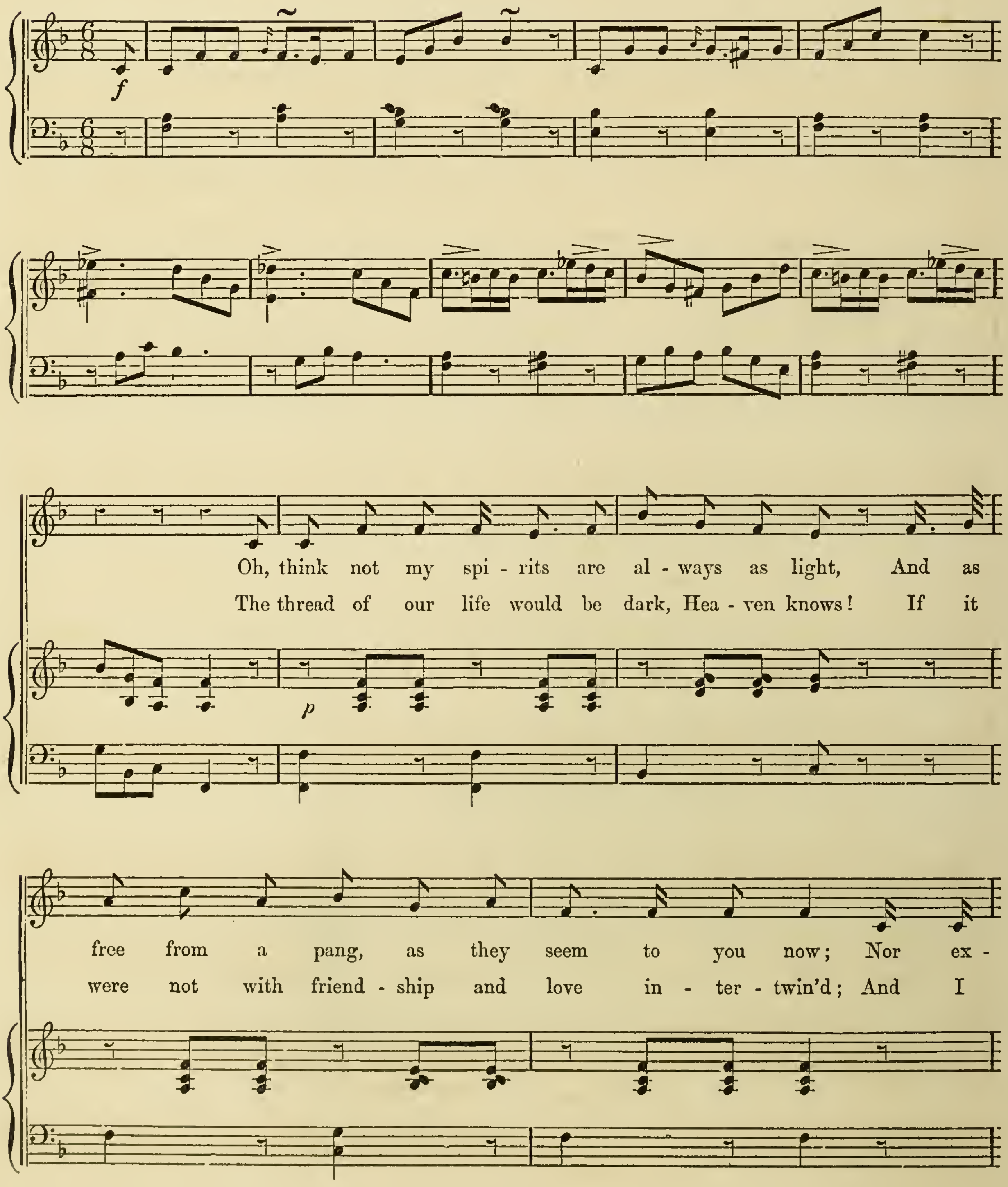
---

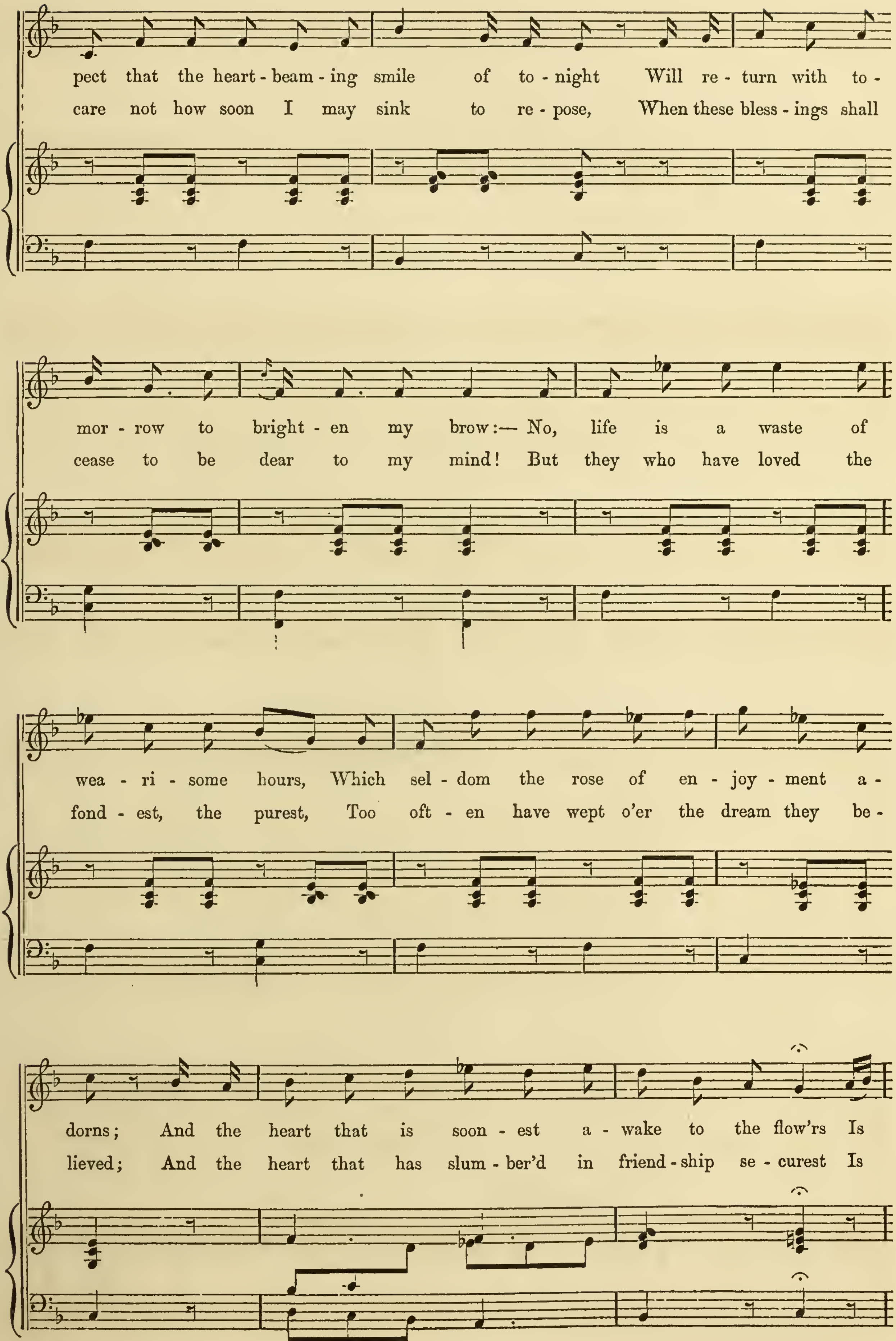
* "In the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII. an Act was made respecting the habits and dress in general of the Irish, whereby all persons were restrained from being shorn or shaven above the ears, or from wearing Glibbes, or *Coulins* (long locks), on their heads, or hair on the upper lip, called *Crommeal*. On this occasion a Song was written by one of our bards, in which an Irish virgin is made to give the preference to her dear *Coulin* (or the youth with the flowing locks), to all strangers (by which the English were meant), or those who wore their habits. Of this song the Air alone has reached us, and is universally admired."—WALKER'S HISTORICAL MEMOIRS OF IRISH BARDS, page 134.—Mr WALKER informs us also, that about the same period there were some harsh measures taken against the Irish Minstrels.

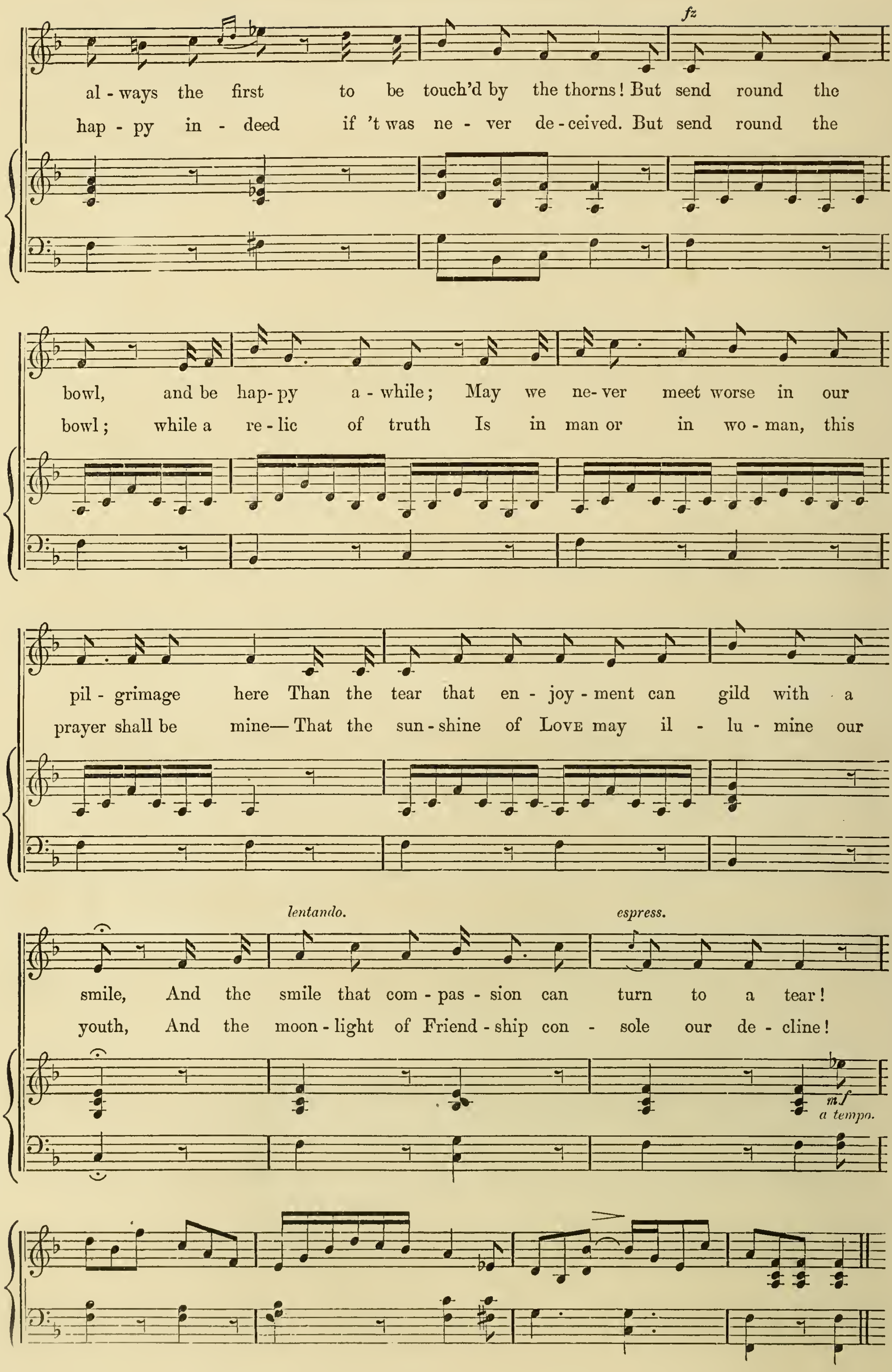
OH, THINK NOT MY SPIRITS ARE ALWAYS AS LIGHT

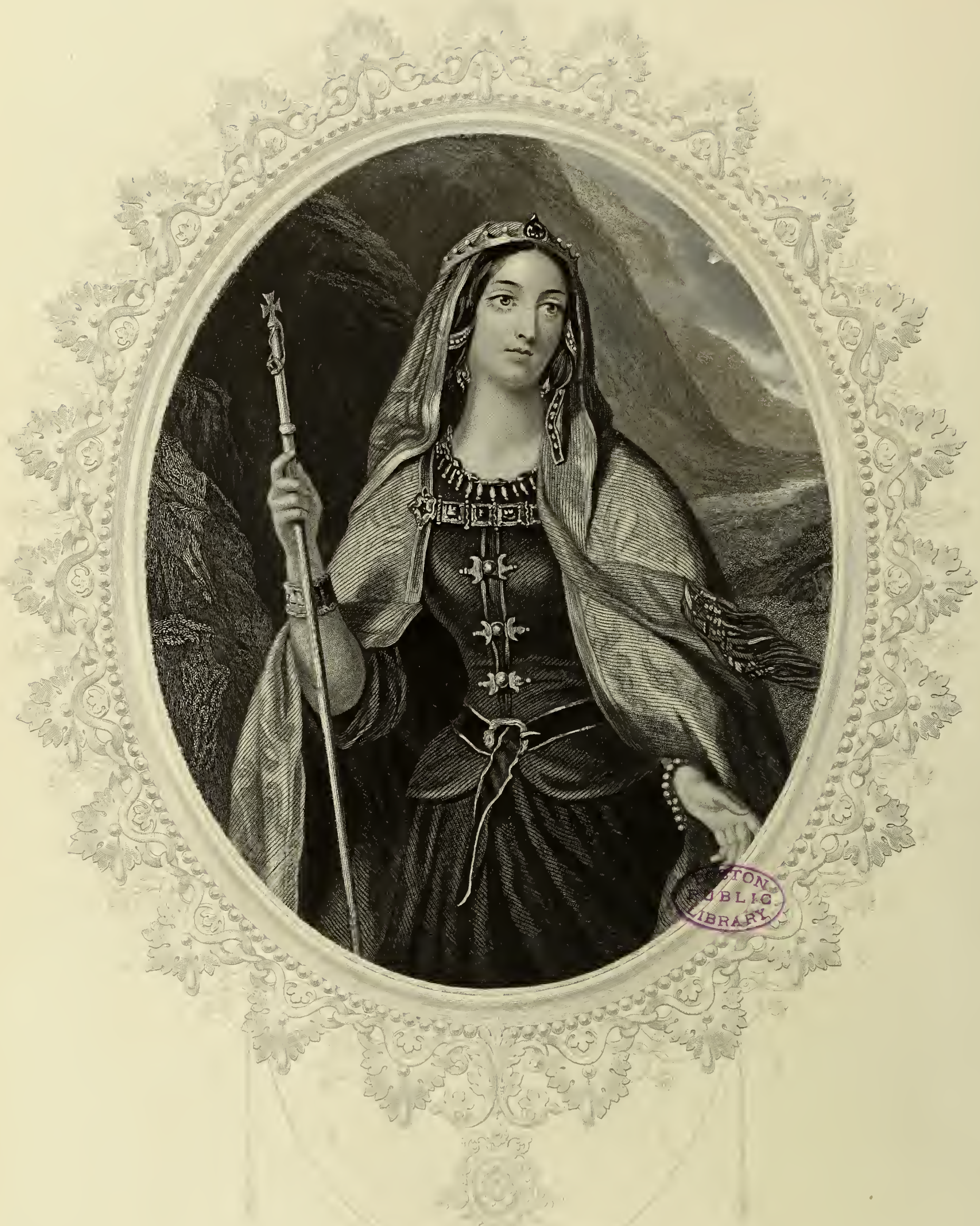
Playful.

AIR—JOHN O'REILLY THE ACTIVE.


f
p
Oh, think not my spi - rits are al - ways as light, And as
The thread of our life would be dark, Hea - ven knows! If it
free from a pang, as they seem to you now; Nor ex -
were not with friend - ship and love in - ter - twin'd; And I


pect that the heart-beam-ing smile of to-night Will re-turn with to-
care not how soon I may sink to re-pose, When these bless-ings shall
mor-row to bright-en my brow:— No, life is a waste of
cease to be dear to my mind! But they who have loved the
wea-ri-some hours, Which sel-dom the rose of en-joy-ment a-
fond-est, the purest, Too oft-en have wept o'er the dream they be-
dorns; And the heart that is soon-est a-wake to the flow'rs Is
lieved; And the heart that has slum-ber'd in friend-ship se-curest Is


fz
al - ways the first to be touch'd by the thorns! But send round the
hap - py in - deed if 't was ne - ver de - ceived. But send round the
bowl, and be hap - py a - while; May we ne - ver meet worse in our
bowl; while a re - lic of truth Is in man or in wo - man, this
pil - grimage here Than the tear that en - joy - ment can gild with a
prayer shall be mine— That the sun - shine of Love may il - lu - mine our
lentando.
espress.
smile, And the smile that com - pas - sion can turn to a tear!
youth, And the moon - light of Friend - ship con - sole our de - cline!
mf
a tempo.



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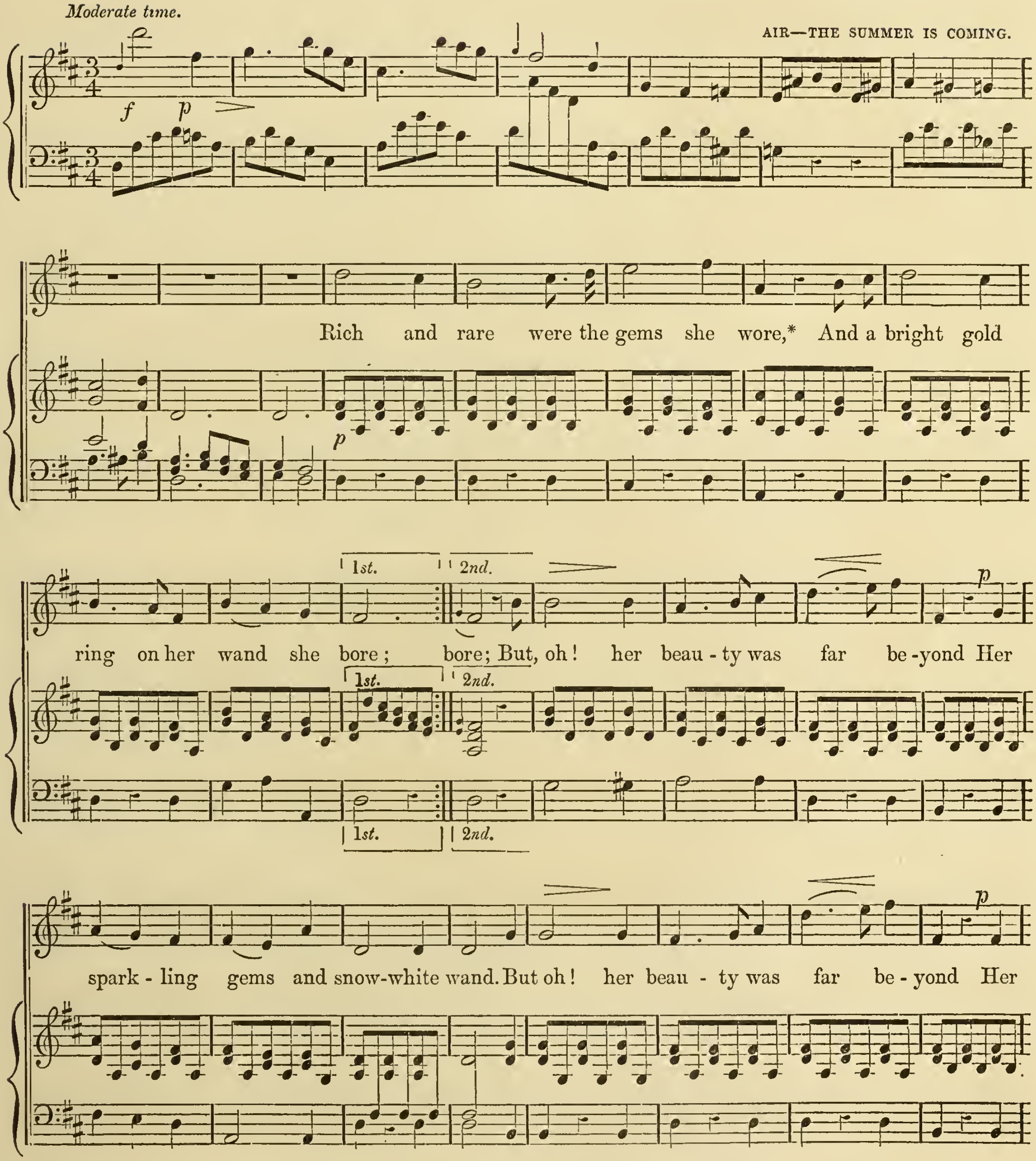
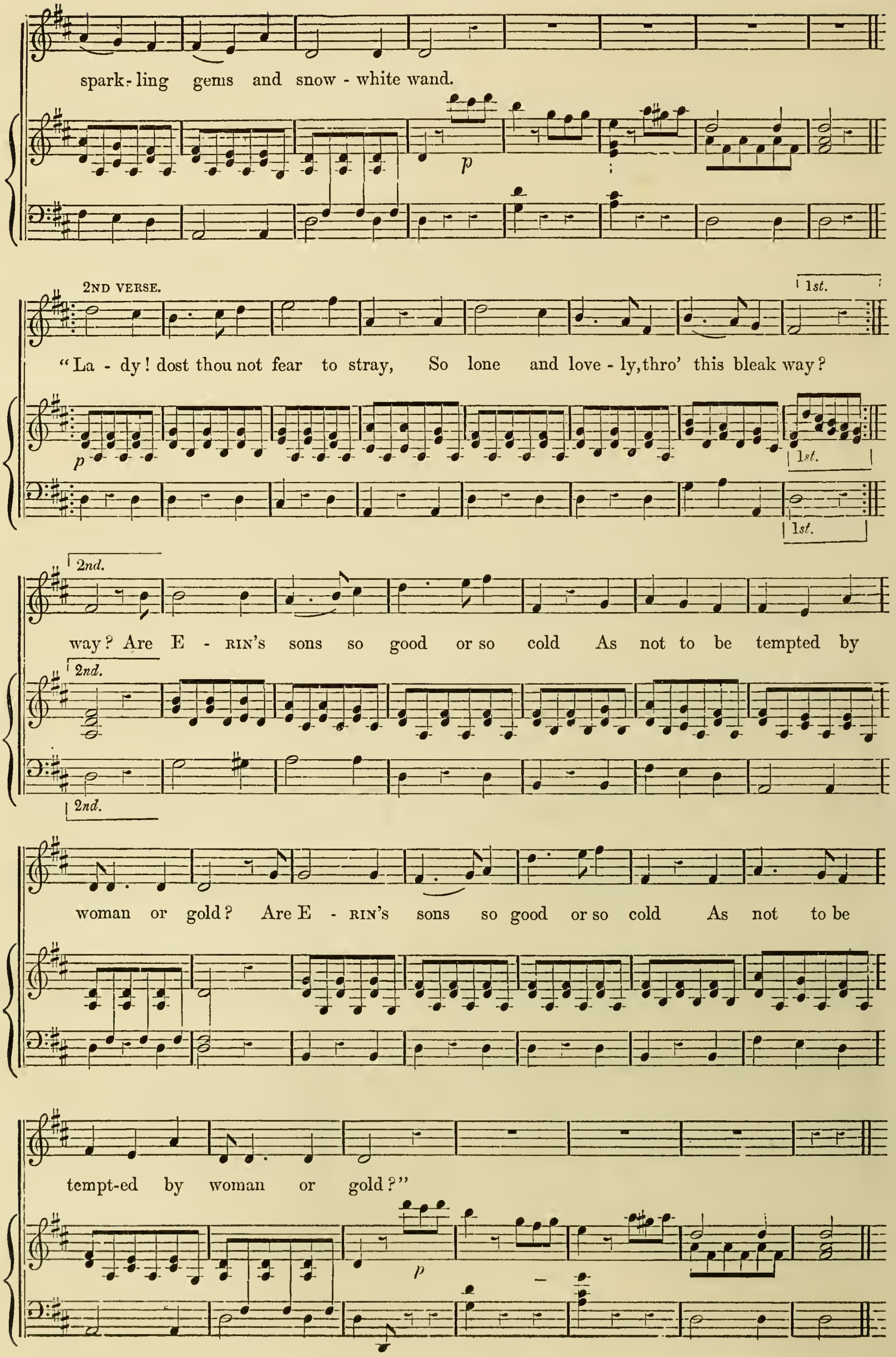
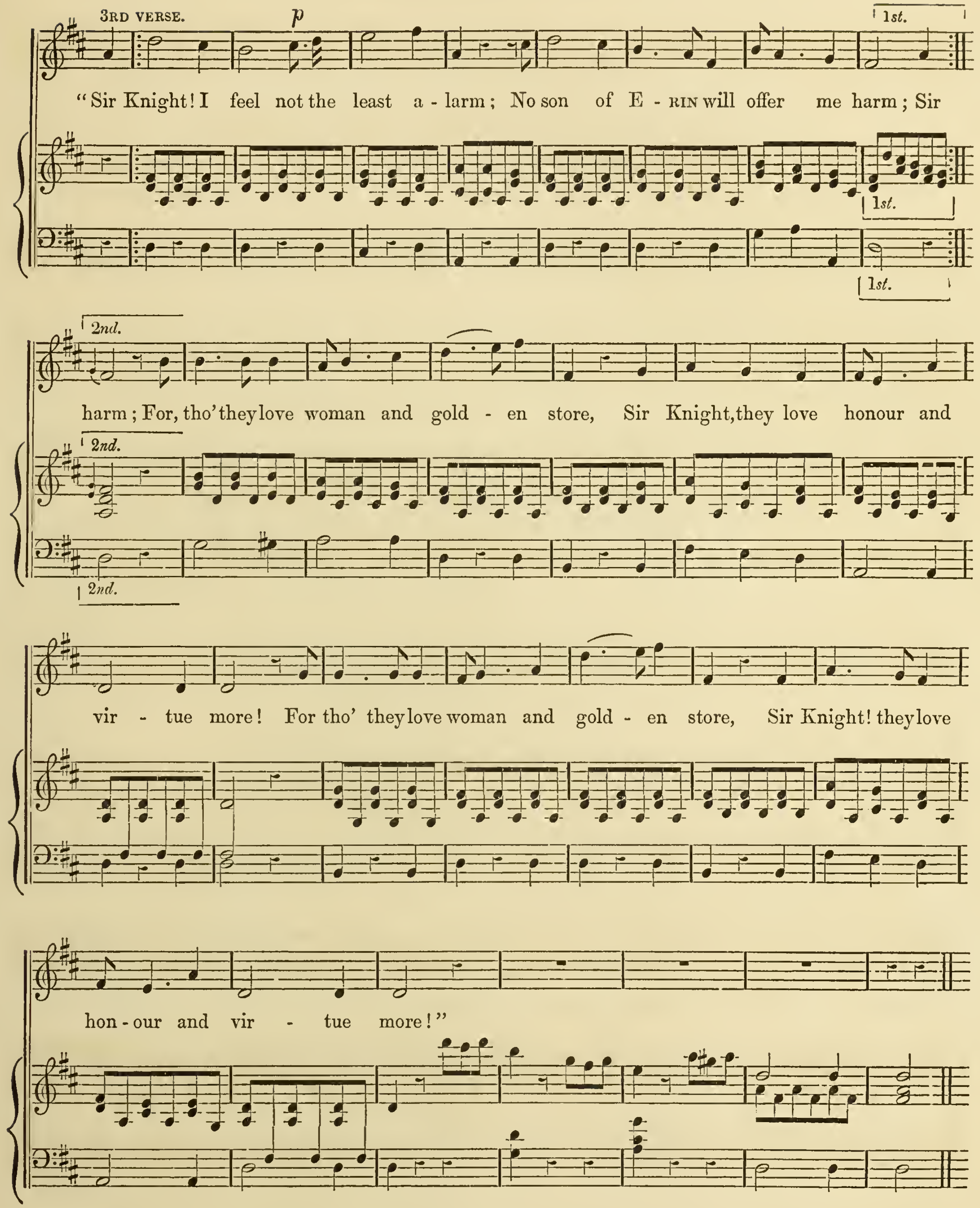
RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.


Moderate time.
AIR—THE SUMMER IS COMING.
f
p
Rich and rare were the gems she wore,* And a bright gold
ring on her wand she bore; bore; But, oh! her beau - ty was far be -yond Her
1st.
2nd.
p
spark - ling gems and snow-white wand. But oh! her beau - ty was far be - yond Her
p

---

* This Ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honour, virtue, and religion by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed, a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honour, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—Warner's History of Ireland, Vol. I. Book 10.


spark-ling gems and snow - white wand.
p
2ND VERSE.
"La - dy! dost thou not fear to stray, So lone and love - ly, thro' this bleak way?
1st.
p
1st.
1st.
2nd.
way? Are E - RIN's sons so good or so cold As not to be tempted by
2nd.
2nd.
woman or gold? Are E - RIN's sons so good or so cold As not to be
tempt-ed by woman or gold?"
p

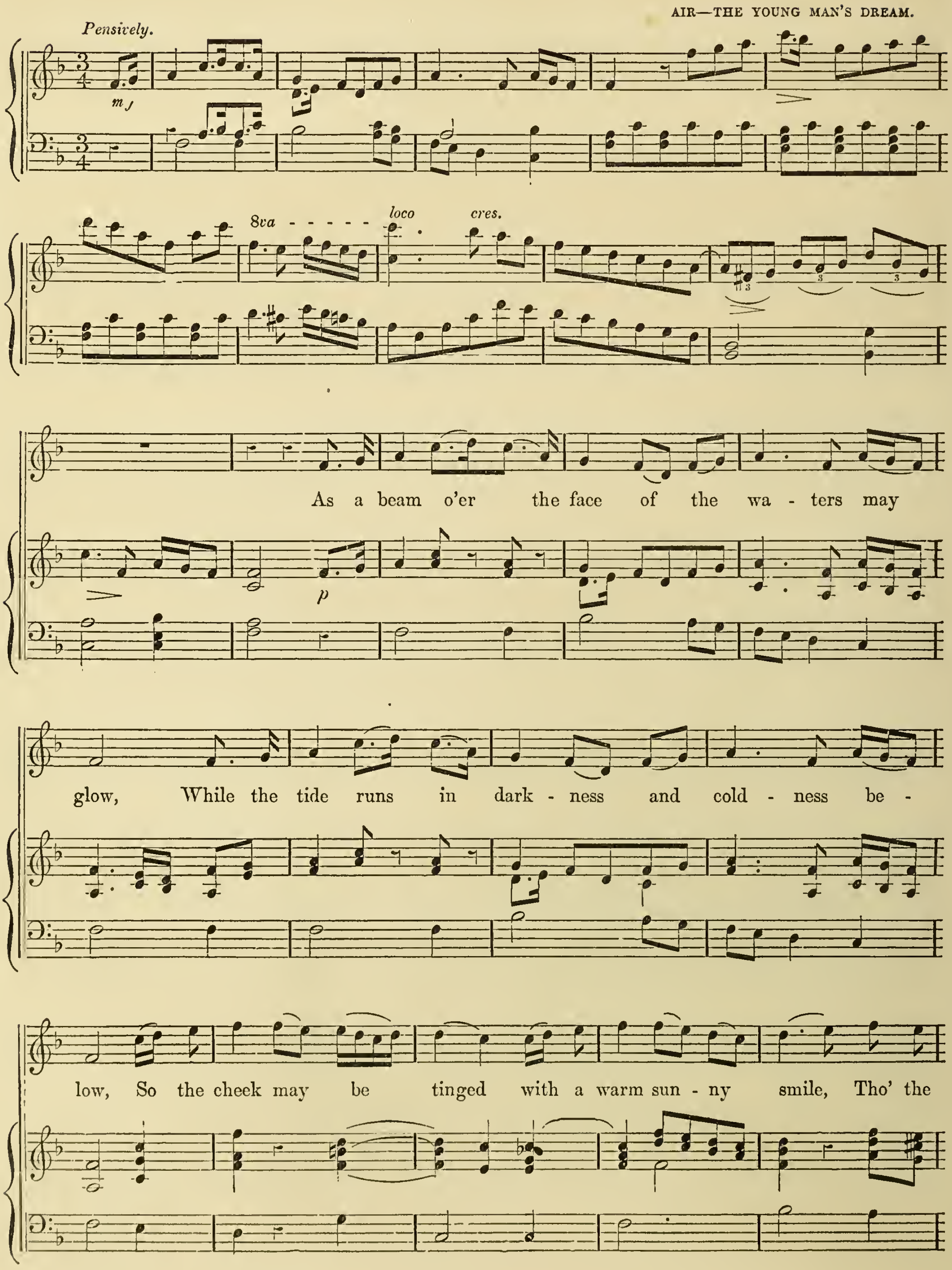

3RD VERSE.
p
1st.
"Sir Knight! I feel not the least a - larm; No son of E - RIN will offer me harm; Sir
1st.
1st.
2nd.
harm; For, tho' they love woman and gold - en store, Sir Knight, they love honour and
2nd.
2nd.
vir - tue more! For tho' they love woman and gold - en store, Sir Knight! they love
hon - our and vir - tue more!"

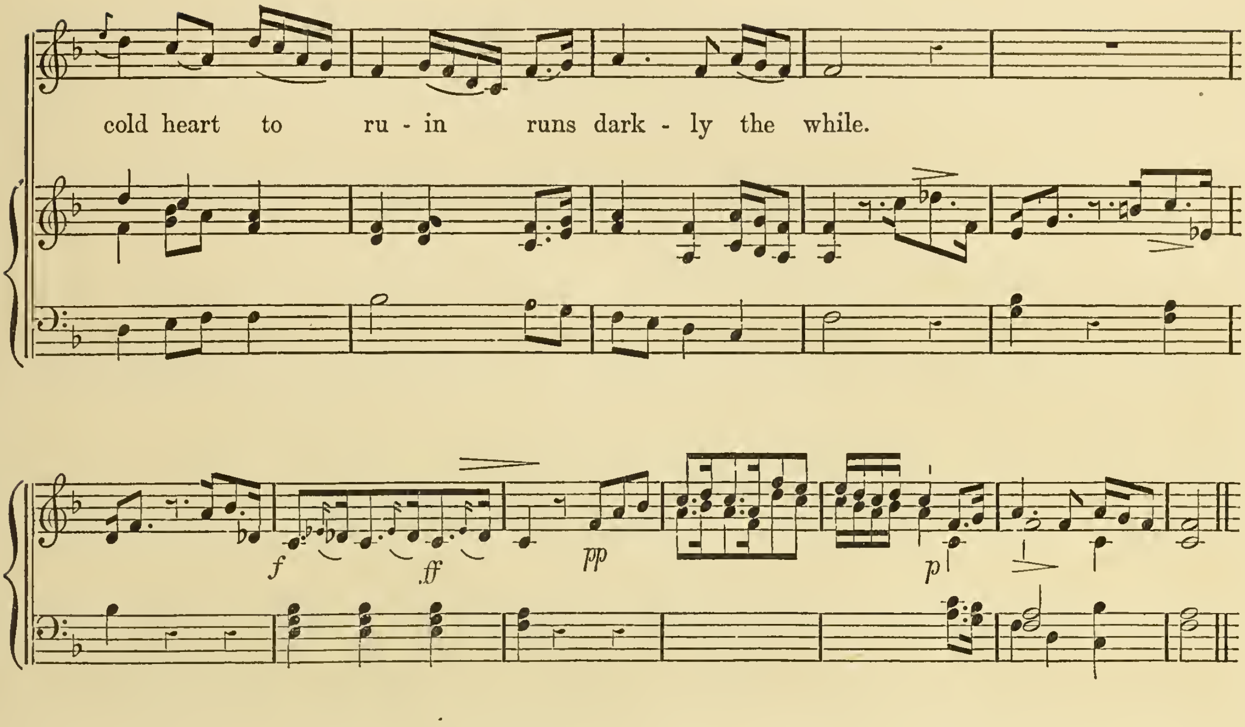
IV.

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle;
And bless'd for ever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honour and Erin's pride!

AS A BEAM O'ER THE FACE OF THE WATERS MAY GLOW.

AIR—THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.


Pensively.
mf
8va
loco
cres.
p
As a beam o'er the face of the wa - ters may
glow, While the tide runs in dark - ness and cold - ness be -
low, So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sun - ny smile, Tho' the



II.

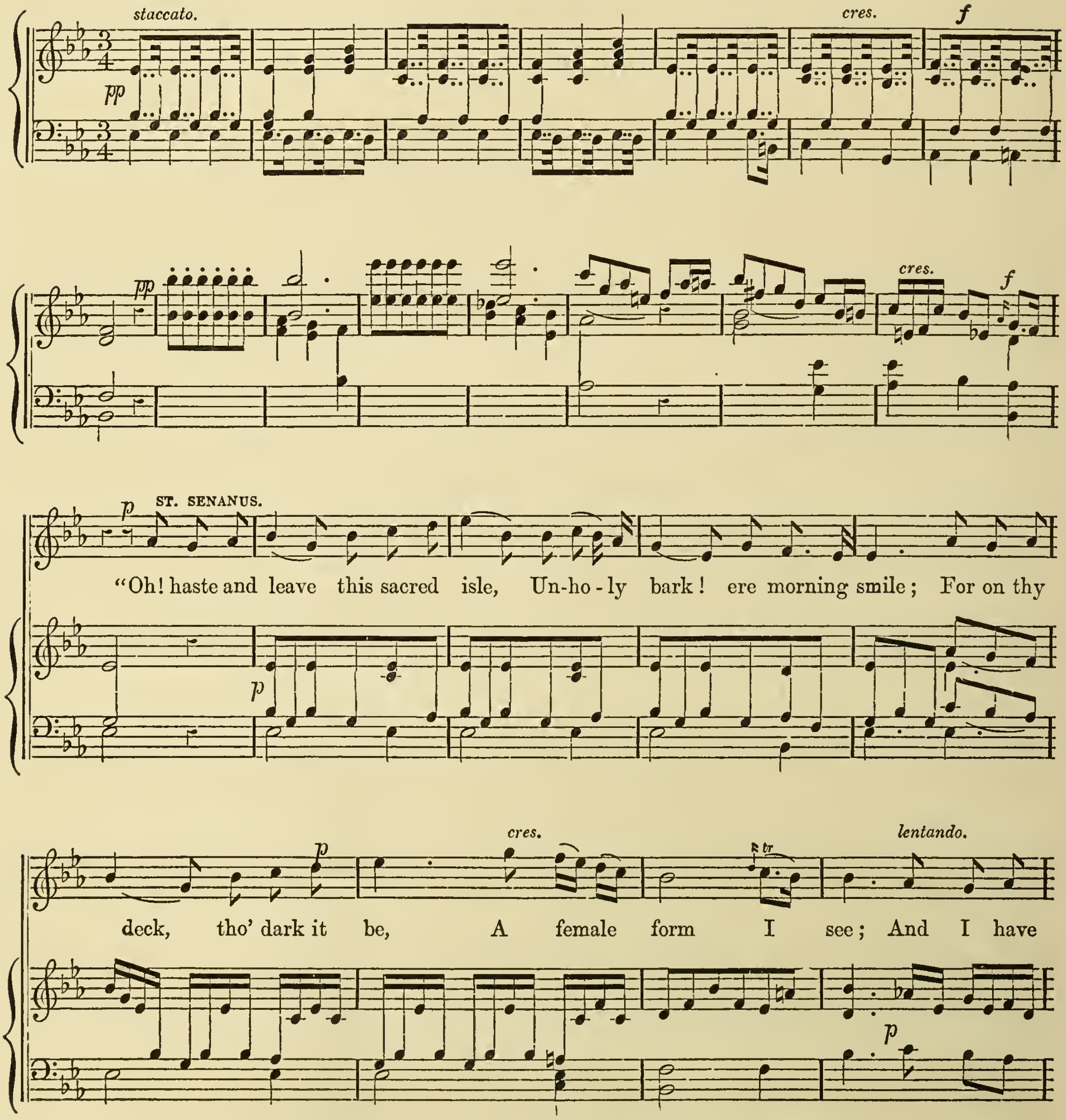
One fatal remembrance, one sorrow, that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes,
To which life nothing darker or brighter can bring,
For which Joy has no balm, and Affliction no sting:—

III.

Oh! this thought in the midst of enjoyment will stay,
Like a dead leafless branch in the summer's bright ray;
The beams of the warm Sun play round it in vain—
It may smile in his light, but it blooms not again!

ST. SENANUS AND THE LADY.*

Moderate time. AIR—THE BROWN THORN.


staccato.
pp
cres.
f
pp
cres.
f
p
ST. SENANUS.
"Oh! haste and leave this sacred isle, Un-ho-ly bark! ere morning smile; For on thy
p
deck, tho' dark it be, A female form I see; And I have
p
cres.
tr
lentando.
p

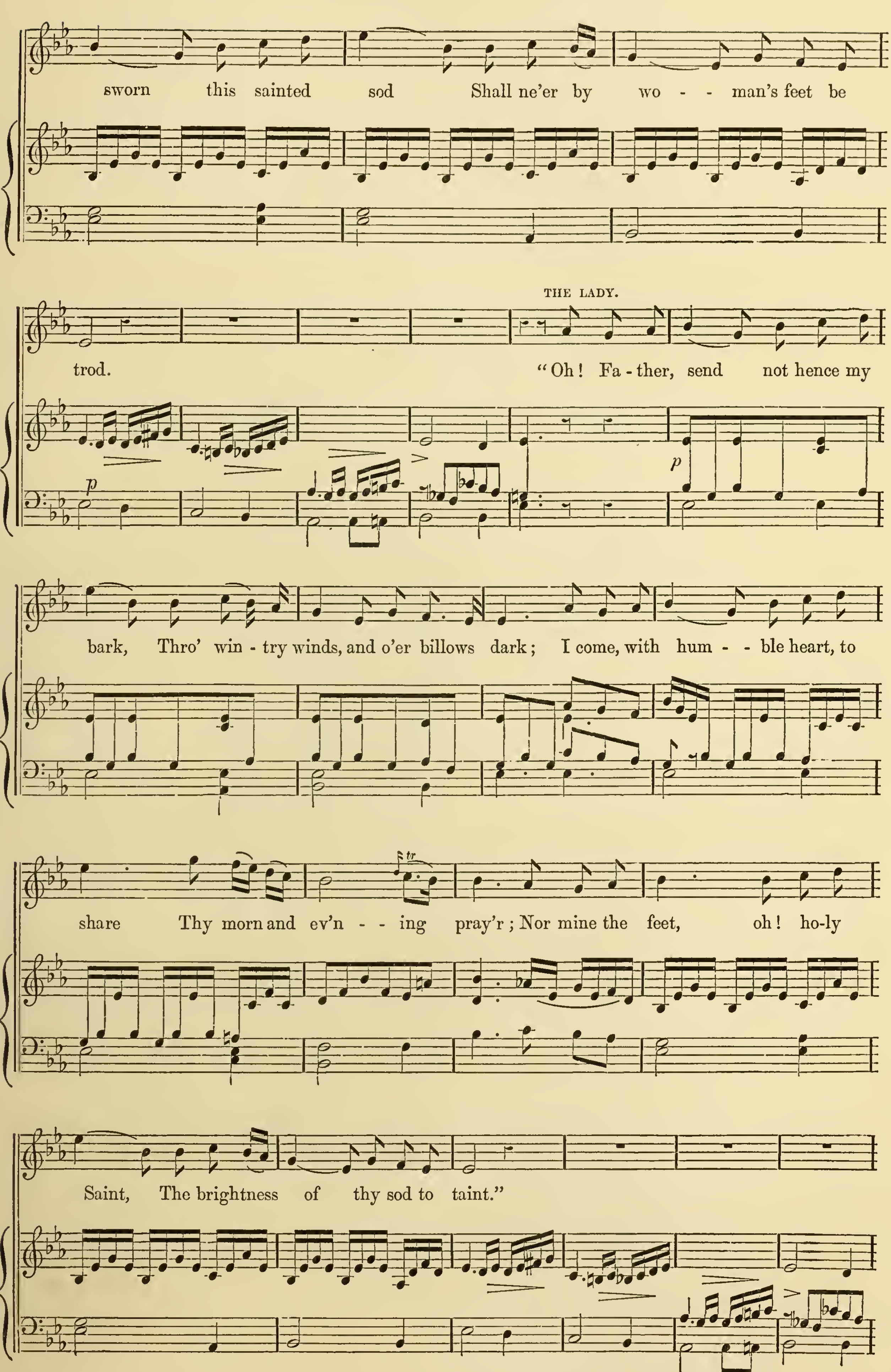
---

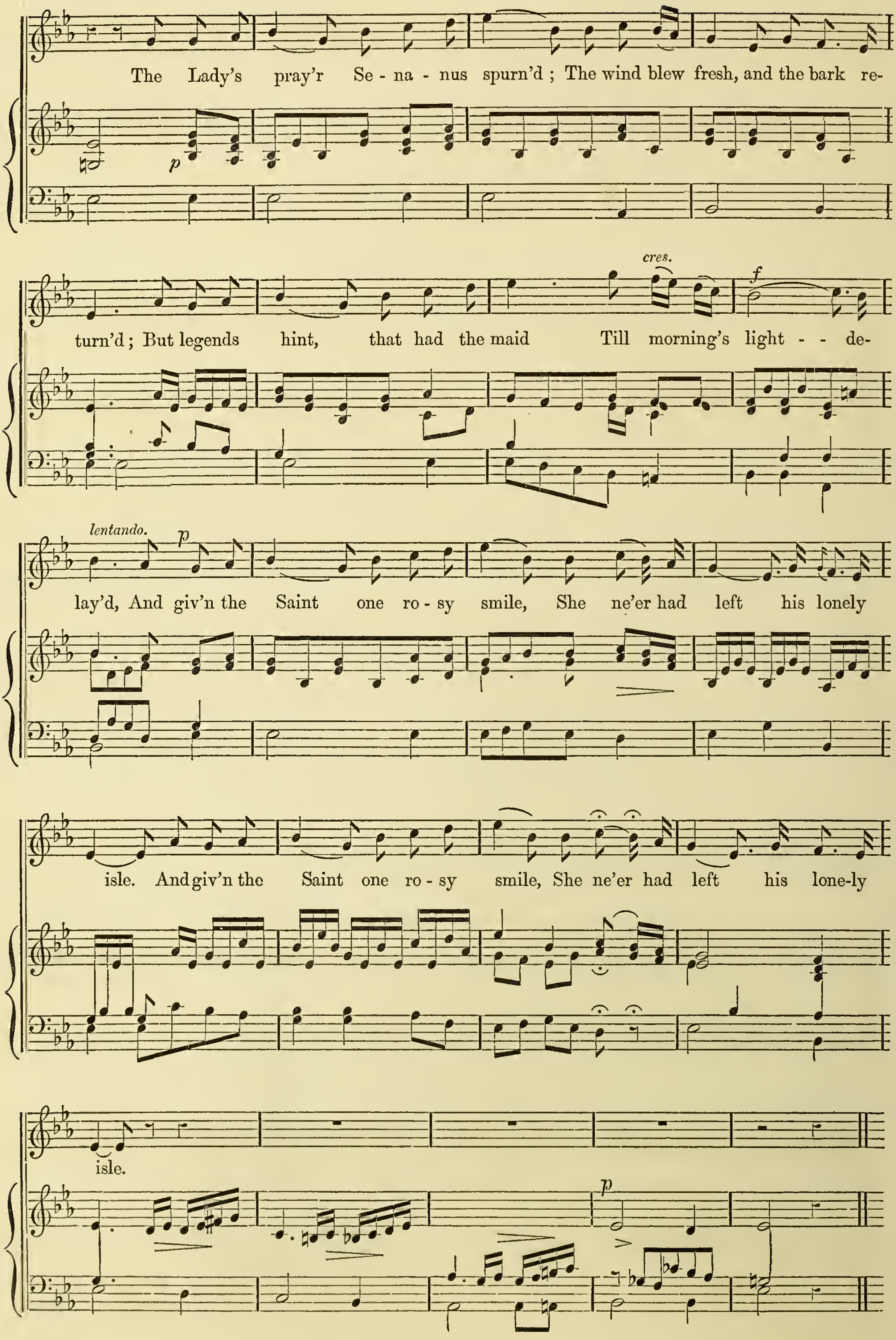
* In a Metrical Life of St. Senanus, which is taken from an old Kilkenny MS., and may be found among the *Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ*, we are told of his flight to the Island of Scattery, and his resolution not to admit any Woman of the party; he refused to receive even a Sister Saint, St. Cannera, whom an Angel had taken to the Island, for the express purpose of introducing her to him. The following was the ungracious Answer of Senanus, according to his Poetical Biographer :—

Cui Præsul, Quid fœminis
Commune est cum monachis!
Nec te, nec ullam aliam,
Admittemus in insulam.

See the Acta Sanct. Hib. page 610.

According to Dr. Ledwich, St. Senanus was no less a Personage than the River Shannon; but O'Connor, and other Antiquarians deny this Metamorphosis indignantly.

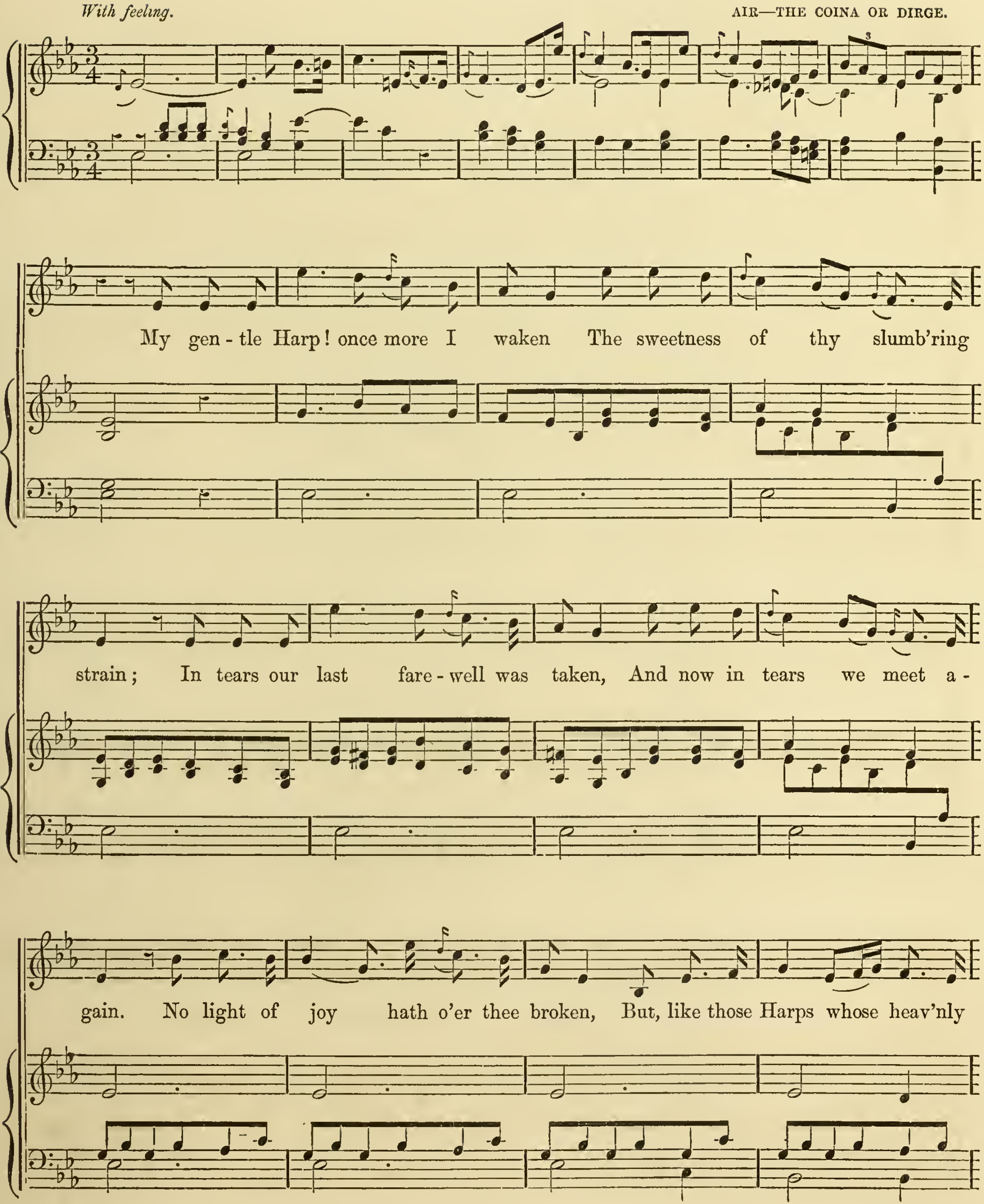

sworn this sainted sod Shall ne'er by wo - - man's feet be
trod.
THE LADY.
p
"Oh! Fa - ther, send not hence my
p
bark, Thro' win - try winds, and o'er billows dark; I come, with hum - - ble heart, to
share Thy morn and ev'n - - ing pray'r; Nor mine the feet, oh! ho-ly
tr
Saint, The brightness of thy sod to taint."

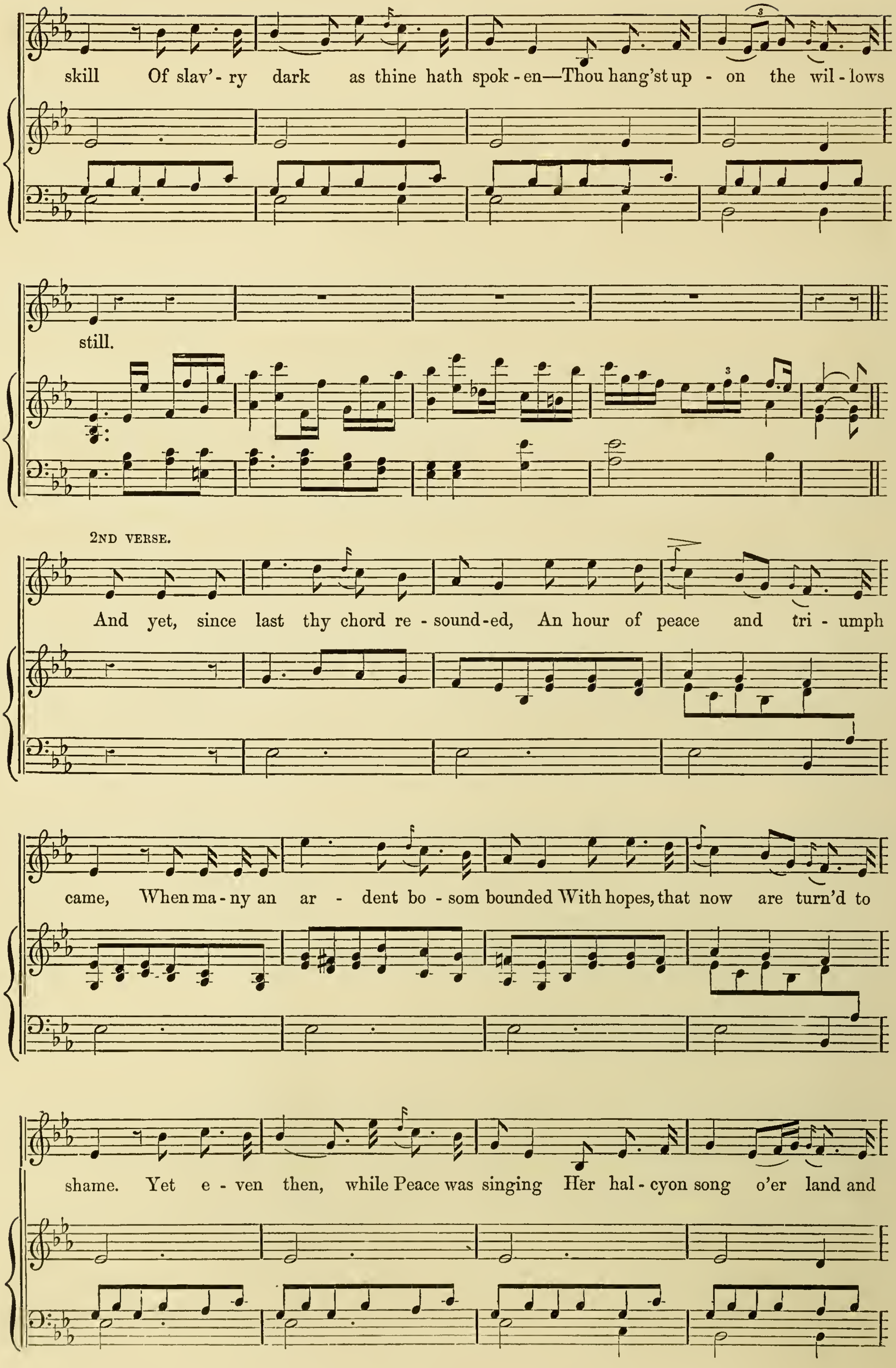

The Lady's pray'r Se - na - nus spurn'd ; The wind blew fresh, and the bark re-
p
turn'd ; But legends hint, that had the maid Till morning's light - - de-
cres.
f
lentando.
p
lay'd, And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy smile, She ne'er had left his lonely
isle. And giv'n the Saint one ro - sy smile, She ne'er had left his lone-ly
isle.
p

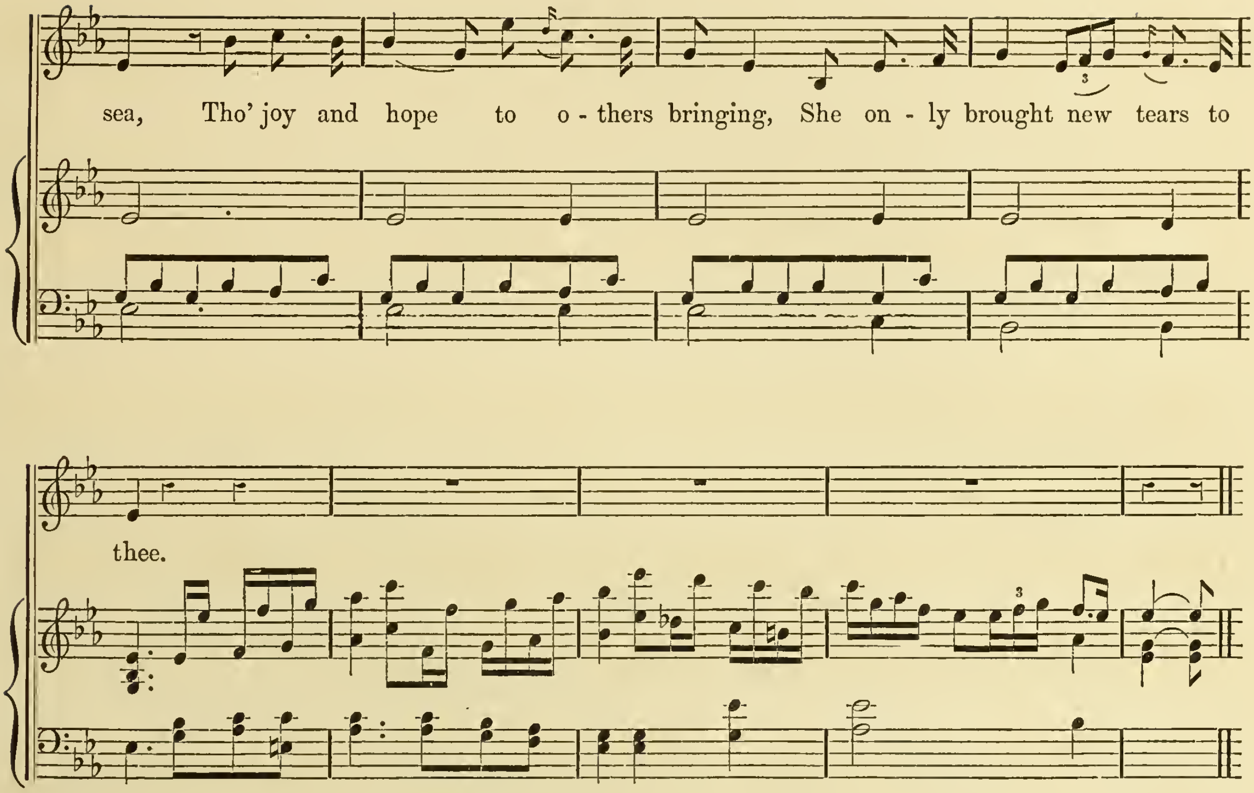
MY GENTLE HARP ONCE MORE I WAKEN.

With feeling.

AIR—THE COINA OR DIRGE.


My gen - tle Harp! once more I waken The sweetness of thy slumb'ring
strain; In tears our last fare - well was taken, And now in tears we meet a -
gain. No light of joy hath o'er thee broken, But, like those Harps whose heav'nly


skill Of slav' - ry dark as thine hath spok - en—Thou hang'st up - on the wil - lows
still.
2nd verse.
And yet, since last thy chord re - sound - ed, An hour of peace and tri - umph
came, When ma - ny an ar - dent bo - som bounded With hopes, that now are turn'd to
shame. Yet e - ven then, while Peace was singing Her hal - cyon song o'er land and
3


sea, Tho' joy and hope to o - thers bringing, She on - ly brought new tears to
3
3
thee.
3

III.

Then, who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping Harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline!
Or how shall I, who love, who bless thee,
Invoke thy breath for Freedom's strains,
When ev'n the wreaths, in which I dress thee,
Are sadly mix'd—half flowers, half chains!

IV.

But, come,—if yet thy frame can borrow
One breath of joy,—oh breathe for me,
And show the world, in chains and sorrow,
How sweet thy music still can be;
How lightly, ev'n mid gloom surrounding
Thou yet canst wake at pleasure's thrill–
Like Memnon's broken image, sounding,
Mid desolation tuneful still! *

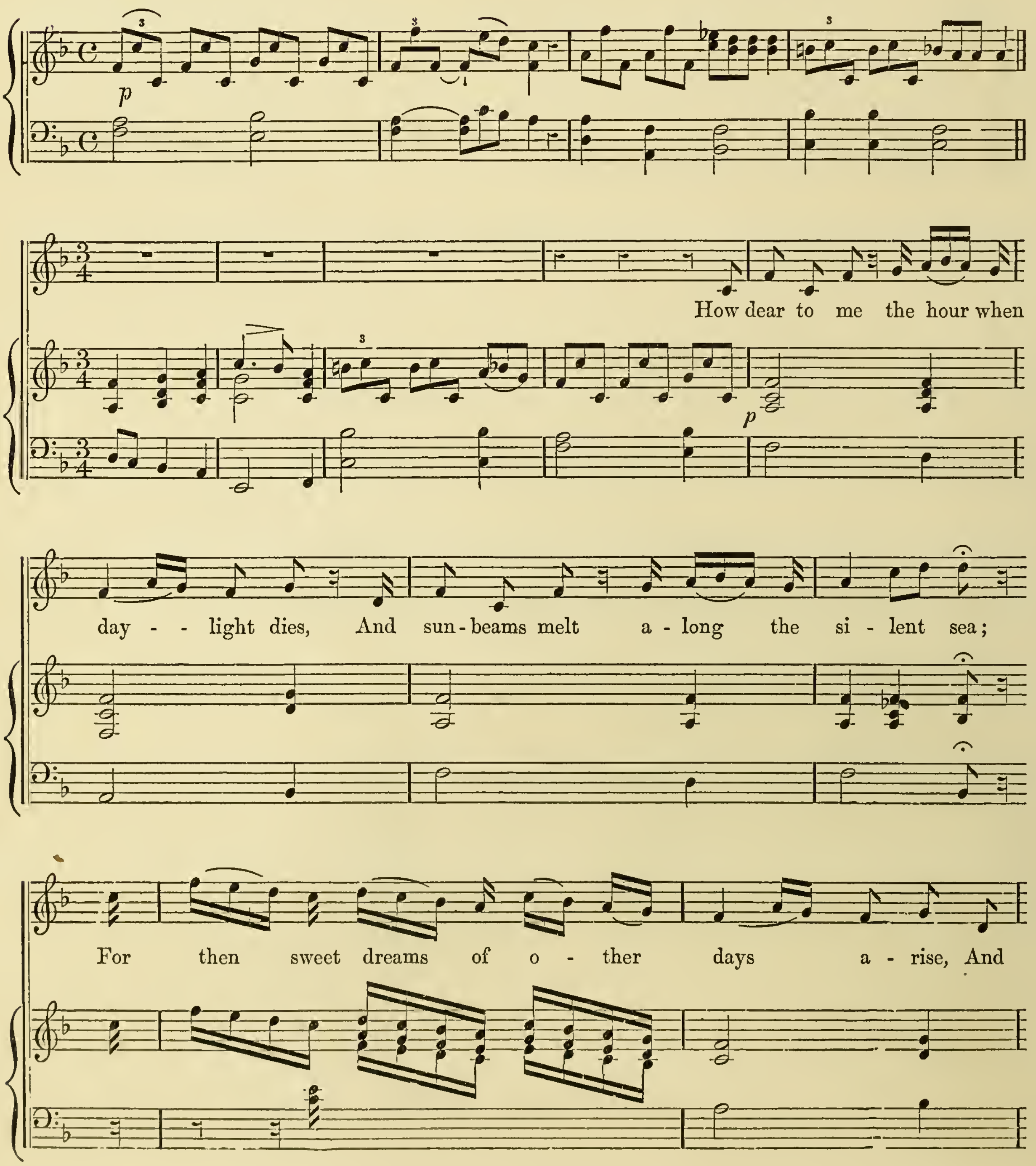
---

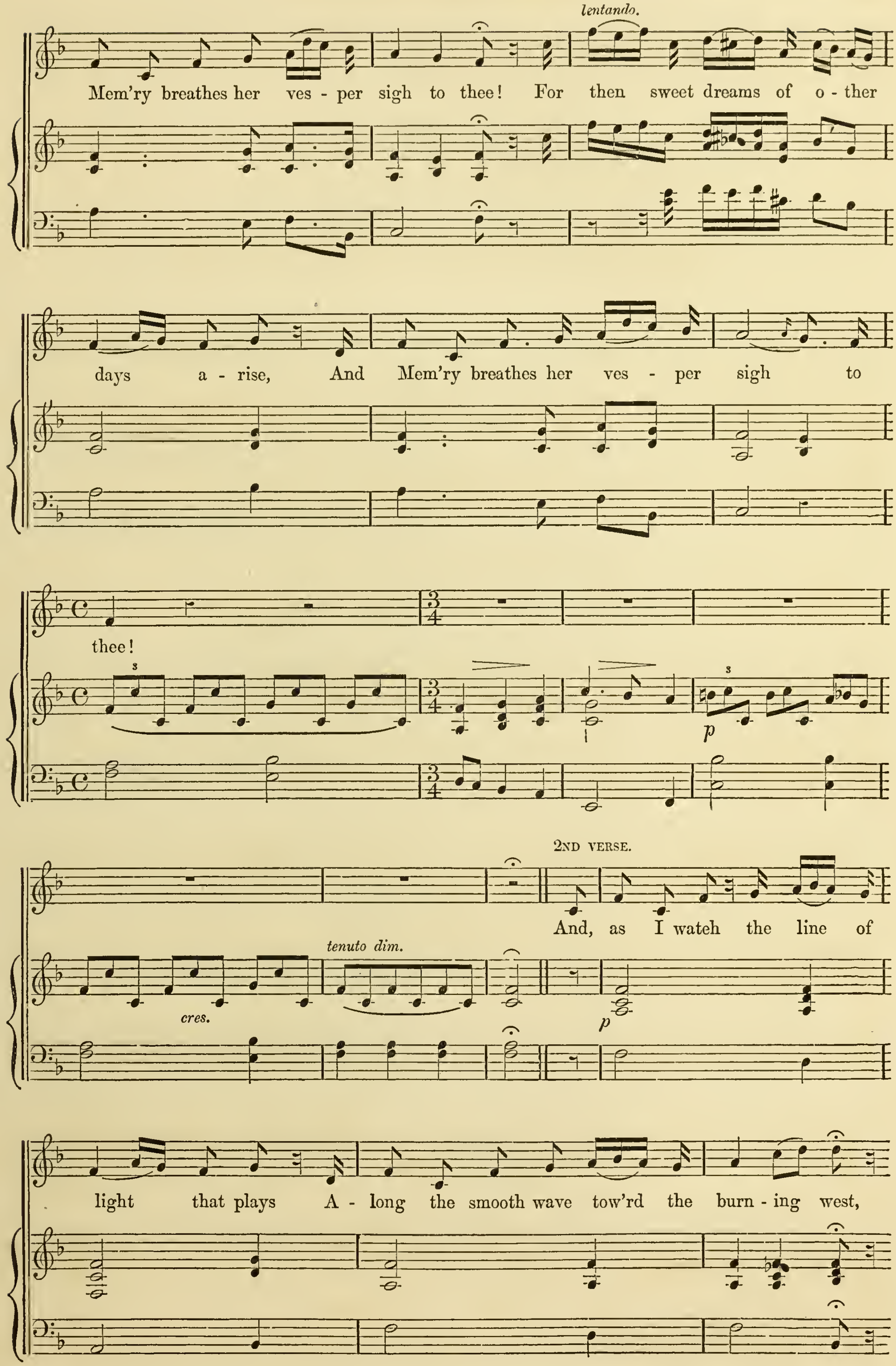
* Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ,
Atque vetus Thebe centum jacet obruta portis.—JUVENAL.

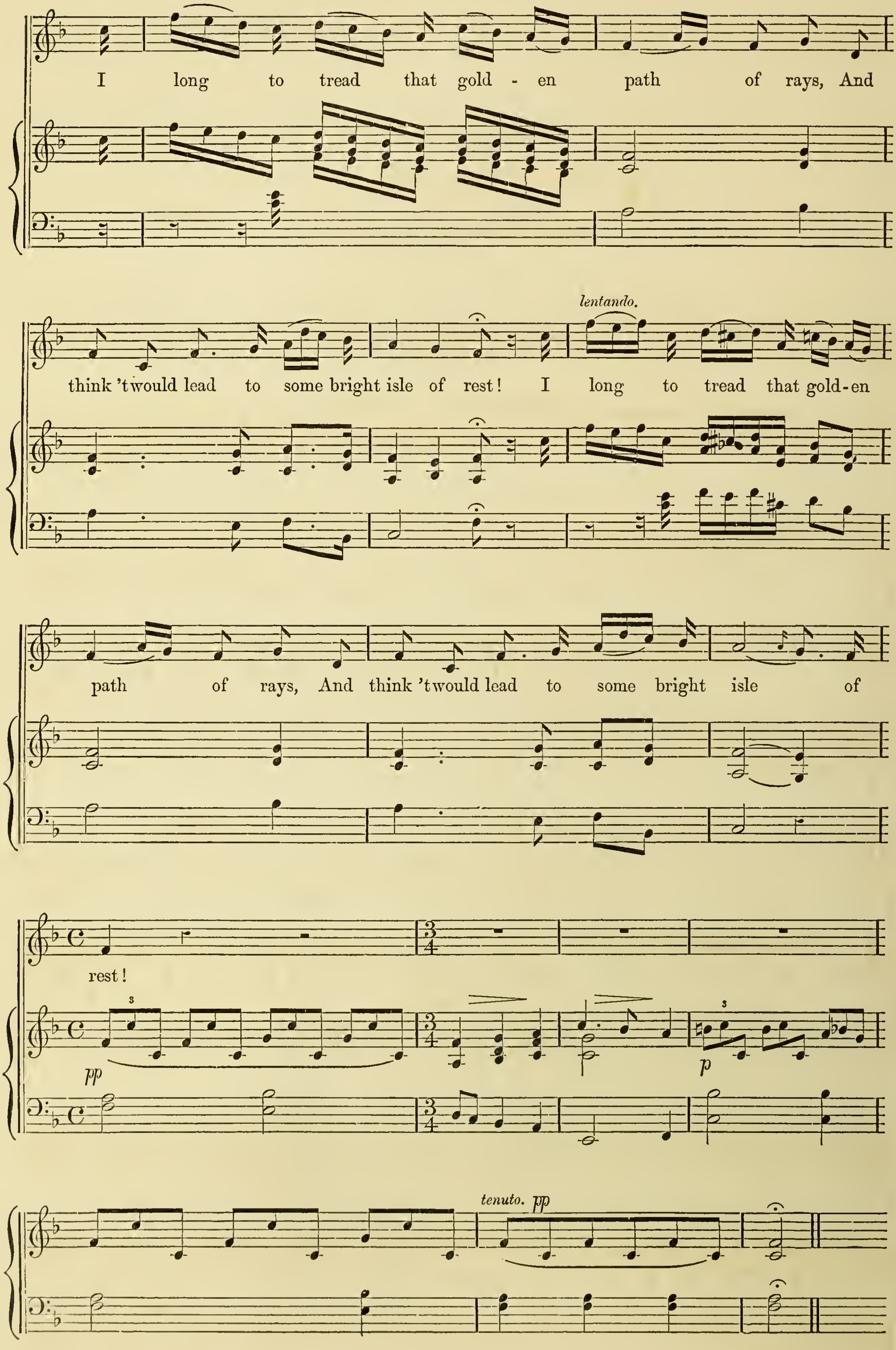
HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR WHEN DAY-LIGHT DIES.

Slow, and to be played very smoothly.

AIR—THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.*

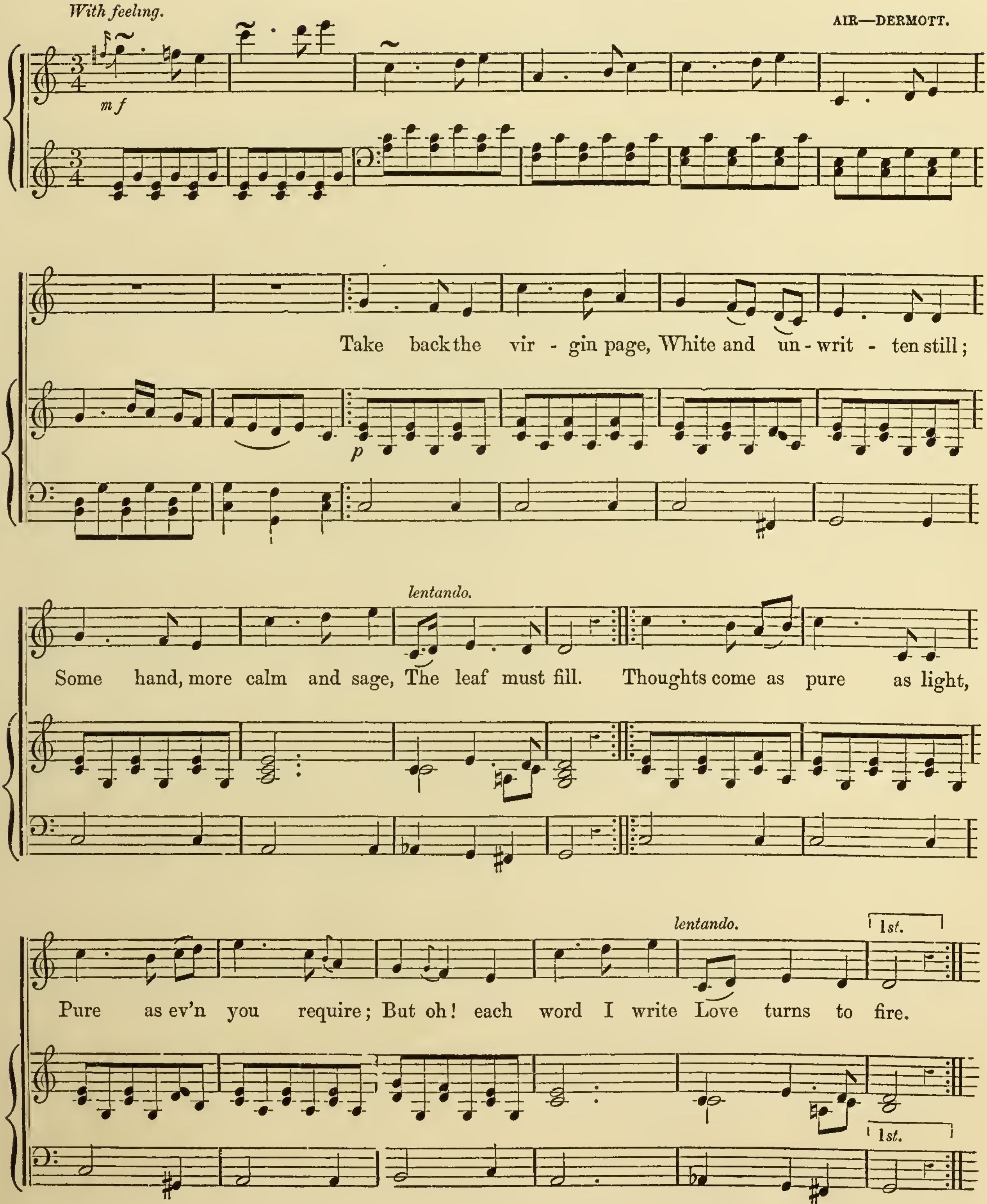

p
3
3
3
3
p
How dear to me the hour when
day - - light dies, And
sun - beams melt a - long the si - lent sea;
For then sweet dreams of o - ther days a - rise, And

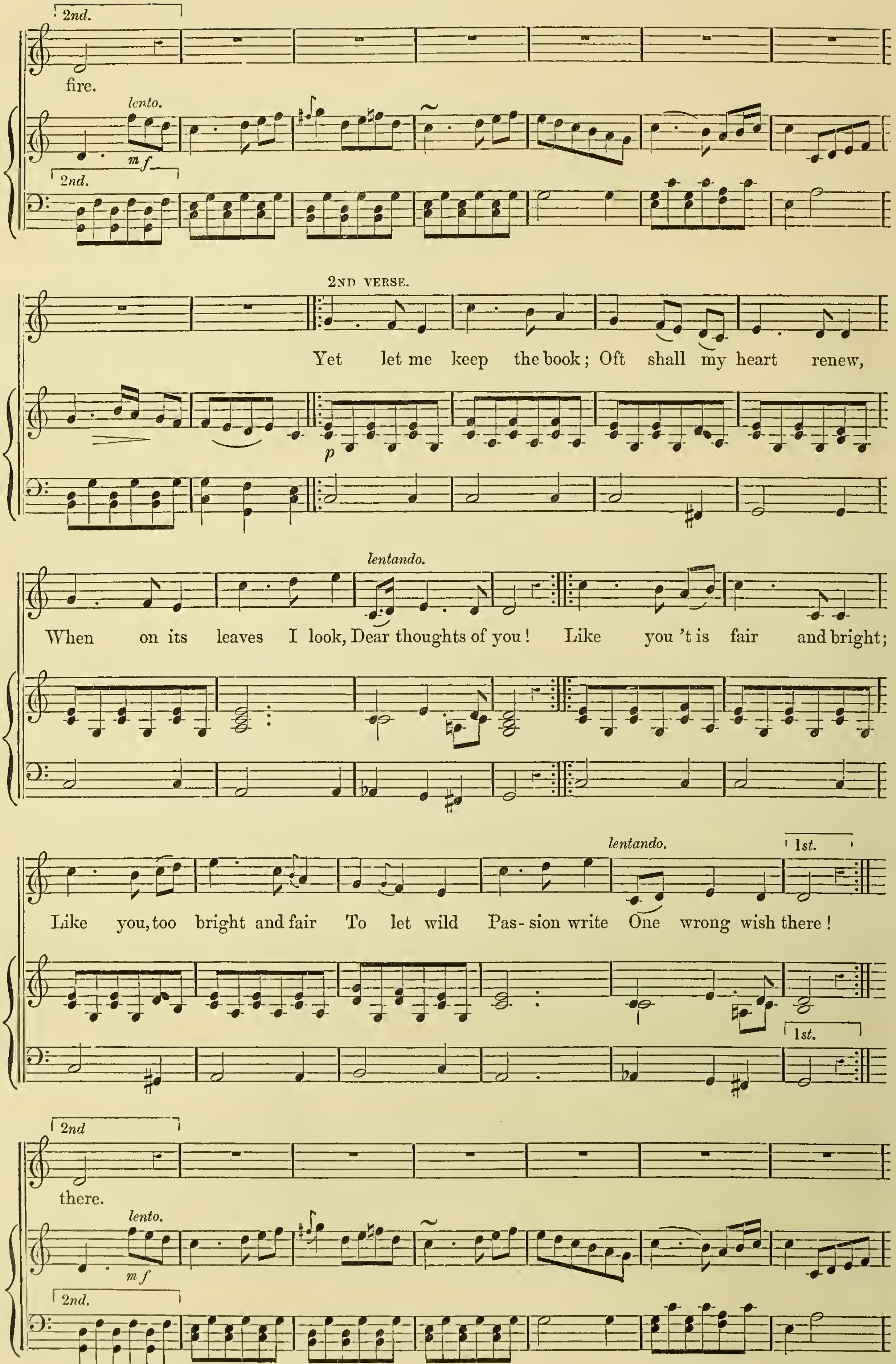

lentando.
Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to thee! For then sweet dreams of o - ther
days a - rise, And Mem'ry breathes her ves - per sigh to
thee!
s
s
p
2ND VERSE.
And, as I watch the line of
tenuto dim.
cres.
p
light that plays A - long the smooth wave tow'rd the burn - ing west,

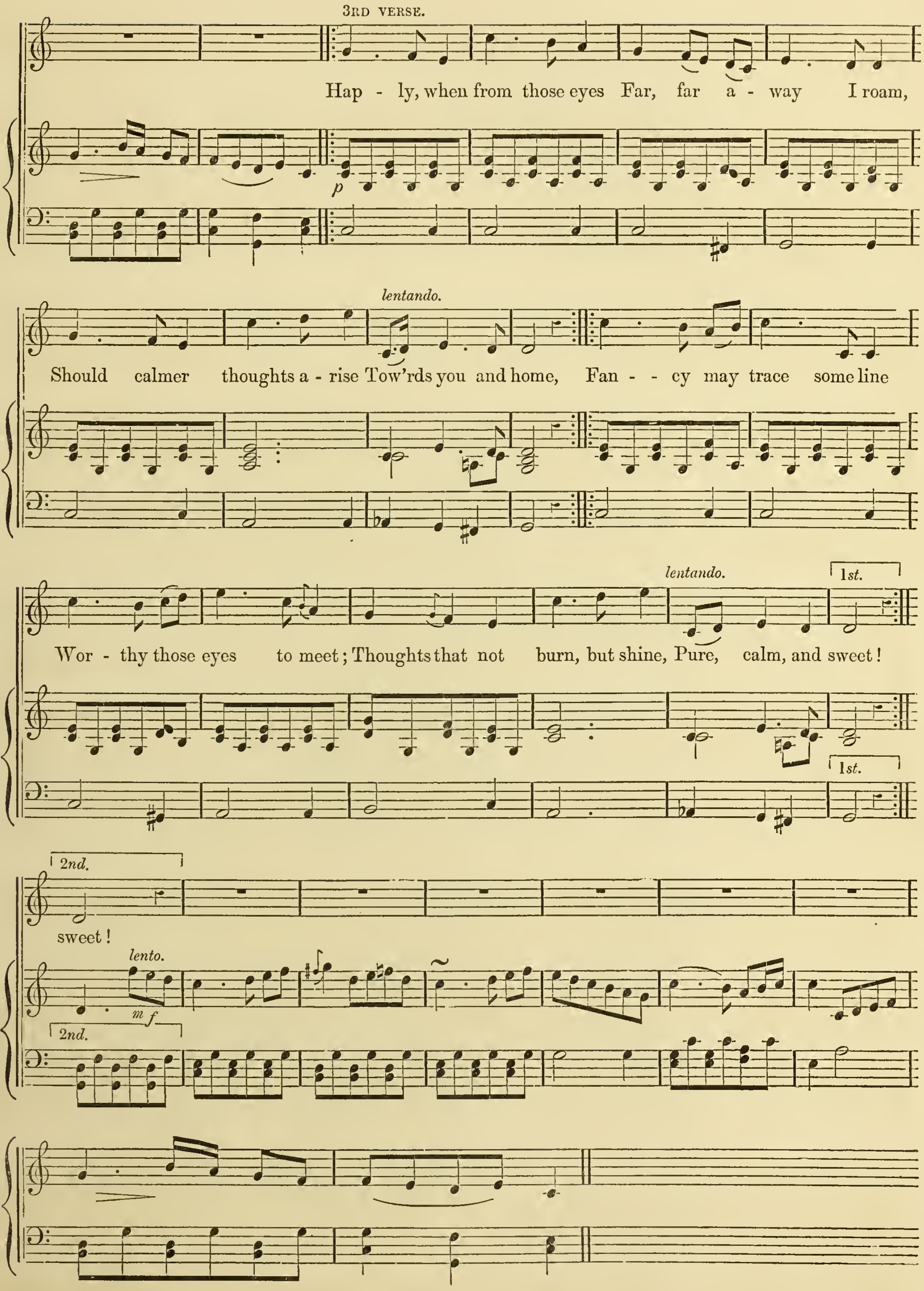

I long to tread that gold - en path of rays, And
think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest! I long to tread that gold-en
lentando.
path of rays, And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of
rest!
pp
p
tenuto. pp

TAKE BACK THE VIRGIN PAGE.

[WRITTEN ON RETURNING A BLANK BOOK.]


With feeling.
AIR—DERMOTT.
mf
p
lentando.
Take back the vir - gin page, White and un - writ - ten still;
Some hand, more calm and sage, The leaf must fill.
Thoughts come as pure as light,
lentando.
1st.
Pure as ev'n you require; But oh! each word I write Love turns to fire.


2nd.
fire.
lento.
m f
2nd.
2ND VERSE.
Yet let me keep the book; Oft shall my heart renew,
p
When on its leaves I look, Dear thoughts of you! Like you 't is fair and bright;
lentando.
Like you, too bright and fair To let wild Pas-sion write One wrong wish there!
lentando.
1st.
1st.
2nd
there.
lento.
m f
2nd.

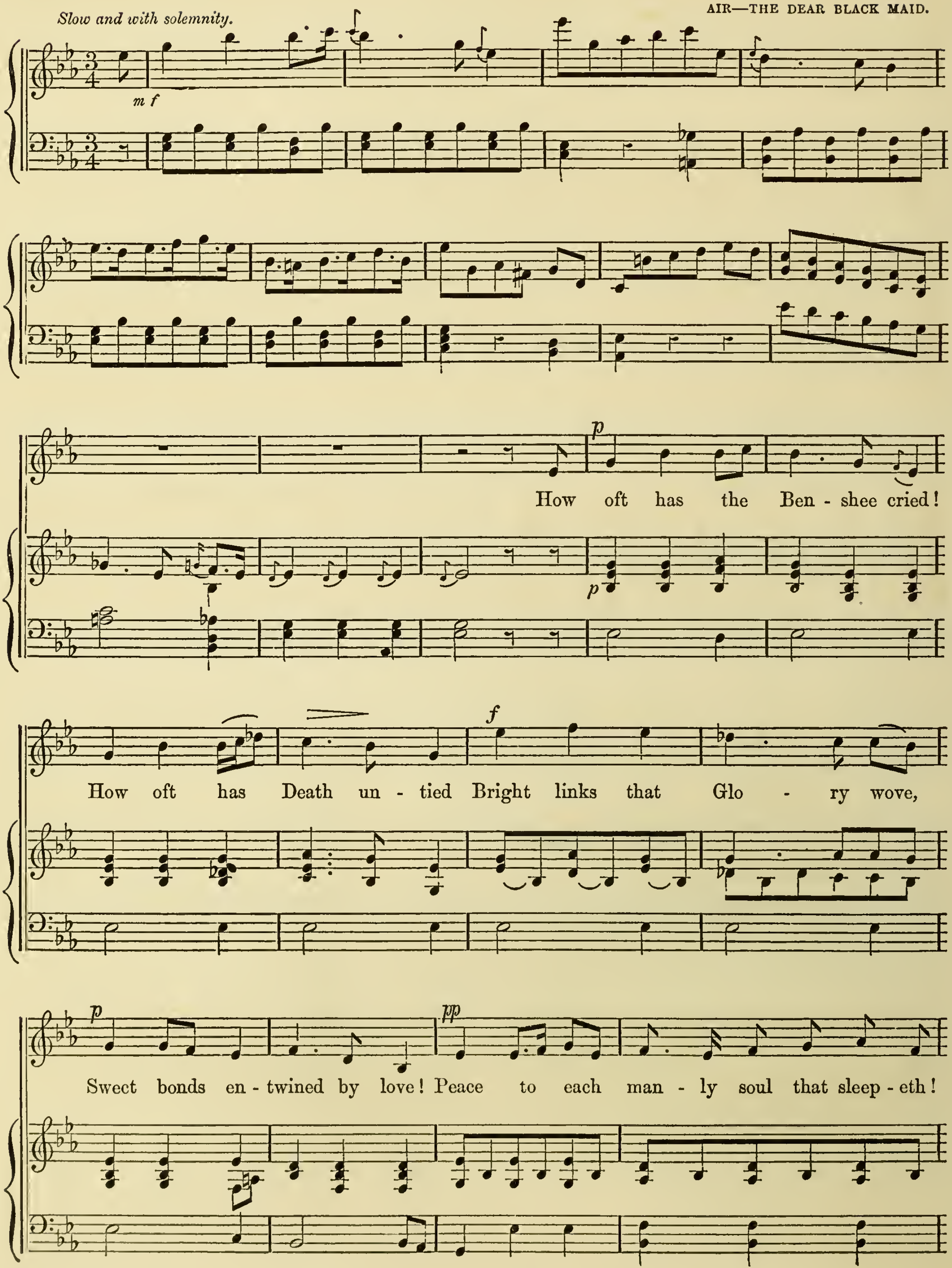

3RD VERSE.
Hap - ly, when from those eyes Far, far a - way I roam,
p
Should calmer thoughts a - rise Tow'rds you and home,
lentando.
Fan - - cy may trace some line
Wor - thy those eyes to meet; Thoughts that not burn, but shine, Pure, calm, and sweet!
lentando.
1st.
2nd.
sweet!
lento.
mf

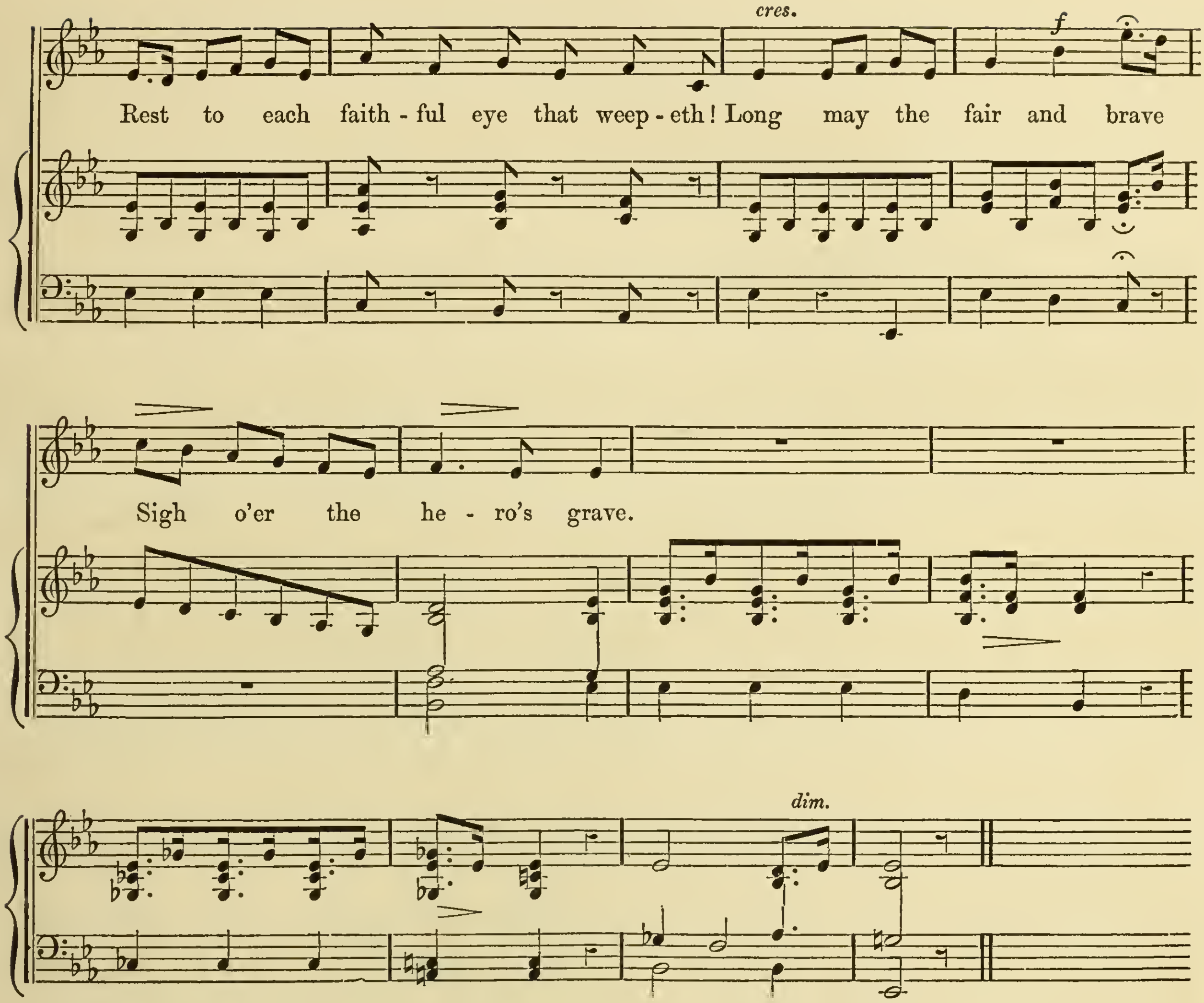
And, as the records are,
  Which wand'ring seamen keep,
Led by their hidden star
  Through winter's deep;

So may the words I write
  Tell through what storms I stray,
You still the unseen light,
  Guiding my way!

HOW OFT HAS THE BENSHEE CRIED.

AIR—THE DEAR BLACK MAID.


Slow and with solemnity.
mf
p
How oft has the Ben - shee cried!
How oft has Death un - tied Bright links that Glo - ry wove,
f
p
Sweet bonds en - twined by love! Peace to each man - ly soul that sleep - eth!
pp


cres.
f
Rest to each faith - ful eye that weep - eth! Long may the fair and brave
Sigh o'er the he - ro's grave.
dim.

II.

We 're fall'n upon gloomy days ;*
Star after star decays :
Ev'ry bright name, that shed
Light o'er the land, is fled.
Dark falls the tear of him who mourneth
Lost joy or hope, that ne'er returneth;
But brightly flows the tear
Wept o'er the hero's bier!

III.

Oh! quench'd are our beacon-lights,
Thou,† of the hundred fights!
Thou, on whose burning tongue
Truth, peace, and freedom, hung! ‡
Both mute—but, long as Valour shineth,
Or Mercy's soul at war repineth,
So long shall Erin's pride
Tell how they lived and died!

---

* I have endeavoured here, without losing that Irish character which it is my object to preserve throughout this Work, to allude to that sad and ominous fatality, by which England has been deprived of so many great and good men, at a moment when she most requires all the aids of talent and integrity.

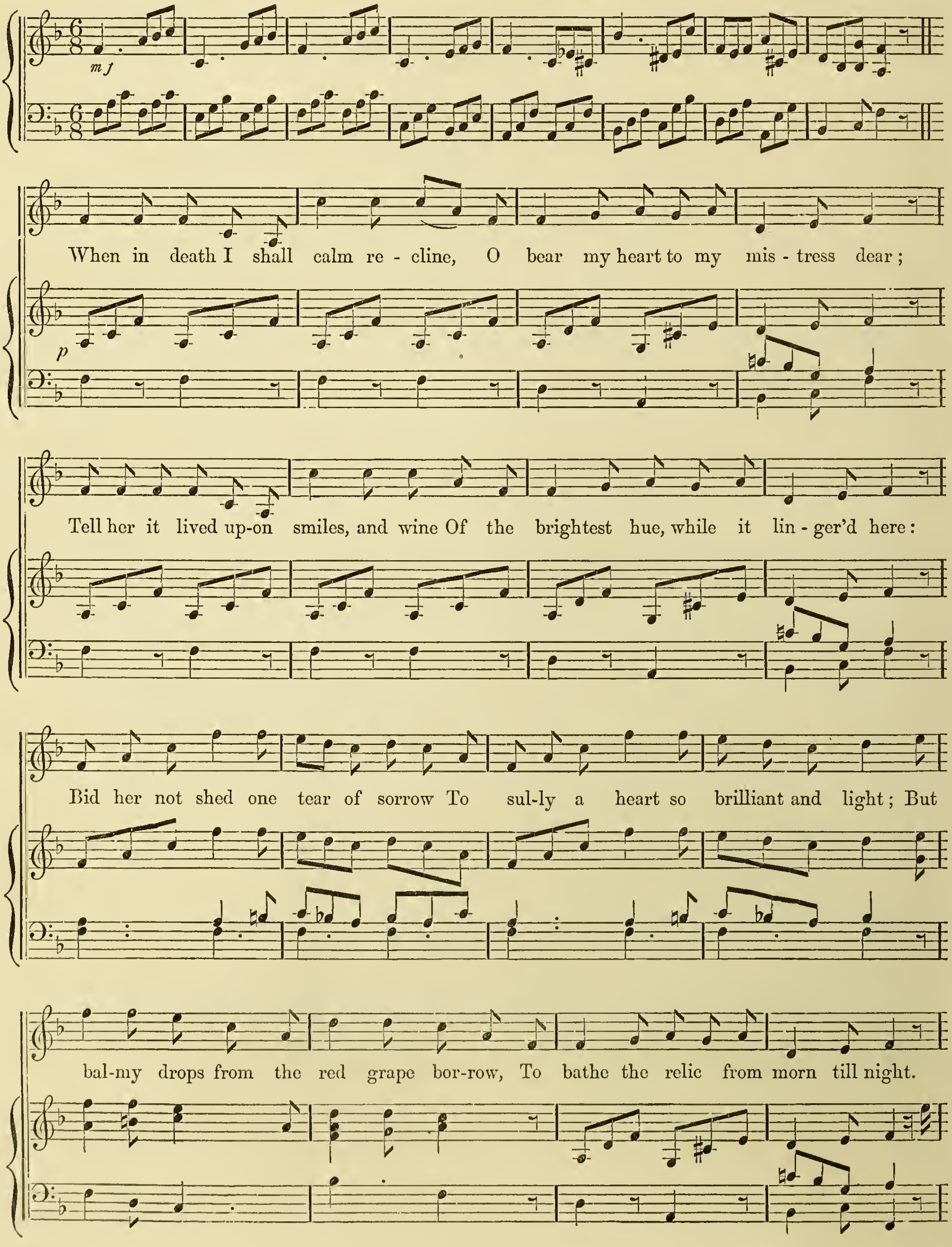
† This designation, which has been applied to LORD NELSON before, is the title given to a celebrated Irish Hero, in a Poem by O'Gnive, the Bard of O'Nial, which is quoted in the " Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland," page 433 :—" Con, of the hundred fights, sleep in thy grass-grown tomb, and upbraid not our defeats with thy victories ! "

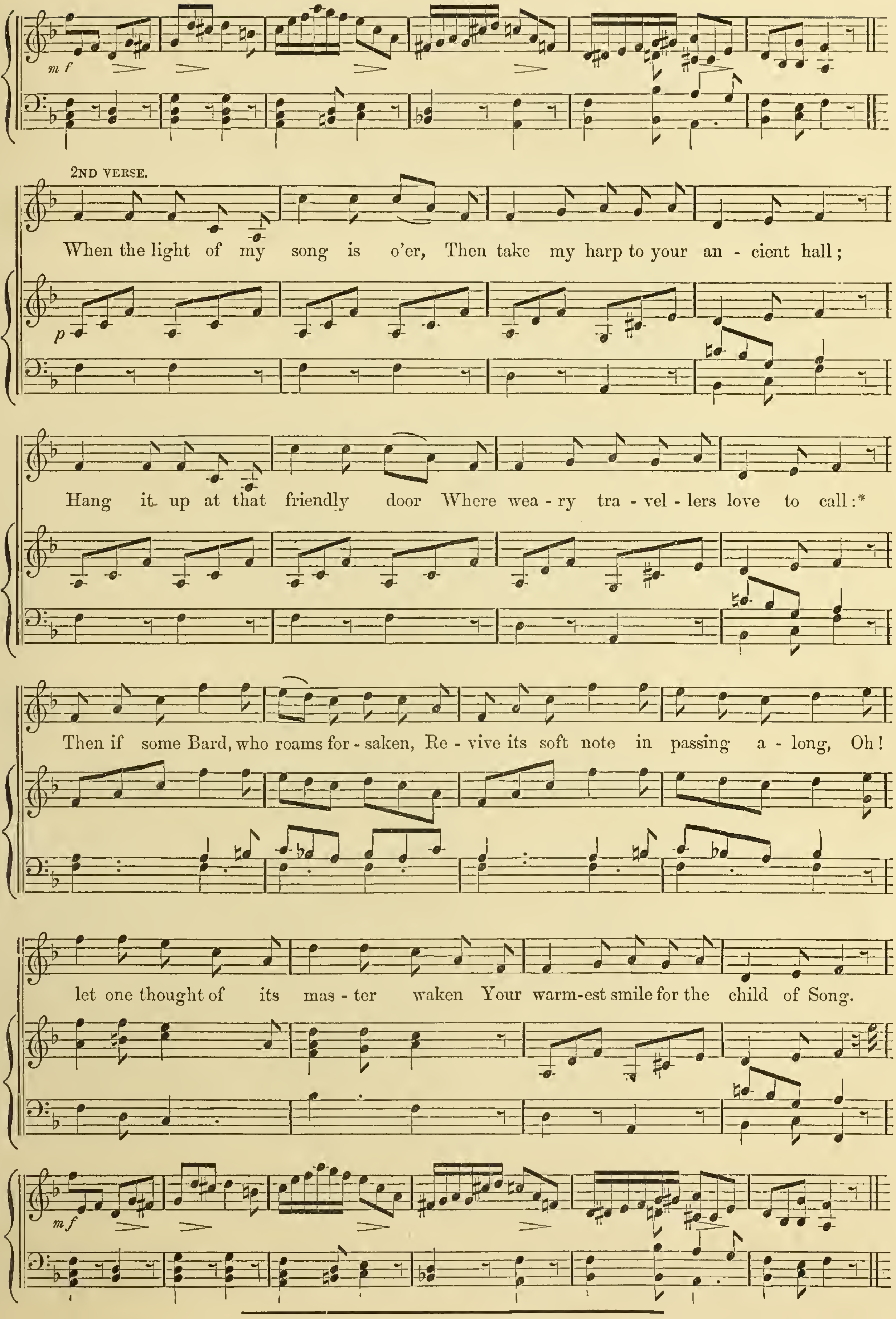
‡ FOX, " ultimus Romanorum."

THE LEGACY.

WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALM RECLINE.

With Feeling and Gaiety AIR—UNKNOWN.

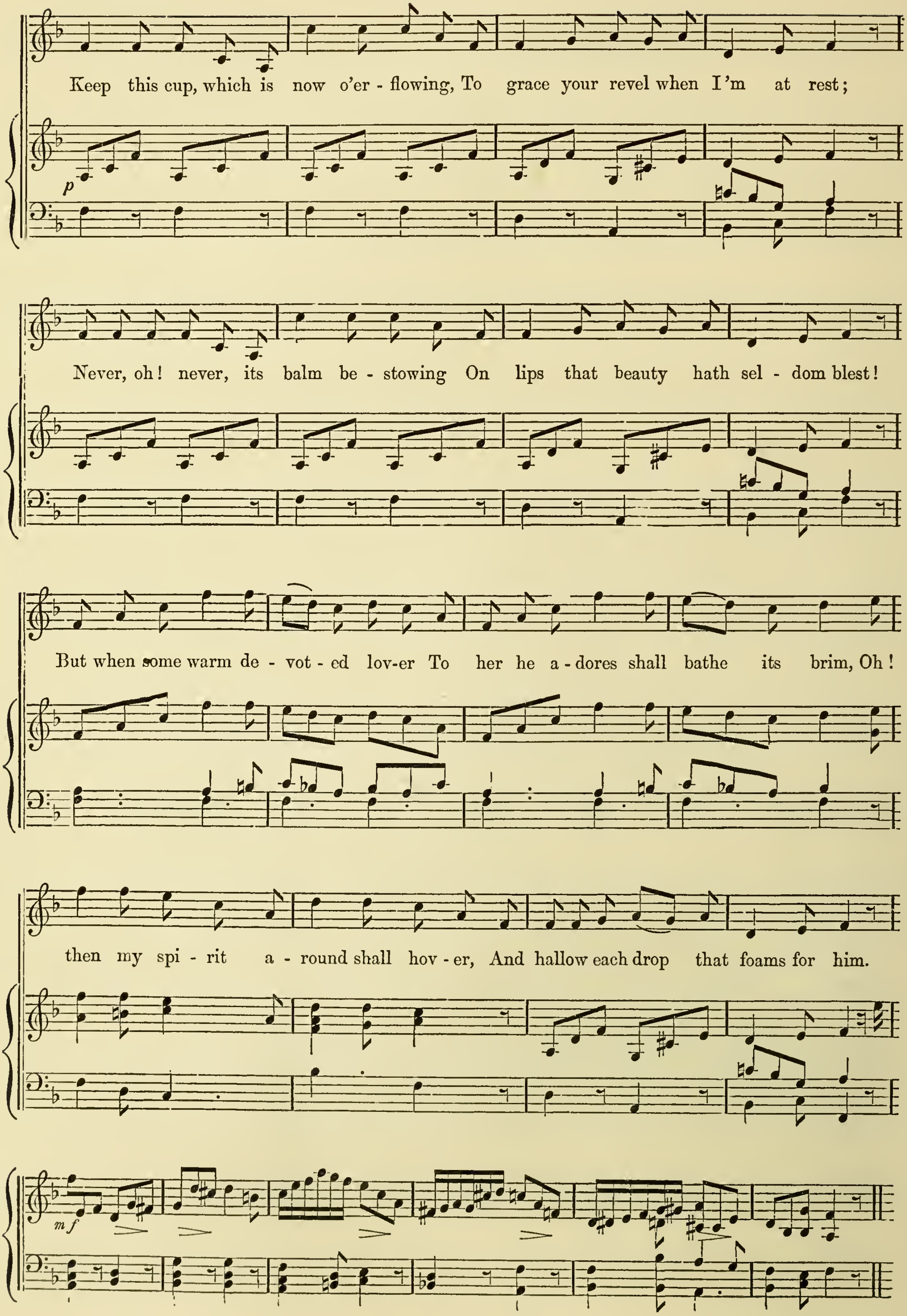

mf
When in death I shall calm re - cline, O bear my heart to my mis - tress dear;
p
Tell her it lived up-on smiles, and wine Of the brightest hue, while it lin - ger'd here:
Bid her not shed one tear of sorrow To sul-ly a heart so brilliant and light; But
bal-my drops from the red grape bor-row, To bathe the relic from morn till night.


mf
2nd verse.
When the light of my song is o'er, Then take my harp to your an - cient hall;
p
Hang it up at that friendly door Where wea - ry tra - vel - lers love to call:*
Then if some Bard, who roams for - saken, Re - vive its soft note in passing a - long, Oh!
let one thought of its mas - ter waken Your warm-est smile for the child of Song.
mf

---

* "In every house was one or two Harps, free to all travellers, who were the more caressed, the more they excelled in Music.'—O'Halloran.

3RD VERSE.


Keep this cup, which is now o'er - flowing, To grace your revel when I'm at rest;
p
Never, oh! never, its balm be - stowing On lips that beauty hath sel - dom blest!
But when some warm de - vot - ed lov-er To her he a - dores shall bathe its brim, Oh!
then my spi - rit a - round shall hov - er, And hallow each drop that foams for him.
mf

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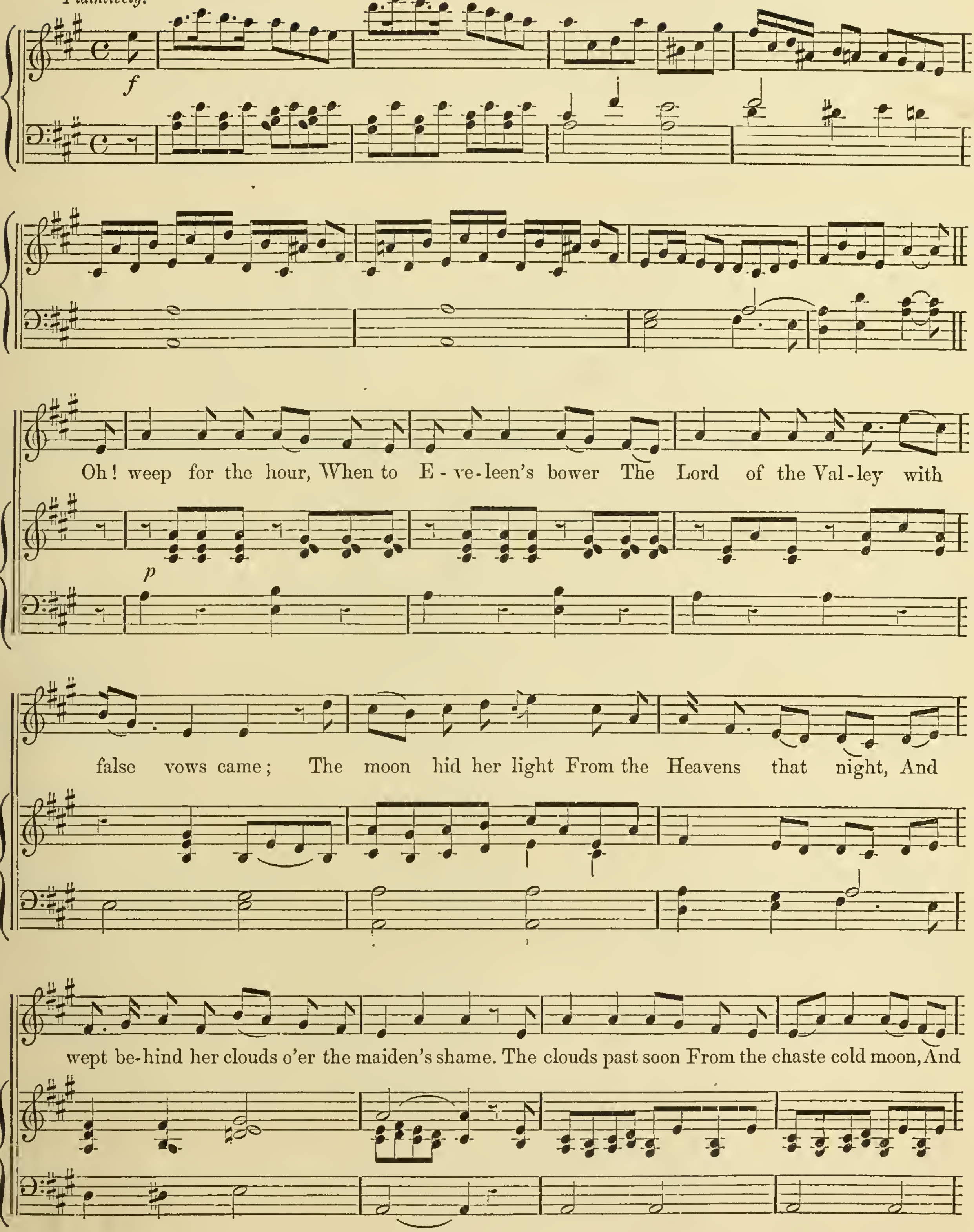
EVELEEN'S BOWER.

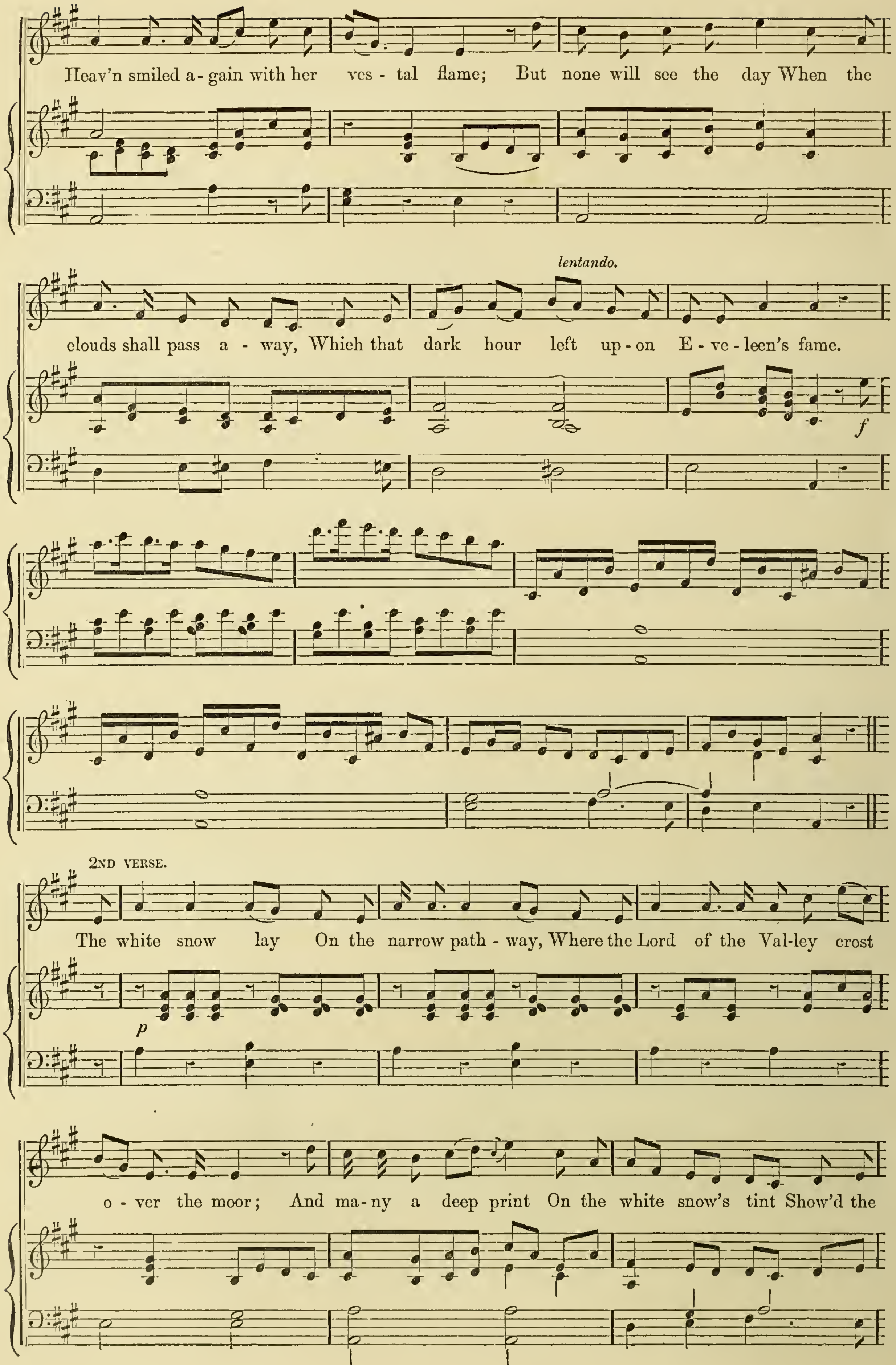
Plaintively.

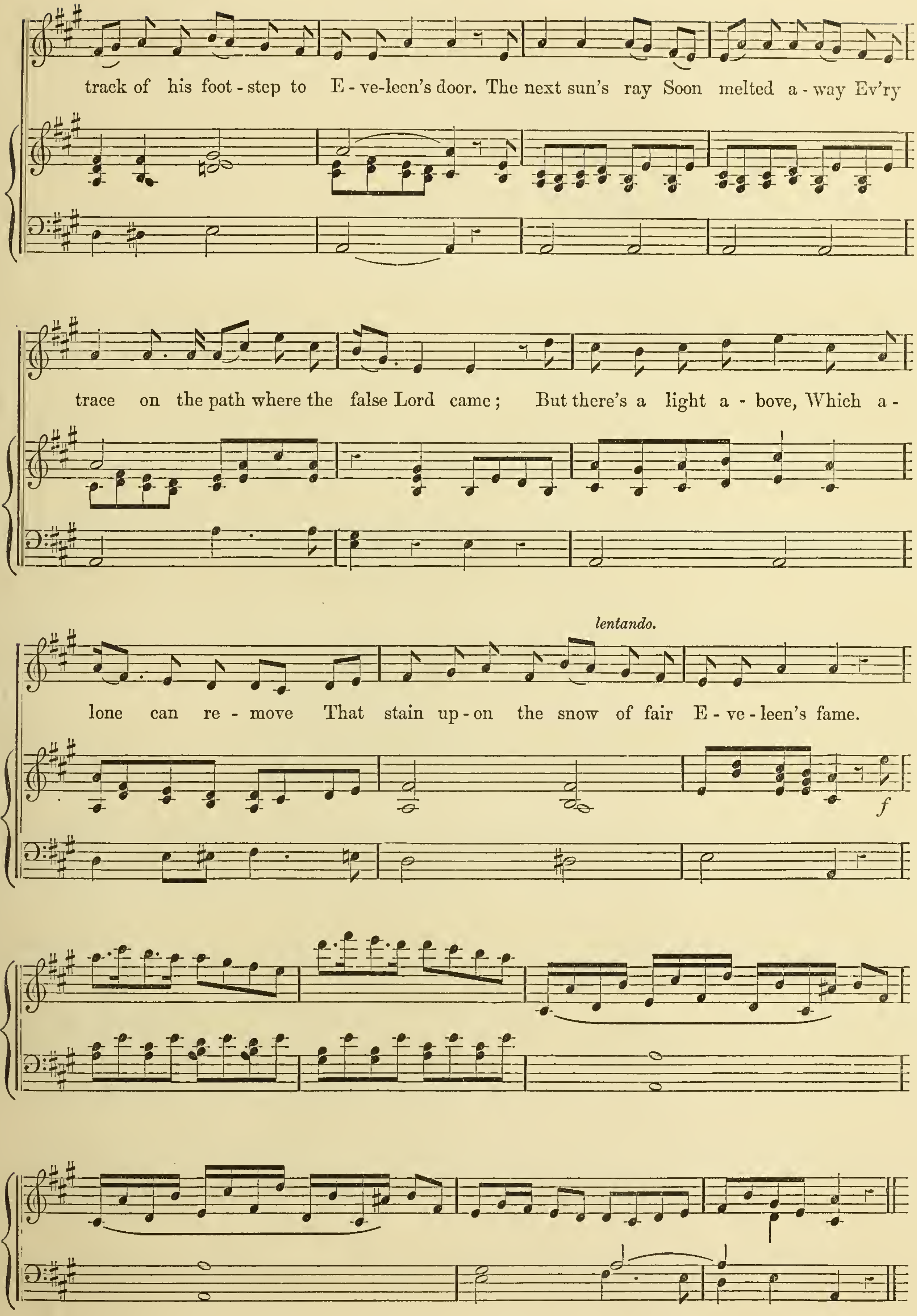
AIR—UNKNOWN.*


f
Oh! weep for the hour, When to E-ve-leen's bower The Lord of the Val-ley with
p
false vows came; The moon hid her light From the Heavens that night, And
wept be-hind her clouds o'er the maiden's shame. The clouds past soon From the chaste cold moon, And

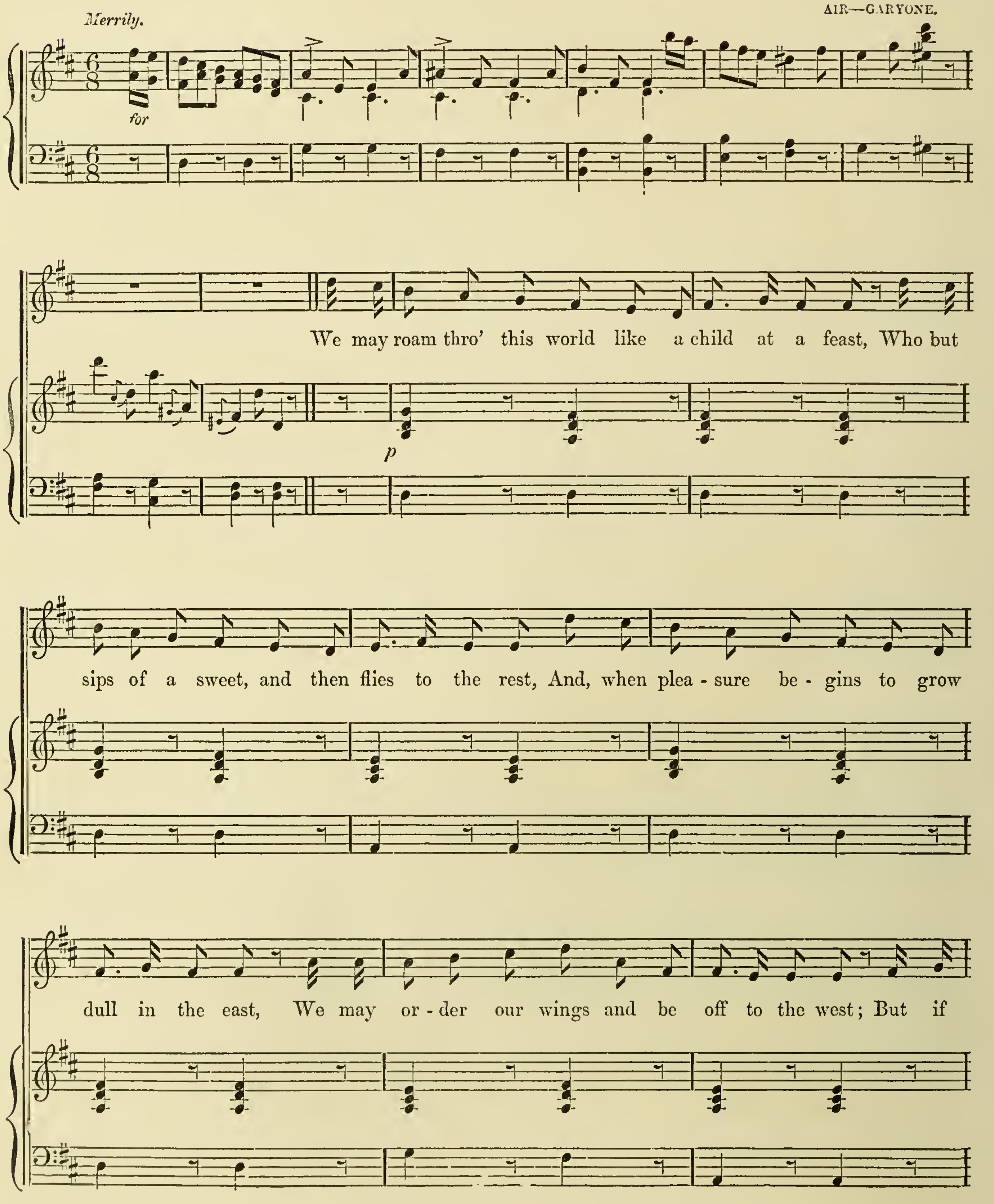
---

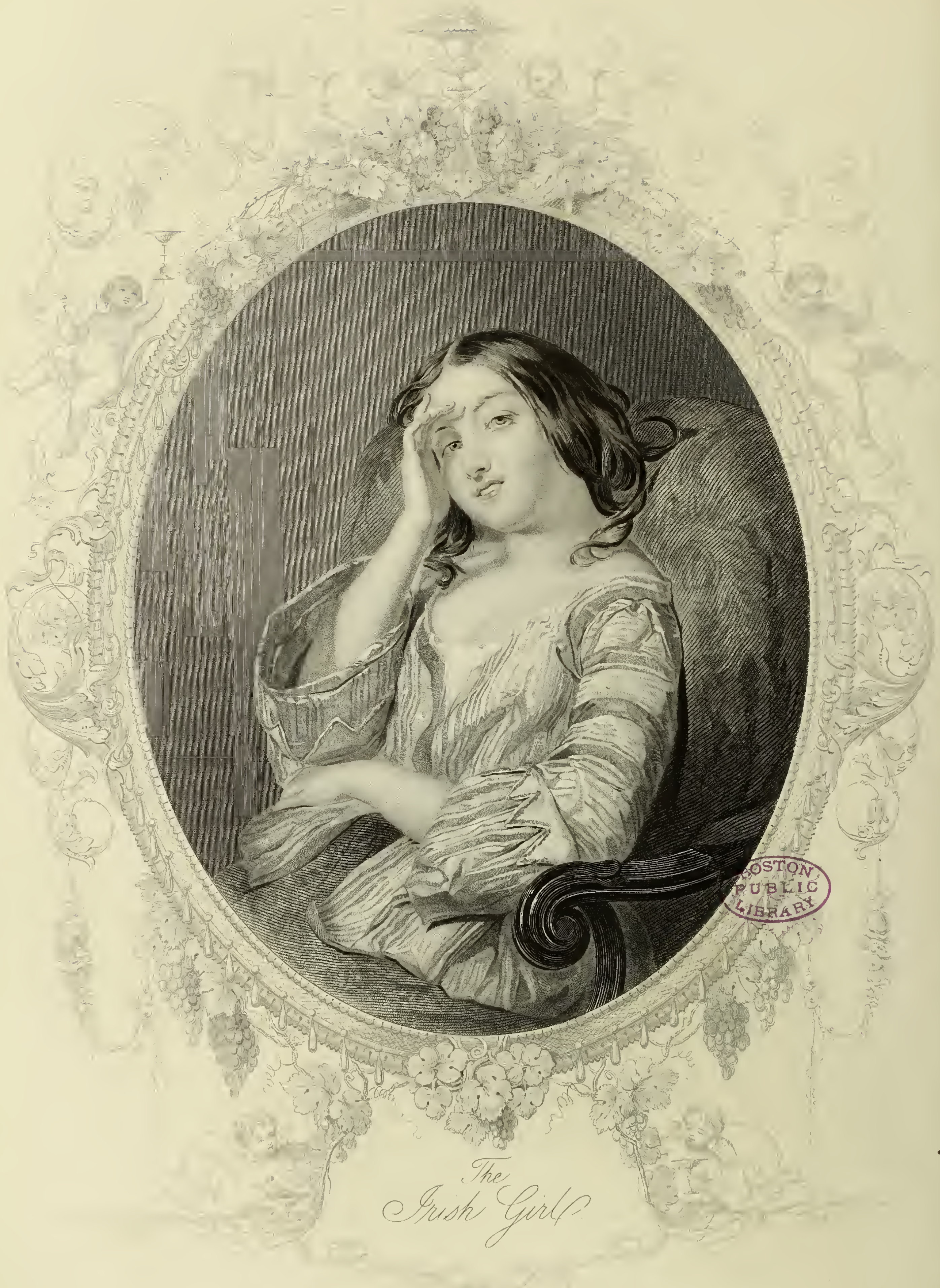
* Our claim to this Air has been disputed; but they who are best acquainted with National Melodies pronounce it to be Irish. It is generally known by the name of "The Pretty Girl of Derby, O!"


Heav'n smiled a-gain with her ves-tal flame; But none will see the day When the
clouds shall pass a-way, Which that dark hour left up-on E-ve-leen's fame.
lentando.
f
2ND VERSE.
The white snow lay On the narrow path-way, Where the Lord of the Val-ley crost
p
o-ver the moor; And ma-ny a deep print On the white snow's tint Show'd the


track of his foot-step to E-ve-leen's door. The next sun's ray Soon melted a-way Ev'ry
trace on the path where the false Lord came; But there's a light a-bove, Which a-
lentando.
lone can re-move That stain up-on the snow of fair E-ve-leen's fame.
f

WE MAY ROAM THROUGH THIS WORLD.


Merrily.
AIR—GARYONE.
for
p
We may roam thro' this world like a child at a feast, Who but
sips of a sweet, and then flies to the rest, And, when plea - sure be - gins to grow
dull in the east, We may or - der our wings and be off to the west; But if



The Irish Girl

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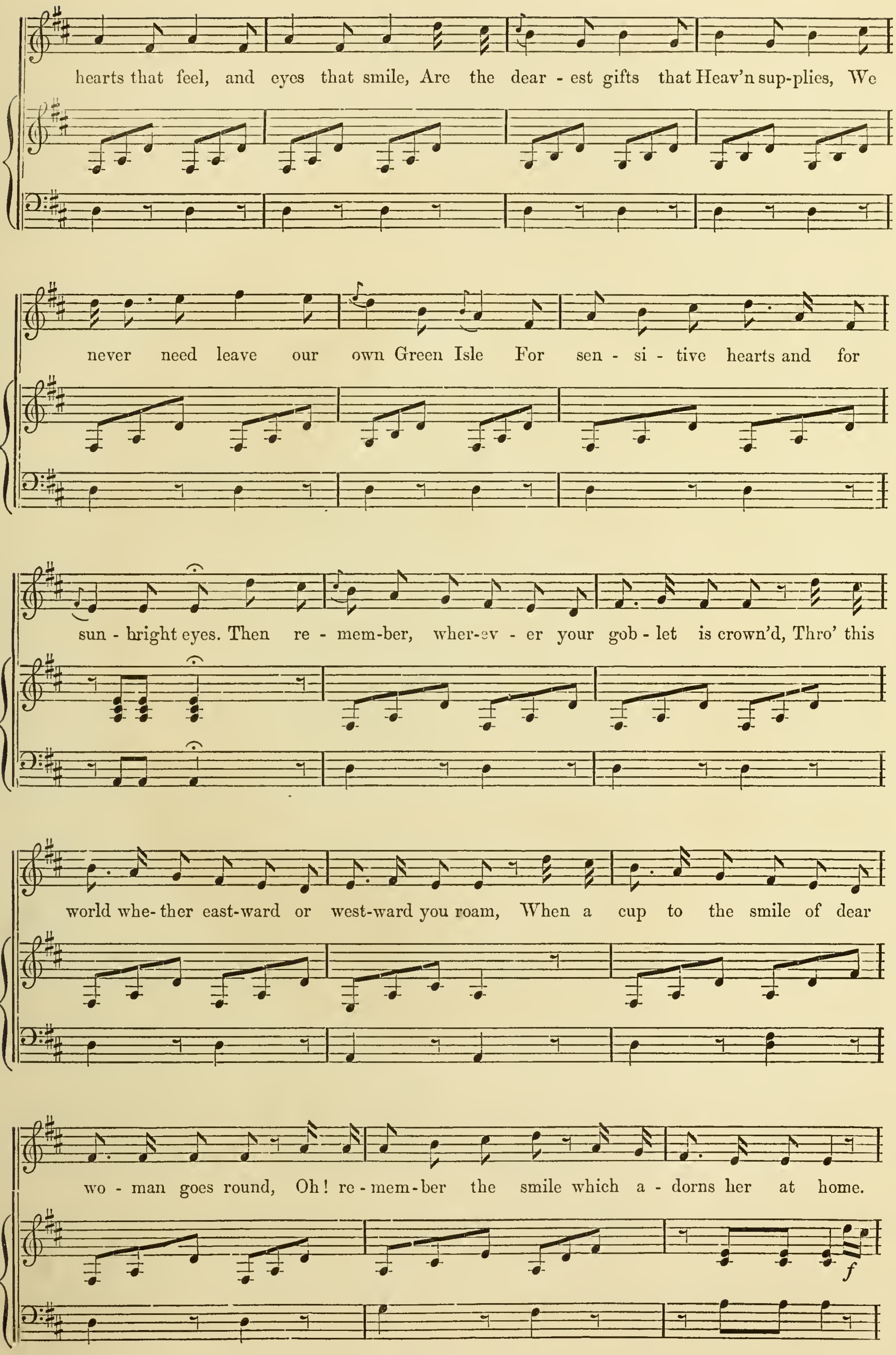
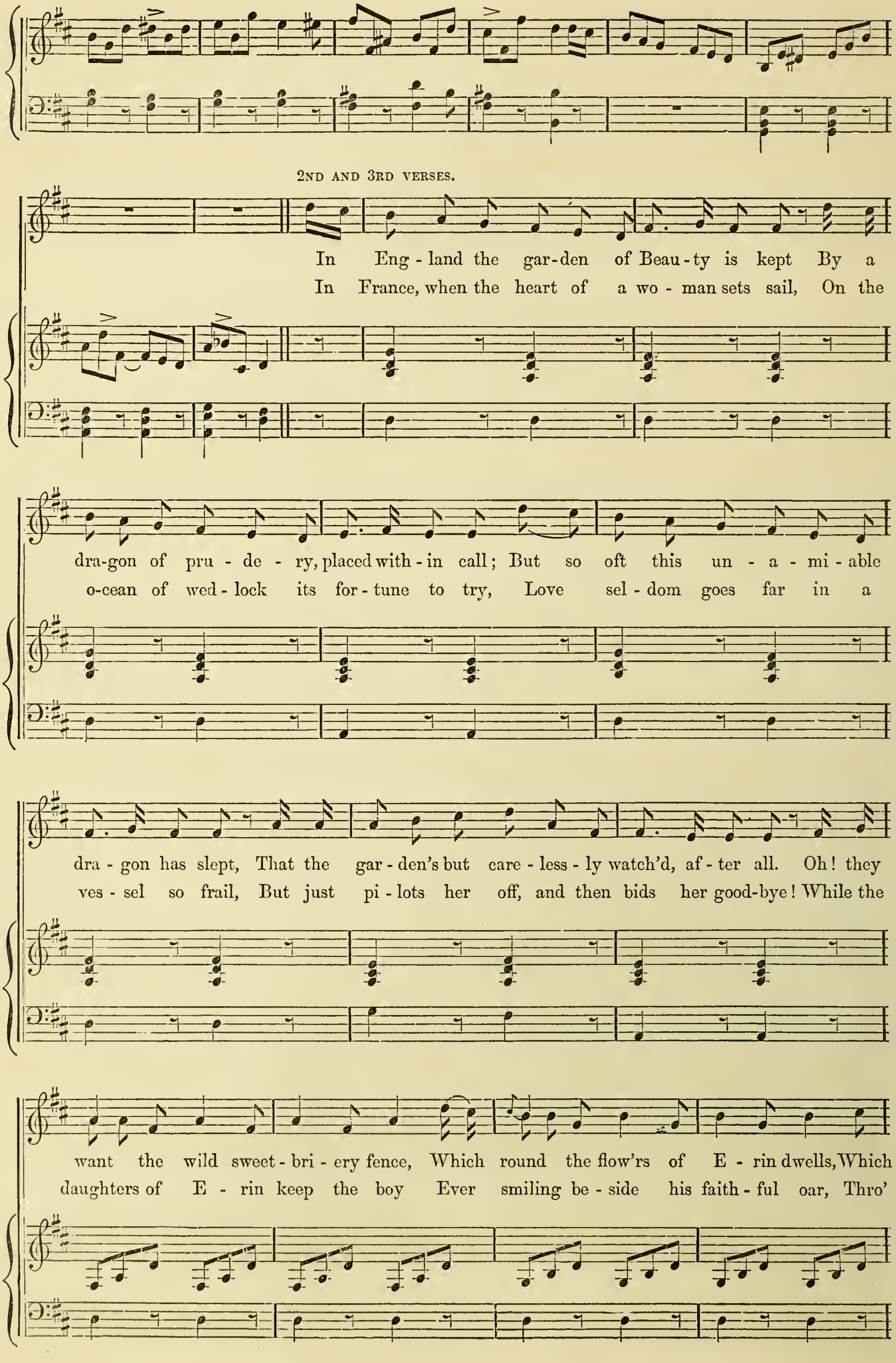
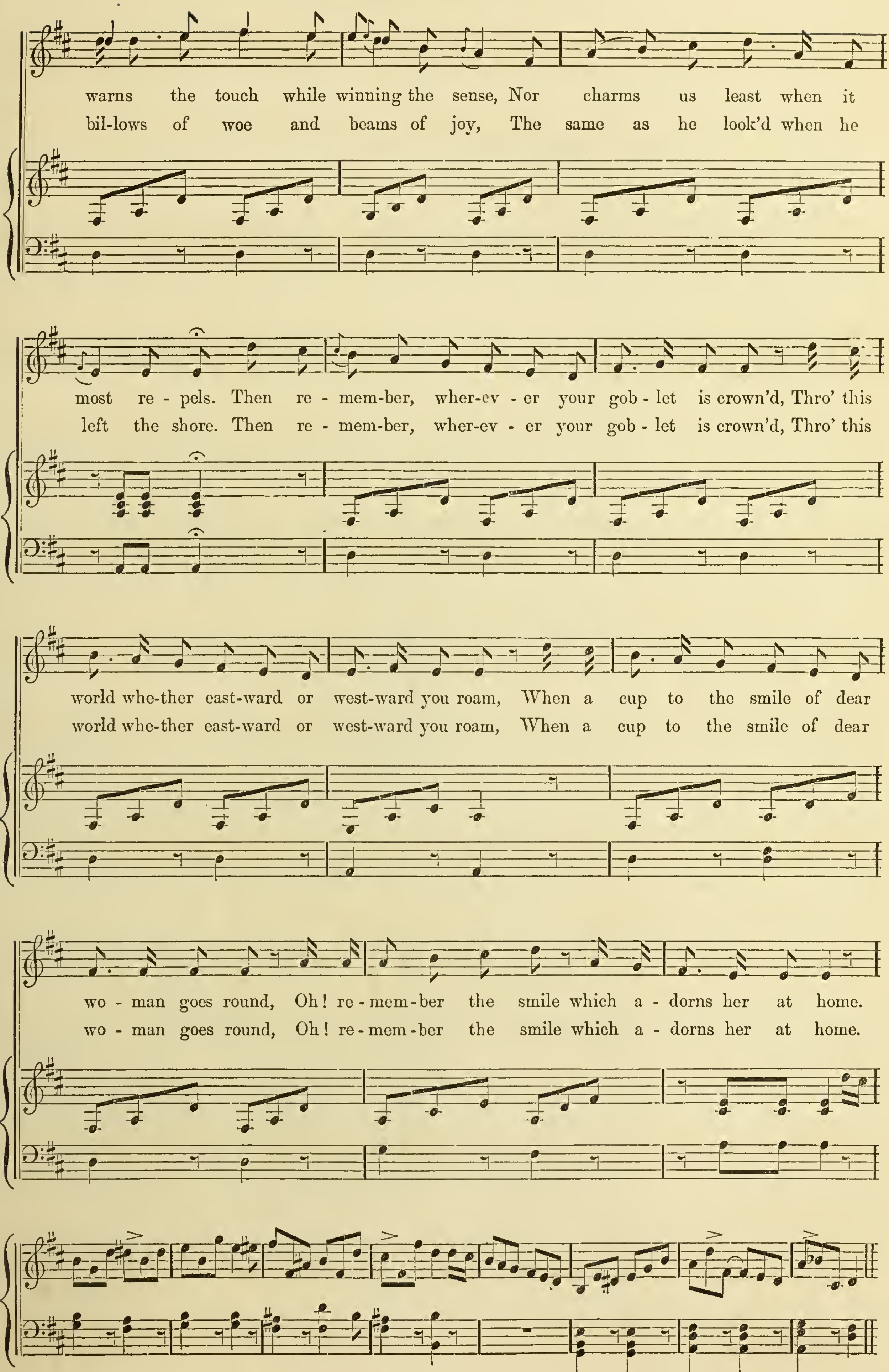
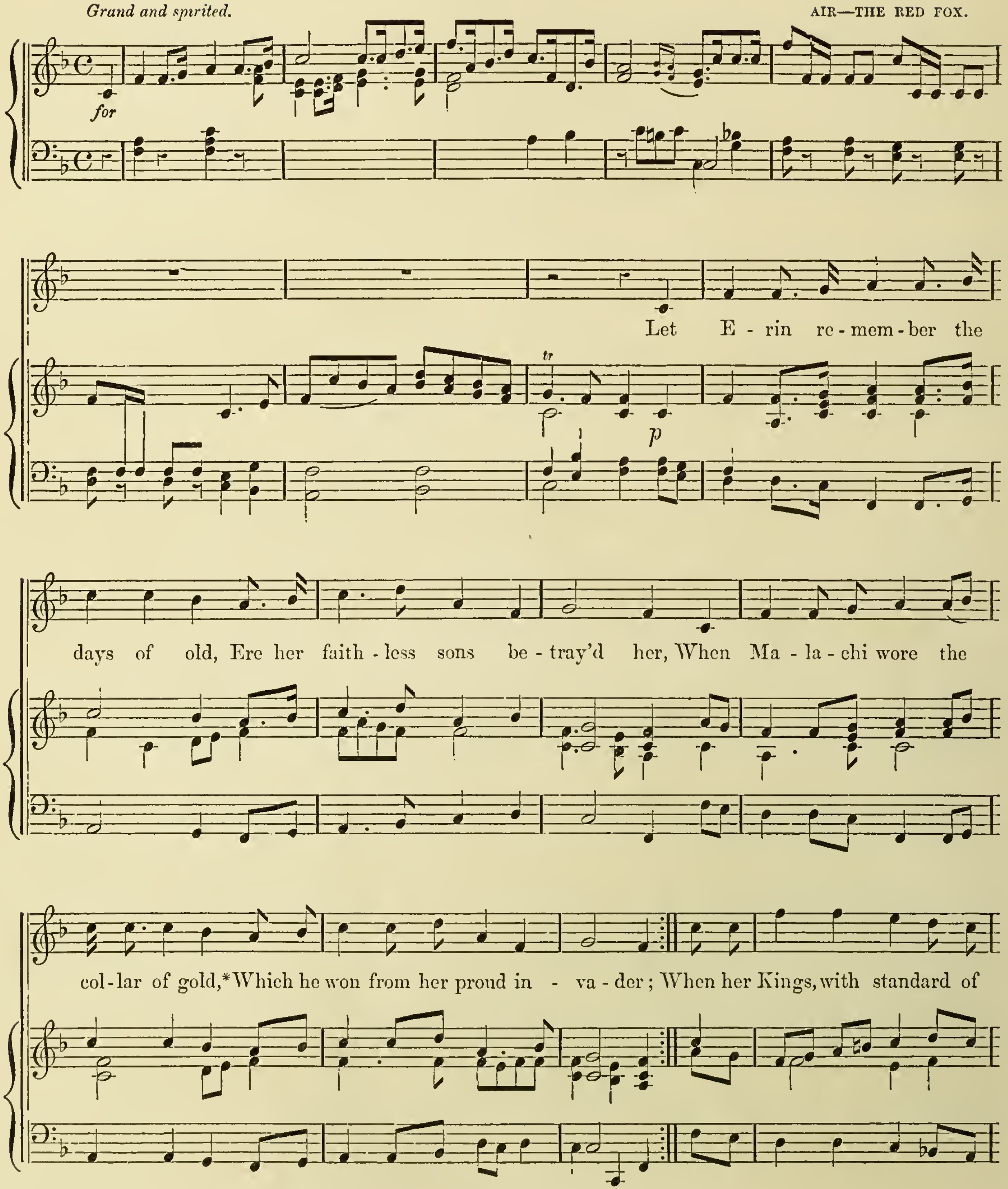

hearts that feel, and eyes that smile, Are the dear - est gifts that Heav'n sup-plies, We
never need leave our own Green Isle For sen - si - tive hearts and for
sun - bright eyes. Then re - mem-ber, wher-ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
world whe- ther east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
wo - man goes round, Oh! re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.
f


2ND AND 3RD VERSES.
In Eng - land the gar - den of Beau - ty is kept By a
In France, when the heart of a wo - man sets sail, On the
dra-gon of pru - de - ry, placed with - in call; But so oft this un - a - mi - able
o-cean of wed - lock its for - tune to try, Love sel - dom goes far in a
dra - gon has slept, That the gar - den's but care - less - ly watch'd, af - ter all. Oh! they
ves - sel so frail, But just pi - lots her off, and then bids her good-bye! While the
want the wild sweet - bri - ery fence, Which round the flow'rs of E - rin dwells, Which
daughters of E - rin keep the boy Ever smiling be - side his faith - ful oar, Thro'


warns the touch while winning the sense, Nor charms us least when it
bil-lows of woe and beams of joy, The same as he look'd when he
most re - pels. Then re - mem-ber, wher-ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
left the shore. Then re - mem-ber, wher-ev - er your gob - let is crown'd, Thro' this
world whe-ther east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
world whe-ther east-ward or west-ward you roam, When a cup to the smile of dear
wo - man goes round, Oh! re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.
wo - man goes round, Oh! re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

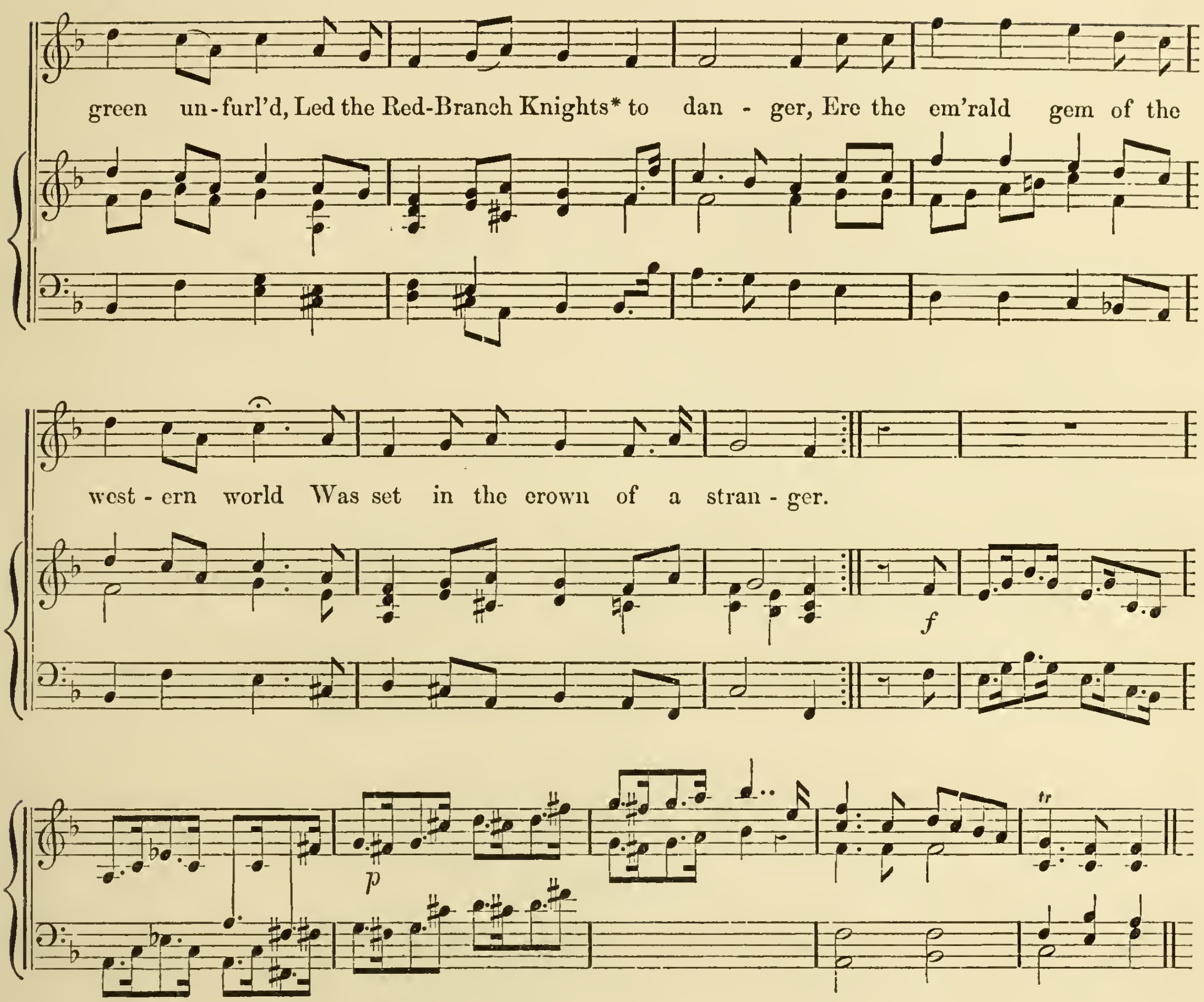
LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

Grand and spirited. AIR—THE RED FOX.


for
tr
p
Let E - rin re - mem - ber the
days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be - tray'd her, When Ma - la - chi wore the
col - lar of gold,* Which he won from her proud in - va - der; When her Kings, with standard of

---

* " This brought on an encounter between Malachi (the Monarch of Ireland in the Tenth Century) and the Danes, in which Malachi defeated two of their Champions, whom he encountered successively hand to hand, taking a Collar of Gold from the neck of one, and carrying off the Sword of the other, as trophies of his victory."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I. Book 9.


green un-furl'd, Led the Red-Branch Knights* to dan - ger, Ere the em'rald gem of the
west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.
f
p
tr

On Lough-Neagh's bank,† as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining!
Thus shall Memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of Time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

---

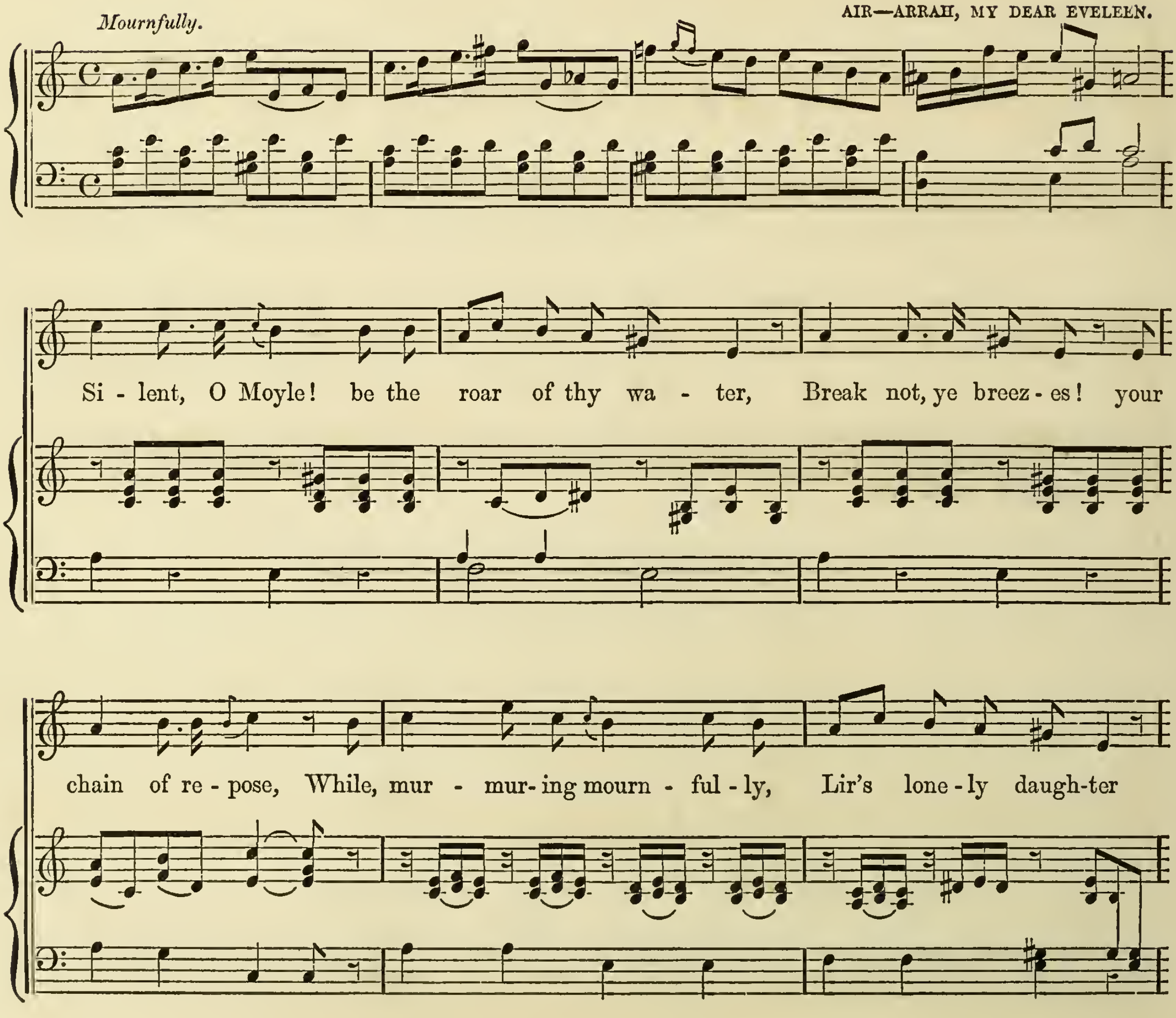
* "Military Orders of Knights were very early established in Ireland; long before the birth of CHRIST we find an hereditary Order of Chivalry in Ulster, called *Curaidhe na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Knights of the Red Branch, from their chief seat in Emania, adjoining to the Palace of the Ulster Kings, called *Teagh na Craoibhe ruadh*, or the Academy of the Red Branch; and contiguous to which was a large Hospital, founded for the sick Knights and Soldiers, called *Bron-bhearg*, or the House of the Sorrowful Soldier."—O'HALLORAN'S INTRODUCTION, &c. Part I. Chap. 5.

† It was an old tradition, in the time of Giraldus, that Lough-Neagh had been originally a fountain, by whose sudden overflowing the country was inundated, and a whole region, like the Atlantis of Plato, overwhelmed. He says that the fishermen, in clear weather, used to point out to strangers the tall ecclesiastical towers under the water:—"*Piscatores aquæ illius turres ecclesiasticas, quæ more patriæ arctæ sunt et altæ, necnon et rotundæ, sub undis manifeste sereno tempore conspiciunt, et extraneis transeuntibus reique causas admirantibus frequenter ostendunt.*" —TOPOGR. HIB. DIST. 2, C. 9.

THE SONG OF FIONNUALA.*

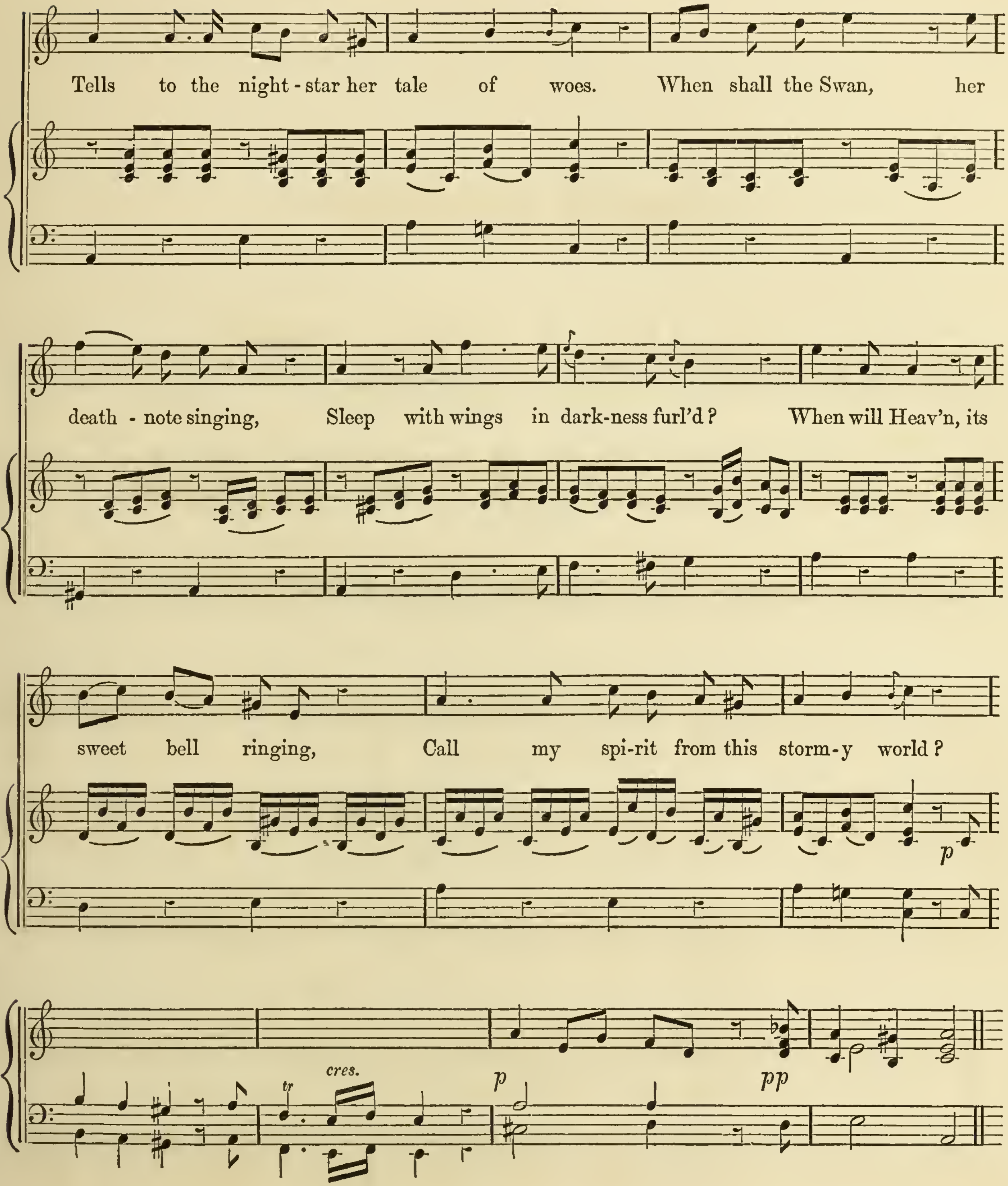
SILENT, O MOYLE! BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER.

AIR—ARRAH, MY DEAR EVELEEN.


Mournfully.
Si - lent, O Moyle! be the roar of thy wa - ter, Break not, ye breez - es! your
chain of re - pose, While, mur - mur- ing mourn - ful - ly, Lir's lone - ly daugh-ter

---

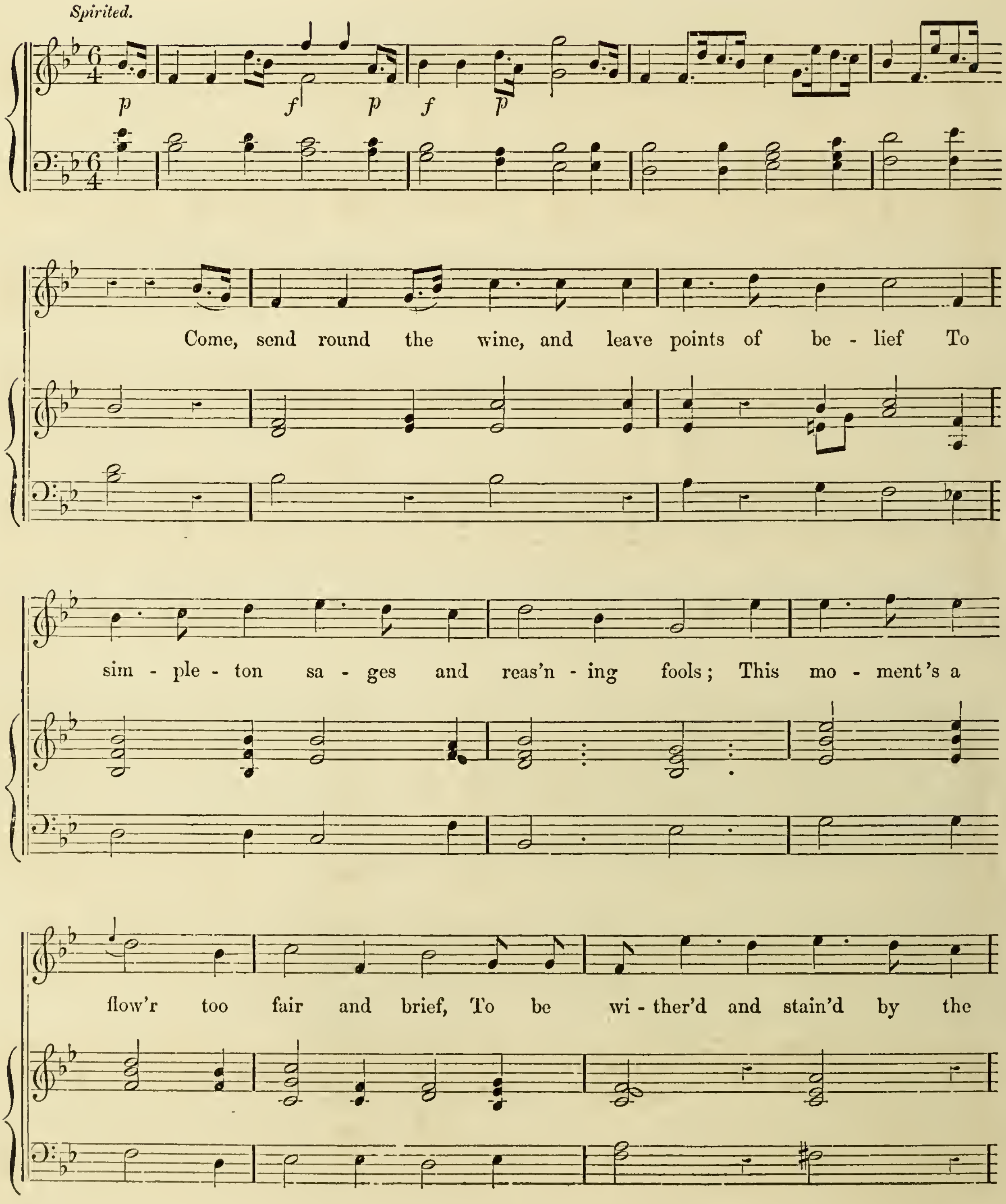
* To make this story intelligible in a Song would require a much greater number of verses than any one is authorized to inflict upon an audience at once; the reader must therefore be content to learn, in a note, that Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was, by some supernatural power, transformed into a Swan, and condemned to wander, for many hundred years, over certain lakes and rivers of Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.—I found this fanciful fiction among some manuscript translations from the Irish, which were begun under the direction of that enlightened friend of Ireland, the late Countess of Moira.

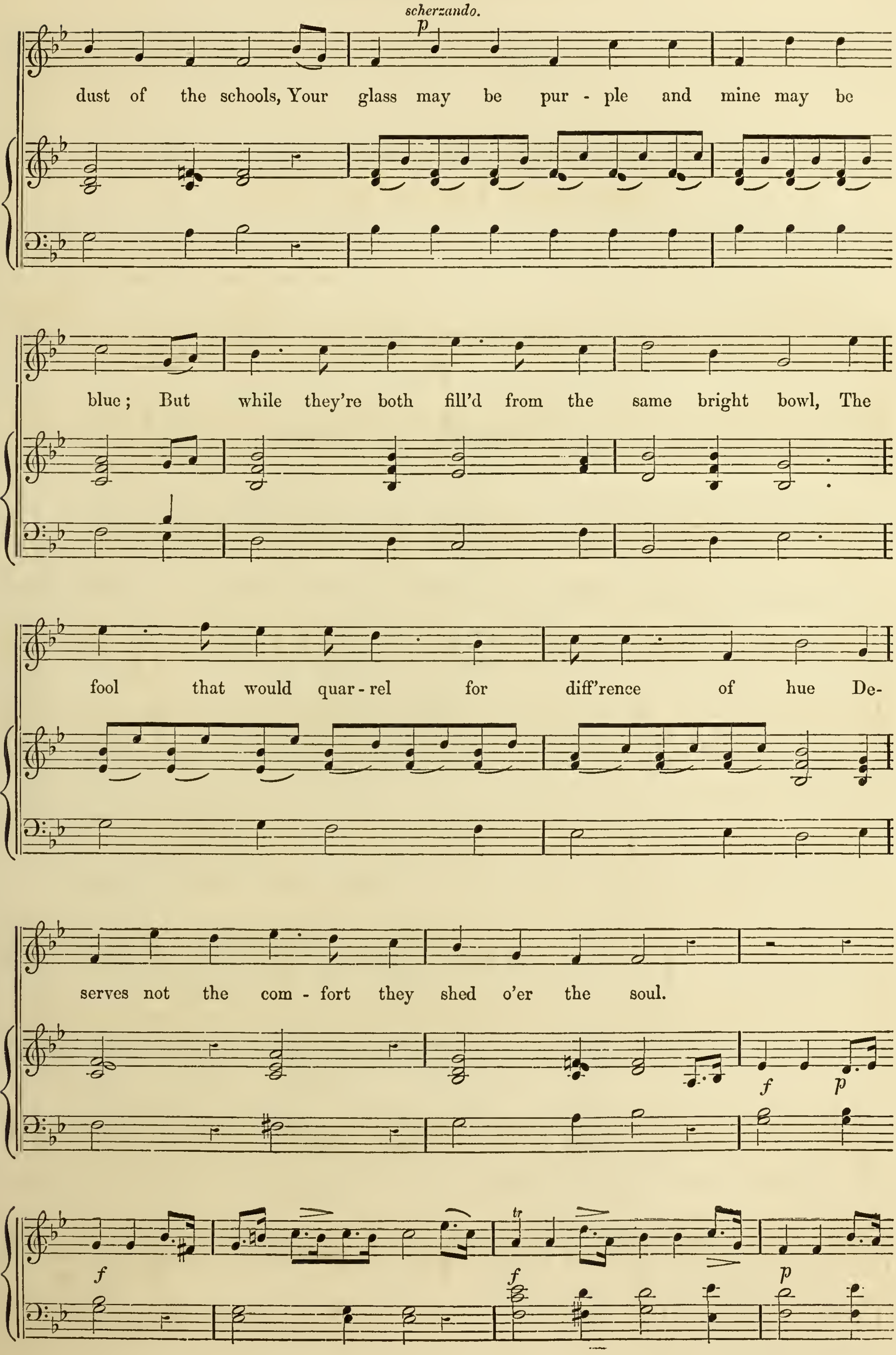

Tells to the night-star her tale of woes. When shall the Swan, her
death - note singing, Sleep with wings in dark-ness furl'd? When will Heav'n, its
sweet bell ringing, Call my spi-rit from this storm-y world?
p
tr
cres.
p
pp

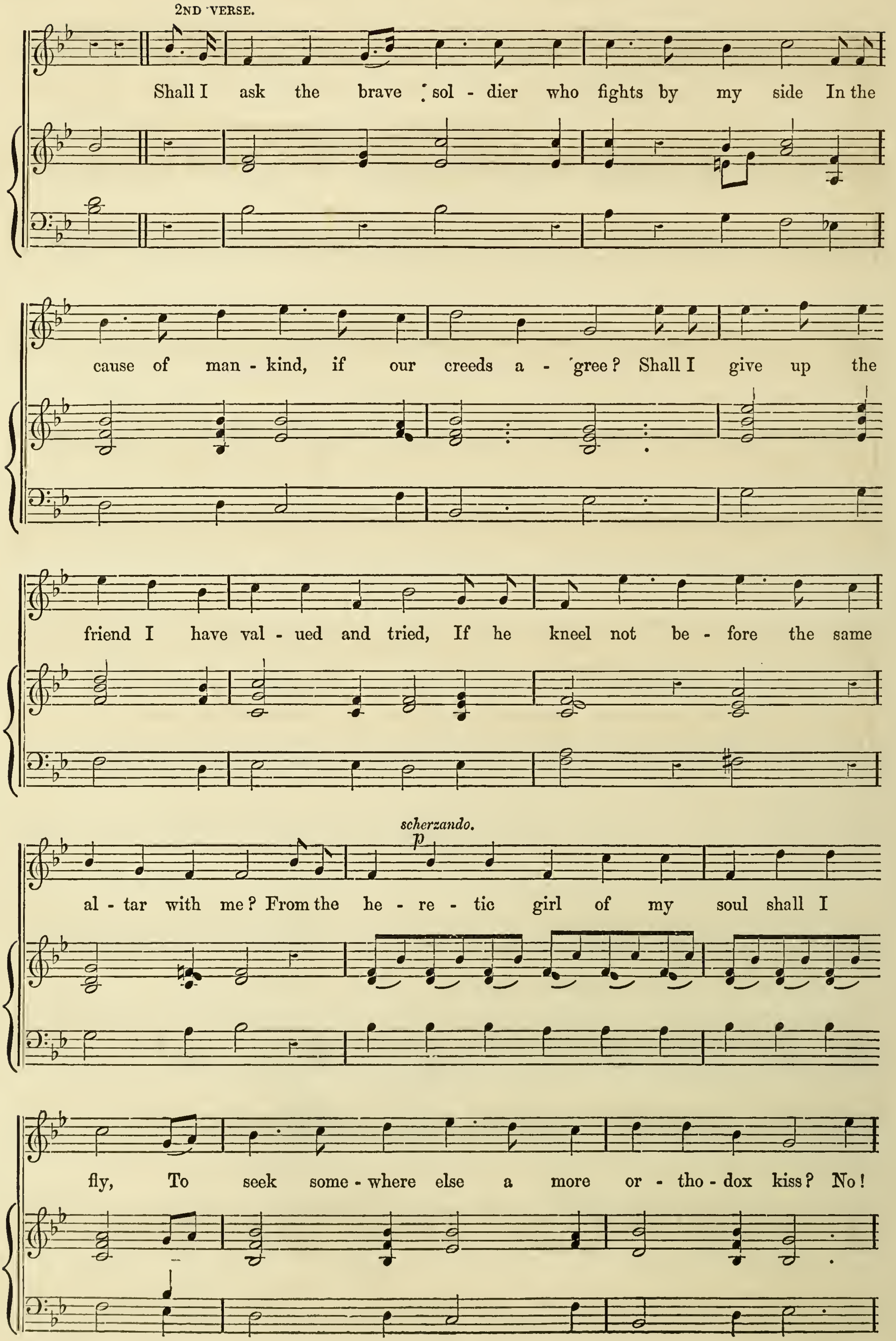
Sadly, O Moyle! to thy winter-wave weeping,
Fate bids me languish long ages away;
Yet still in her darkness doth Erin lie sleeping,
Still doth the pure light its dawning delay!
When will that day-star, mildly springing,
Warm our Isle with peace and love?
When will Heaven, its sweet bell ringing,
Call my spirit to the fields above?

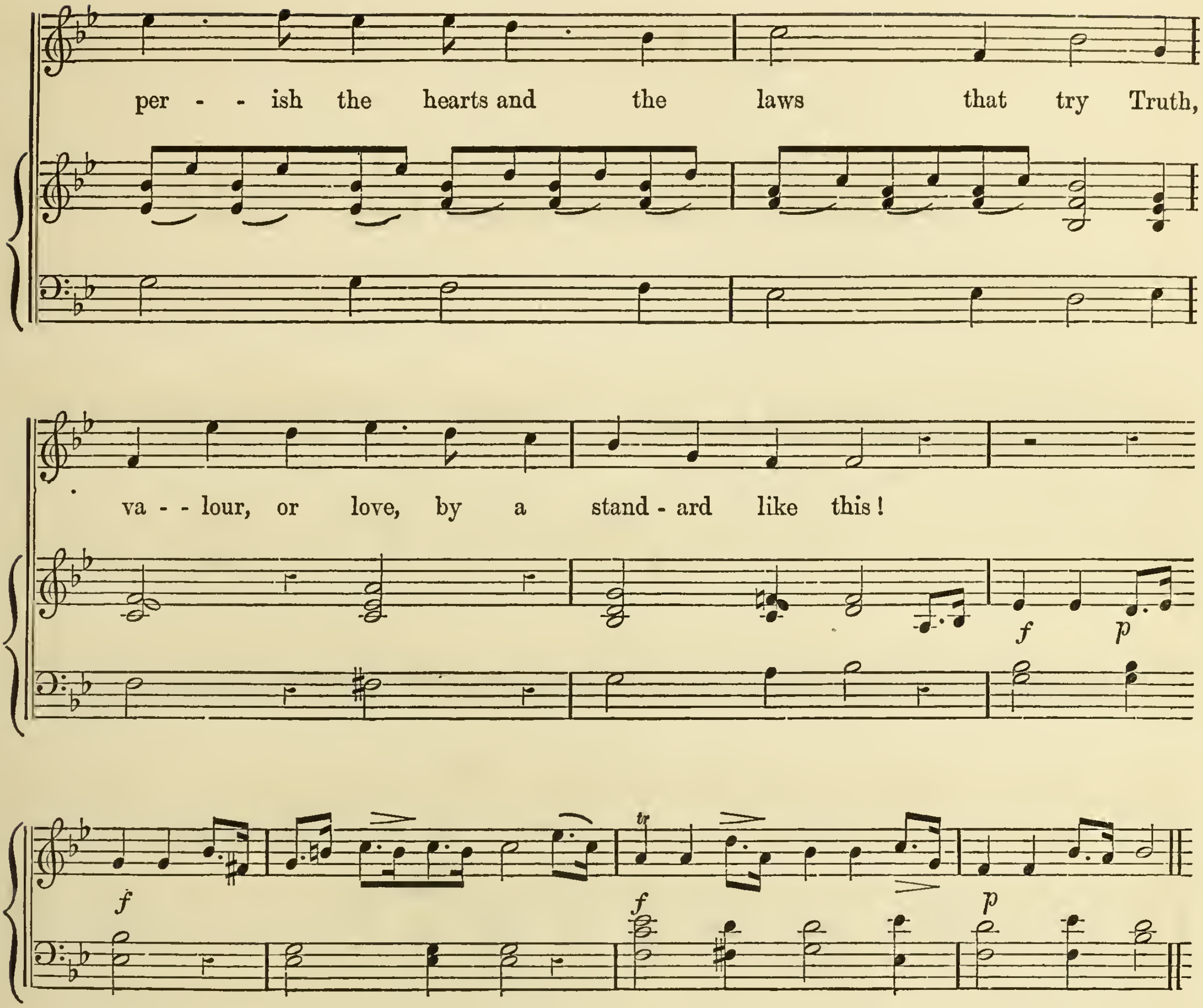
COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

AIR—WE BROUGHT THE SUMMER WITH US.


Spirited.
p
f
p
f
p
Come, send round the wine, and leave points of be - lief To
sim - ple - ton sa - ges and reas'n - ing fools; This mo - ment's a
flow'r too fair and brief, To be wi - ther'd and stain'd by the


scherzando.
p
dust of the schools, Your glass may be pur - ple and mine may be
blue; But while they're both fill'd from the same bright bowl, The
fool that would quar - rel for diff'rence of hue De-
serves not the com - fort they shed o'er the soul.
f
p
f
tr
f
p

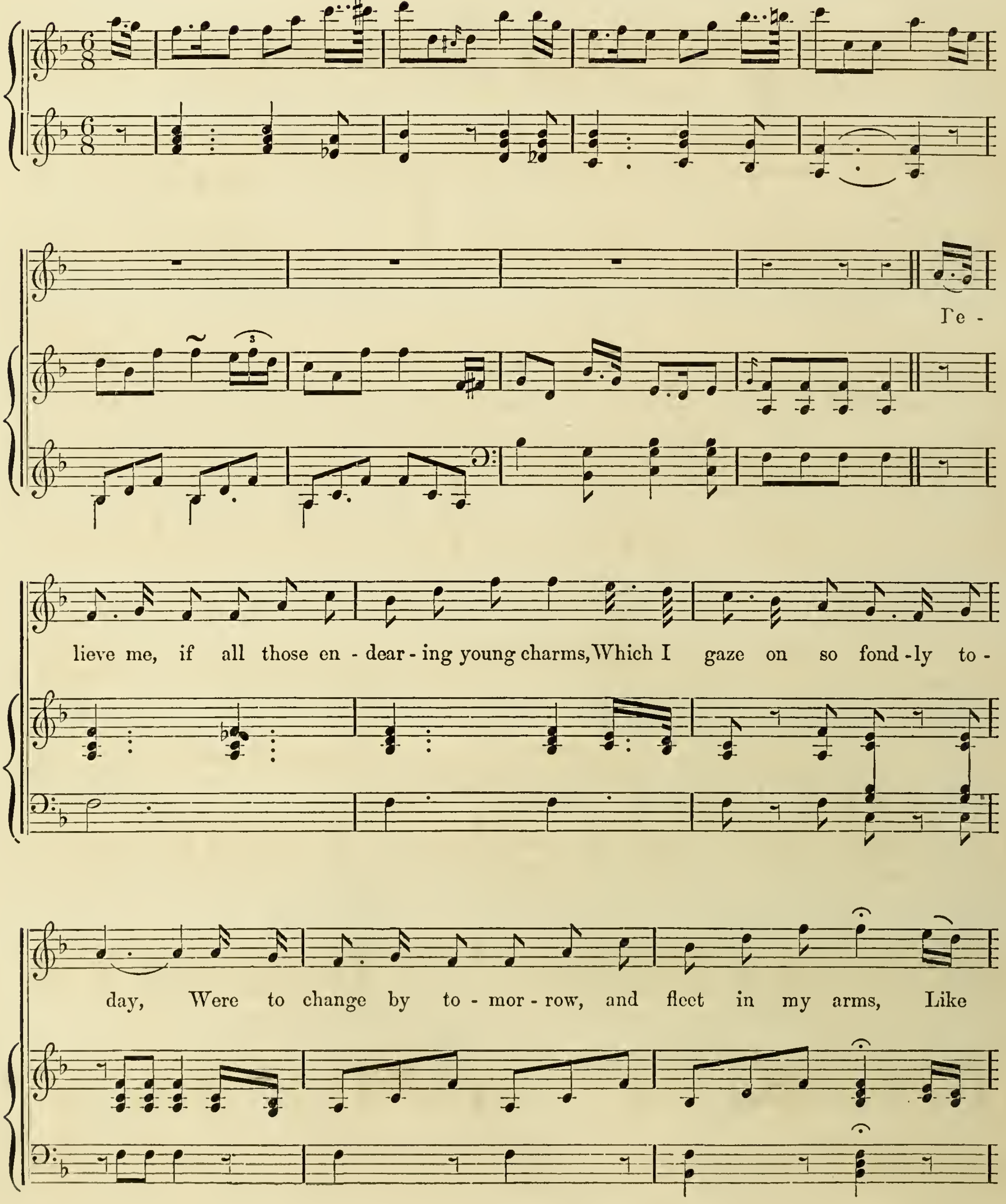

2ND VERSE.
Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side In the
cause of mankind, if our creeds agree? Shall I give up the
friend I have valued and tried, If he kneel not before the same
scherzando.
p
altar with me? From the heretic girl of my soul shall I
fly, To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss? No!

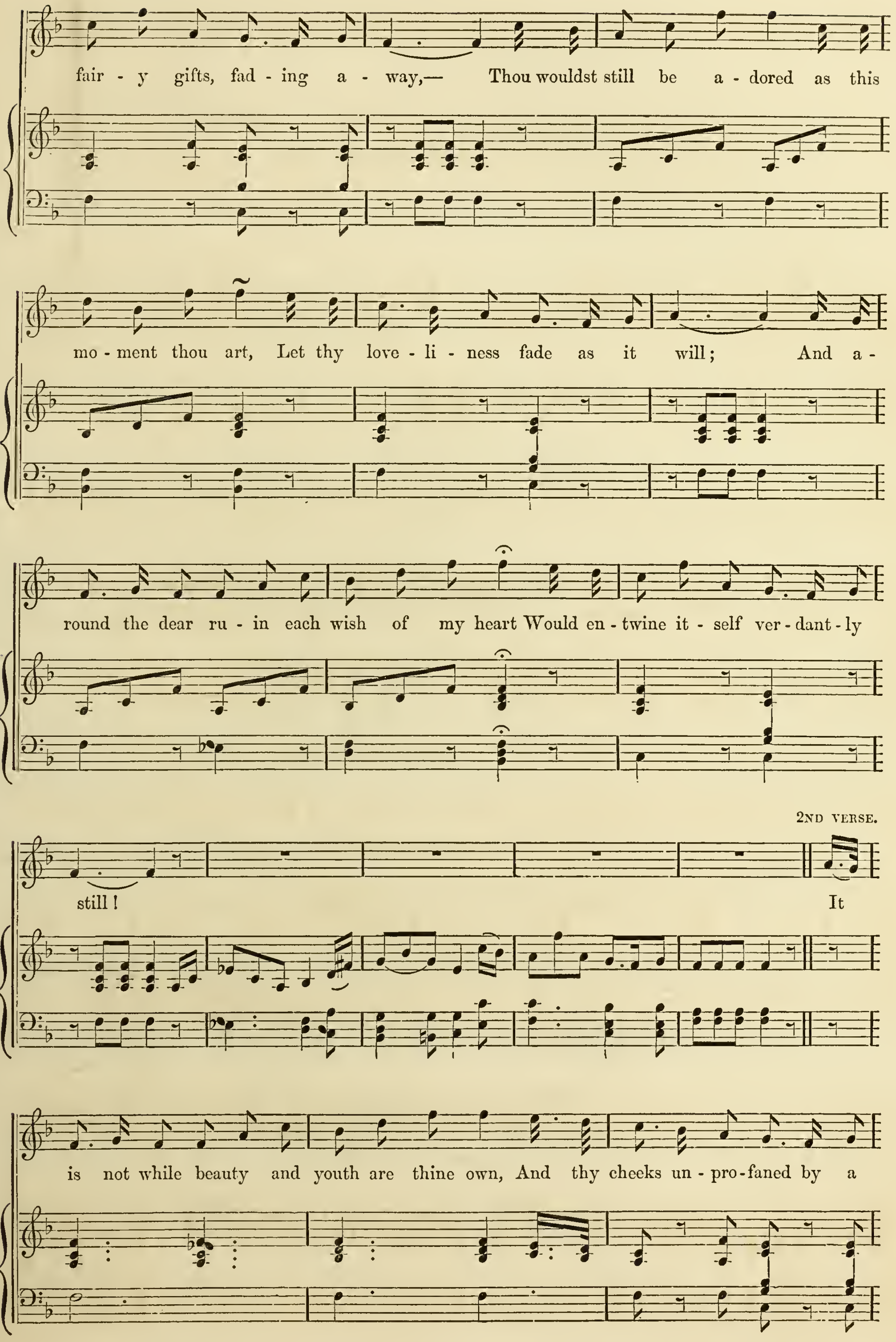

per - - ish the hearts and the laws that try Truth,
va - - lour, or love, by a stand - ard like this!
f
p
f
f
tr
p

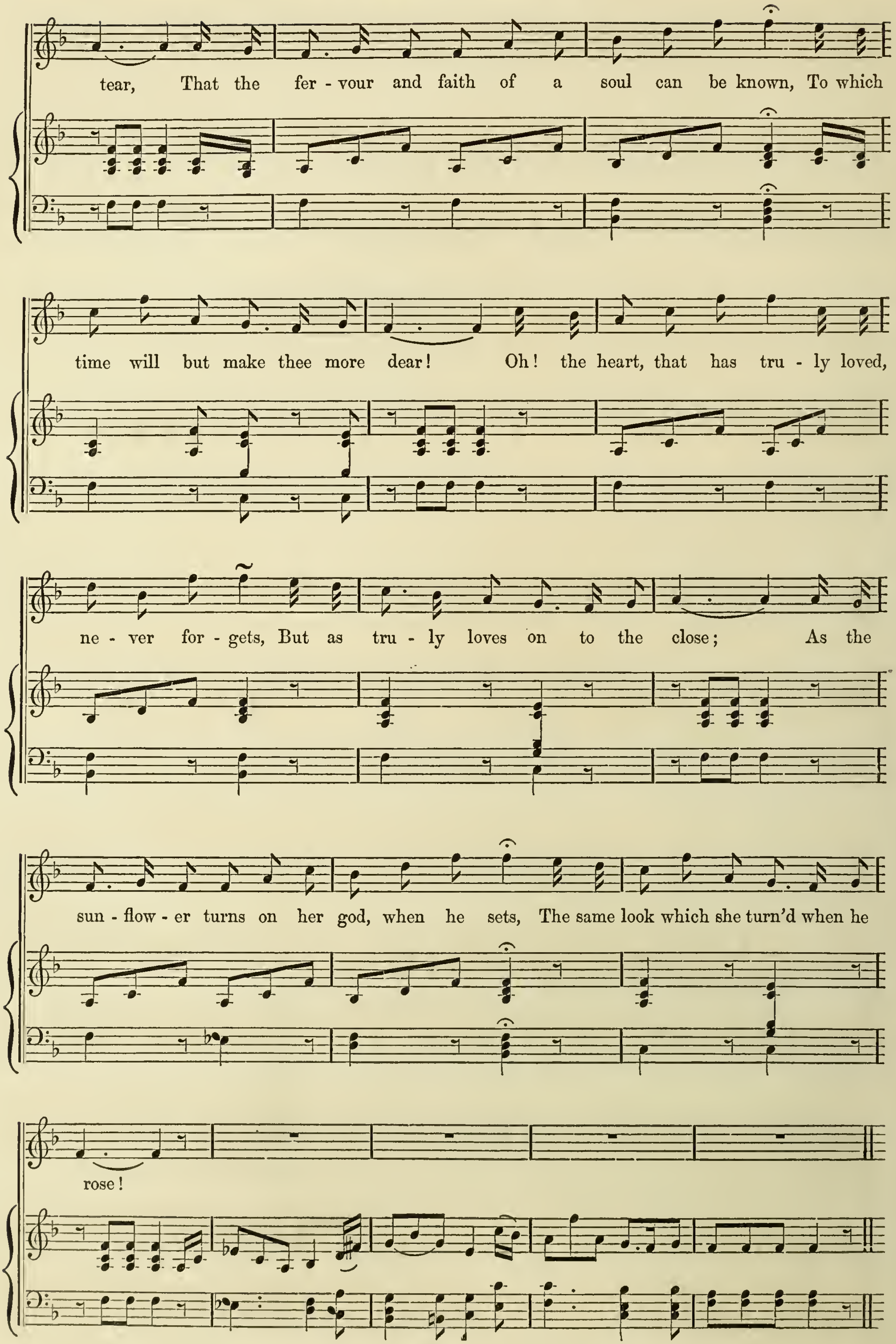
BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

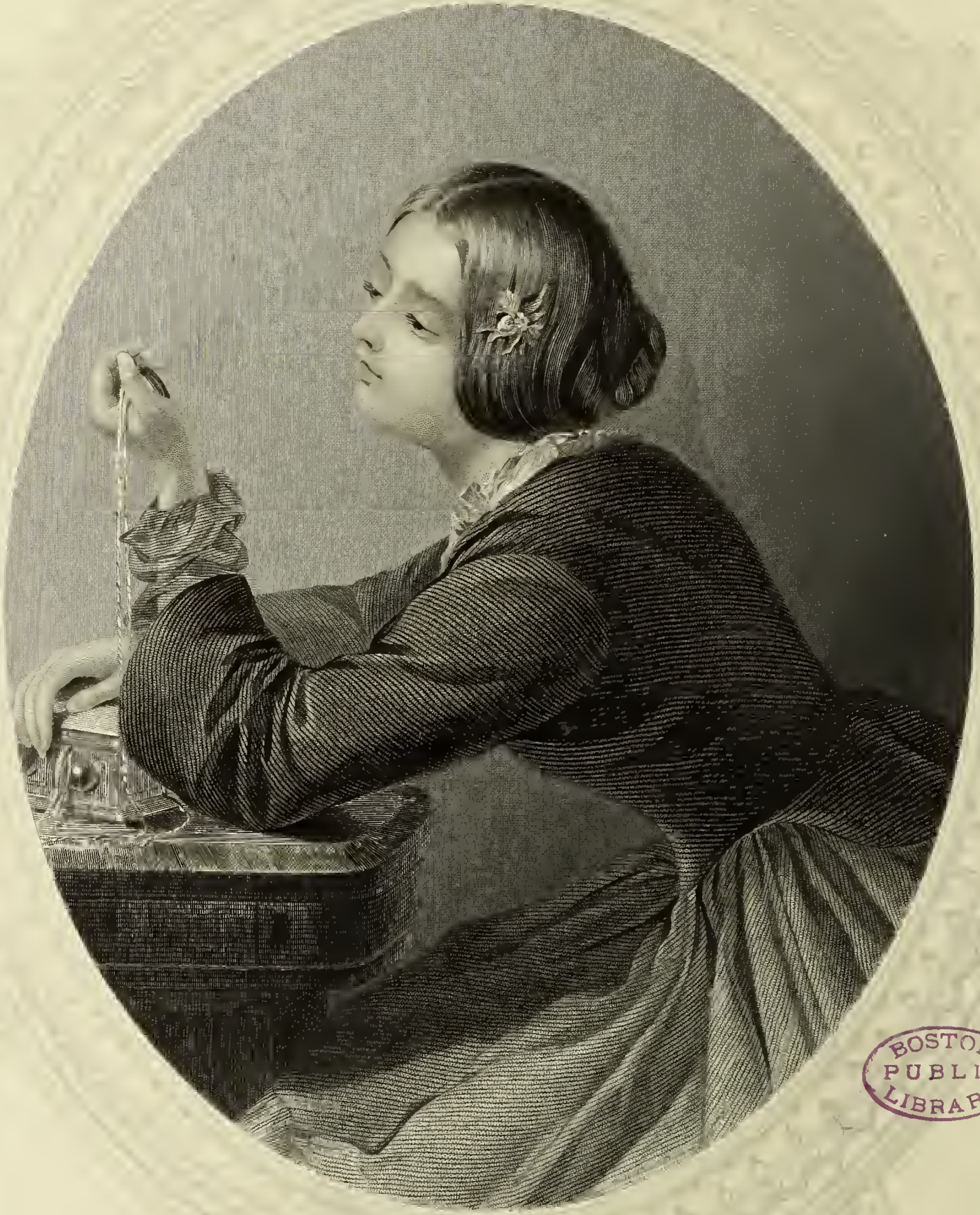
With feeling.

AIR—MY LODGING IS ON THE COLD GROUND.


Be -
lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms, Which I gaze on so fond - ly to -
day, Were to change by to - mor - row, and fleet in my arms, Like


fair - y gifts, fad - ing a - way,— Thou wouldst still be a - dored as this
mo - ment thou art, Let thy love - li - ness fade as it will; And a -
round the dear ru - in each wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly
still !
2ND VERSE.
It
is not while beauty and youth are thine own, And thy cheeks un - pro - faned by a


tear, That the fer - vour and faith of a soul can be known, To which
time will but make thee more dear! Oh! the heart, that has tru - ly loved,
ne - ver for - gets, But as tru - ly loves on to the close; As the
sun - flow - er turns on her god, when he sets, The same look which she turn'd when he
rose!



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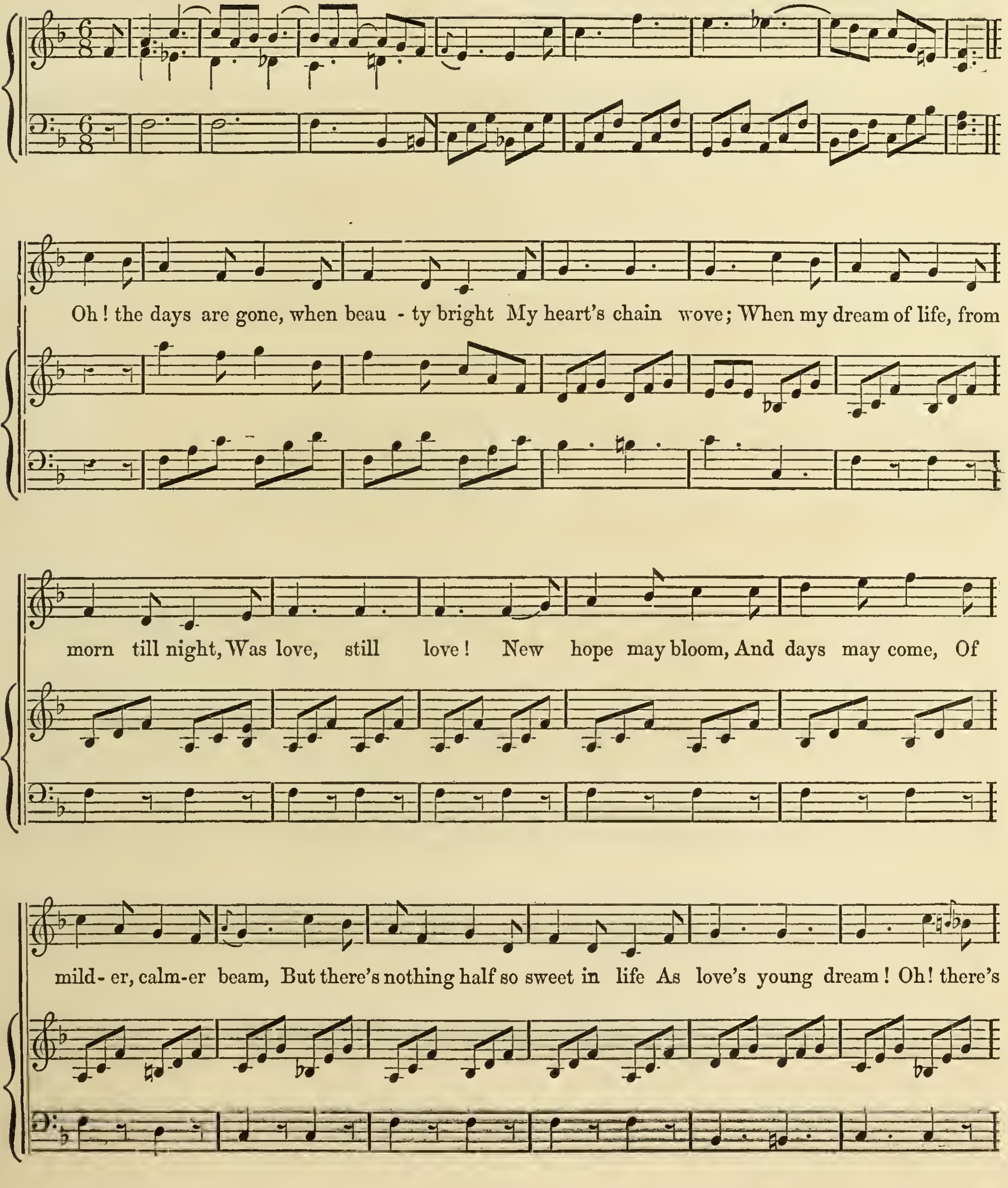
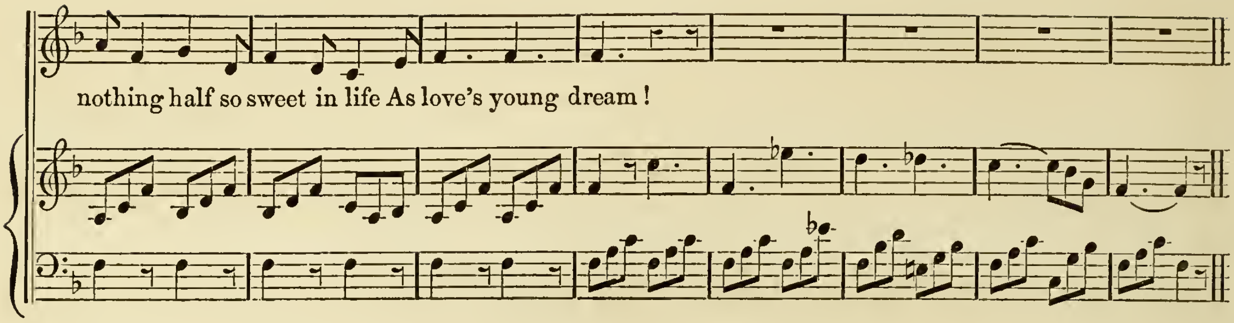
LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

OH! THE DAYS ARE GONE, WHEN BEAUTY BRIGHT.

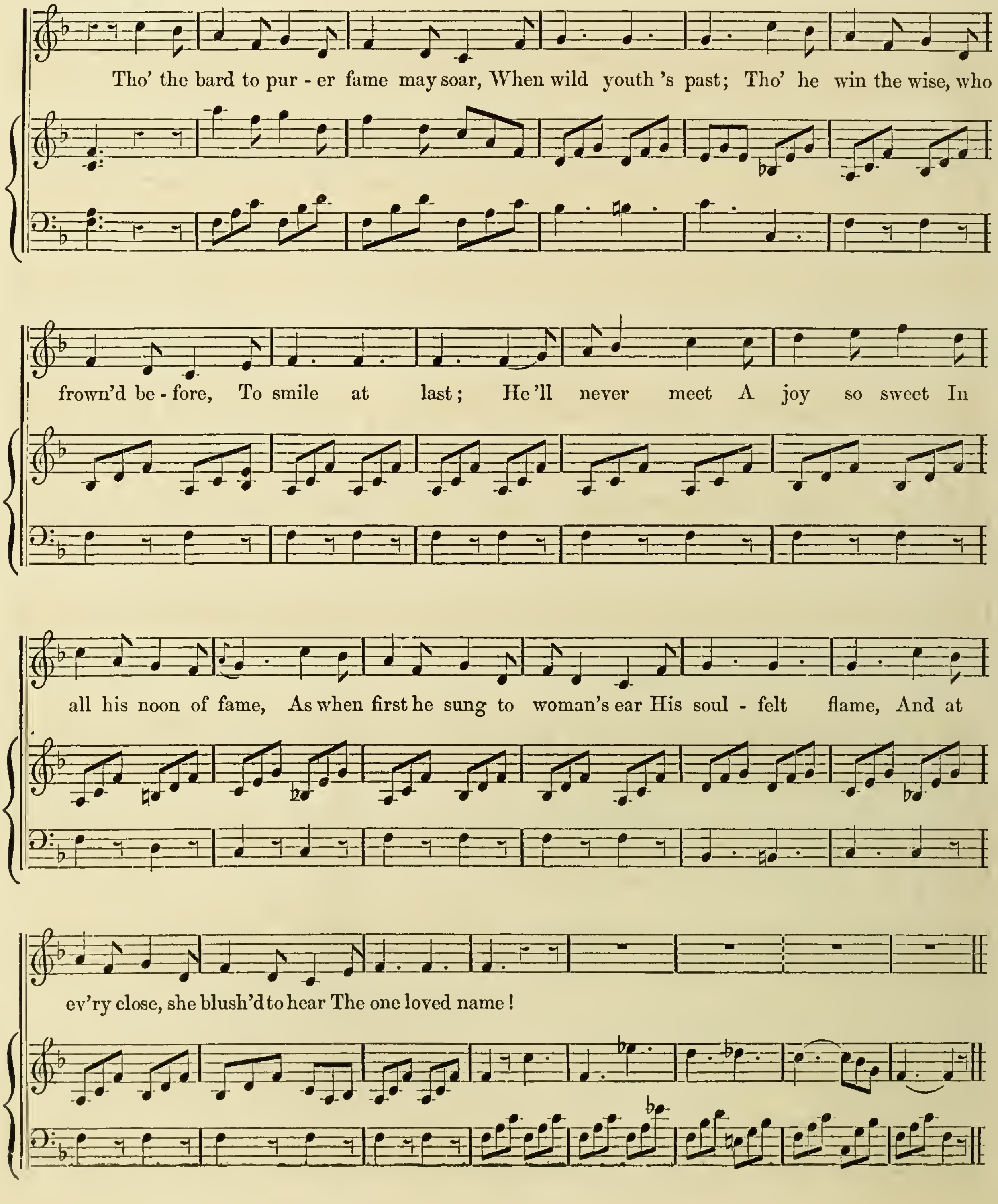
Moderate time, with expression.

AIR—THE OLD WOMAN.

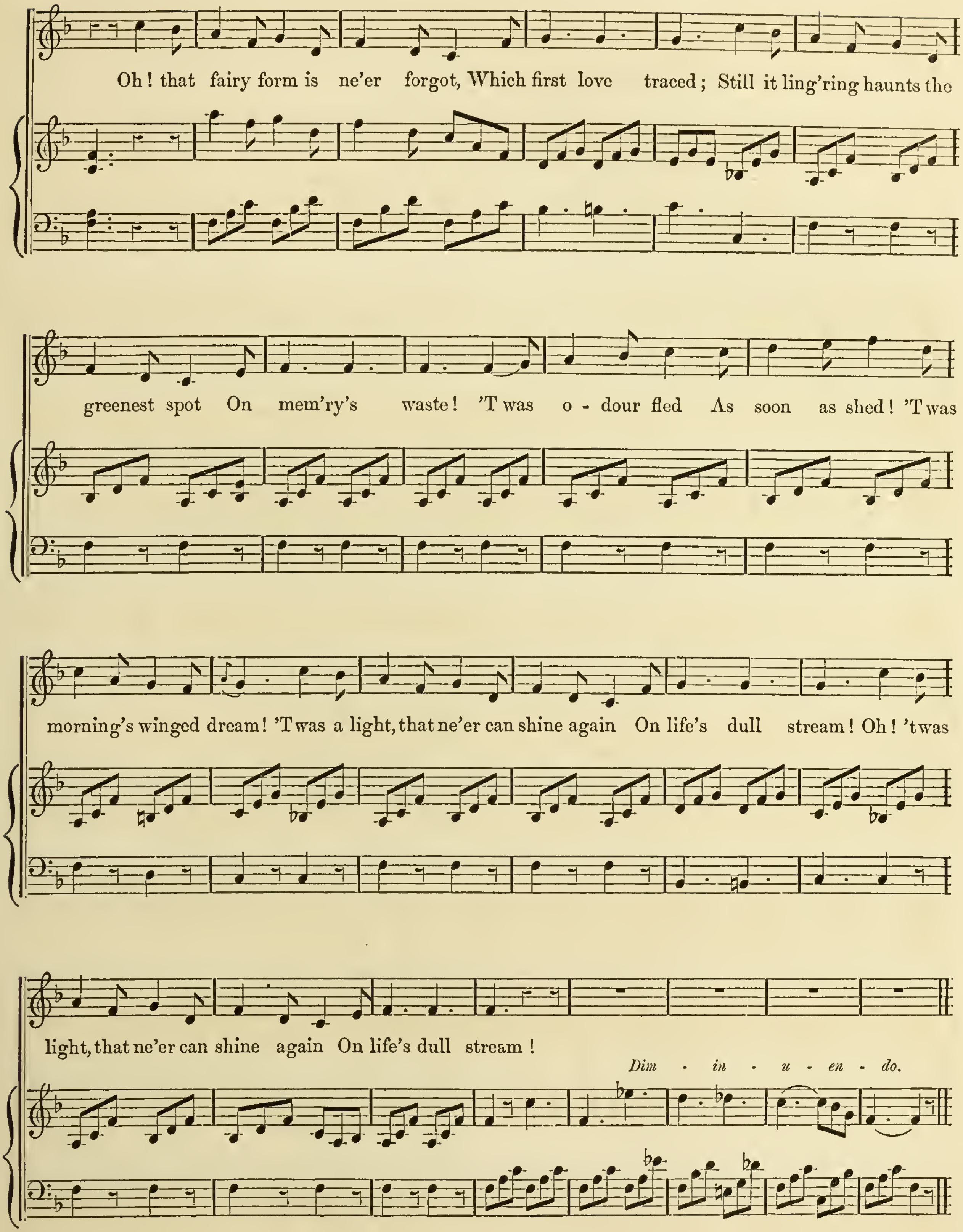

Oh! the days are gone, when beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life, from
morn till night, Was love, still love! New hope may bloom, And days may come, Of
mild- er, calm-er beam, But there's nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream! Oh! there's


nothing half so sweet in life As love's young dream!

2ND VERSE.


Tho' the bard to pur - er fame may soar, When wild youth 's past; Tho' he win the wise, who
frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He 'll never meet A joy so sweet In
all his noon of fame, As when first he sung to woman's ear His soul - felt flame, And at
ev'ry close, she blush'd to hear The one loved name!

3RD VERSE.

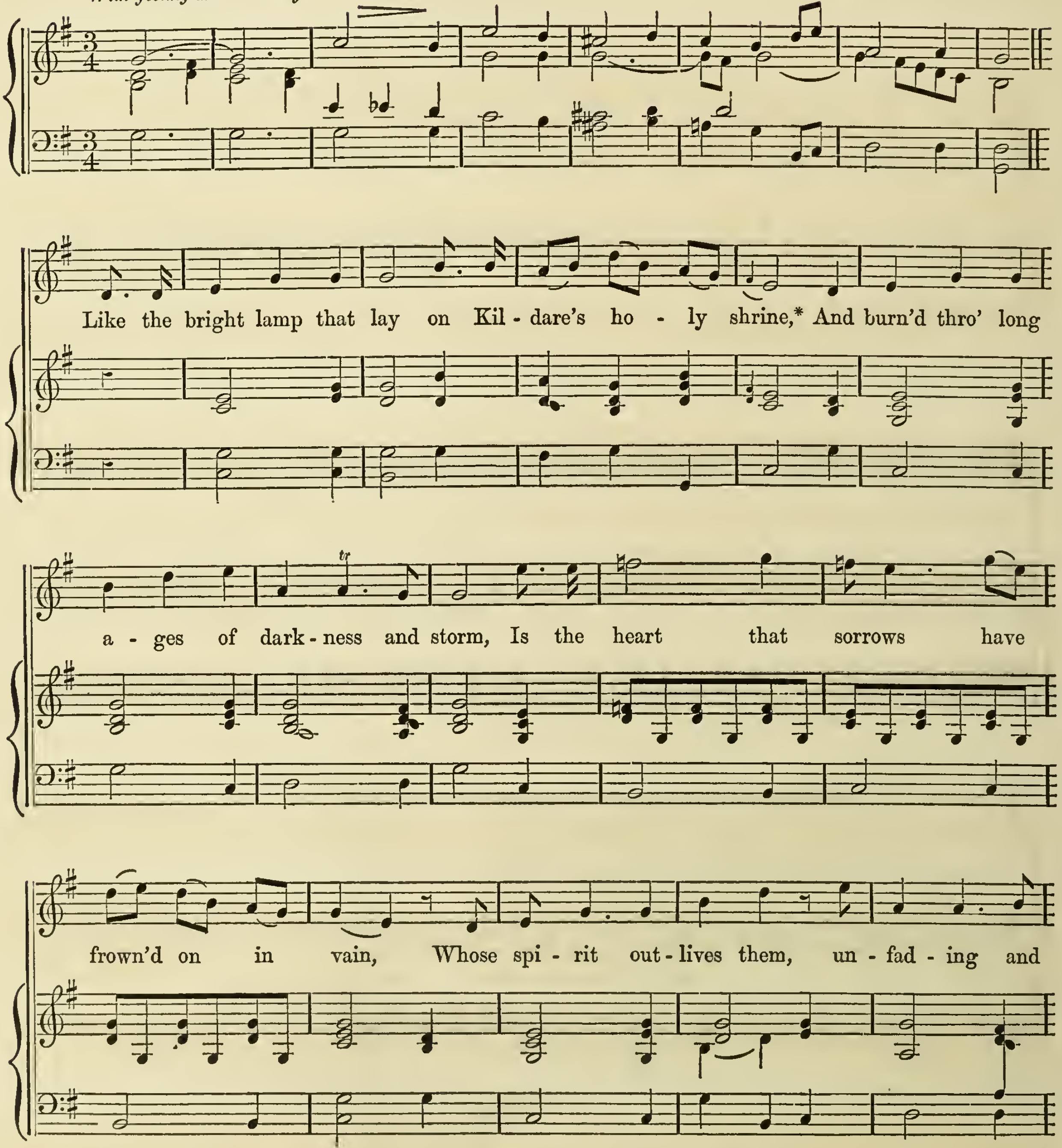

Oh! that fairy form is ne'er forgot, Which first love traced; Still it ling'ring haunts the
greenest spot On mem'ry's waste! 'T was o - dour fled As soon as shed! 'T was
morning's winged dream! 'T was a light, that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream! Oh! 'twas
light, that ne'er can shine again On life's dull stream!
Dim - in - u - en - do.

ERIN, OH! ERIN.

LIKE THE BRIGHT LAMP

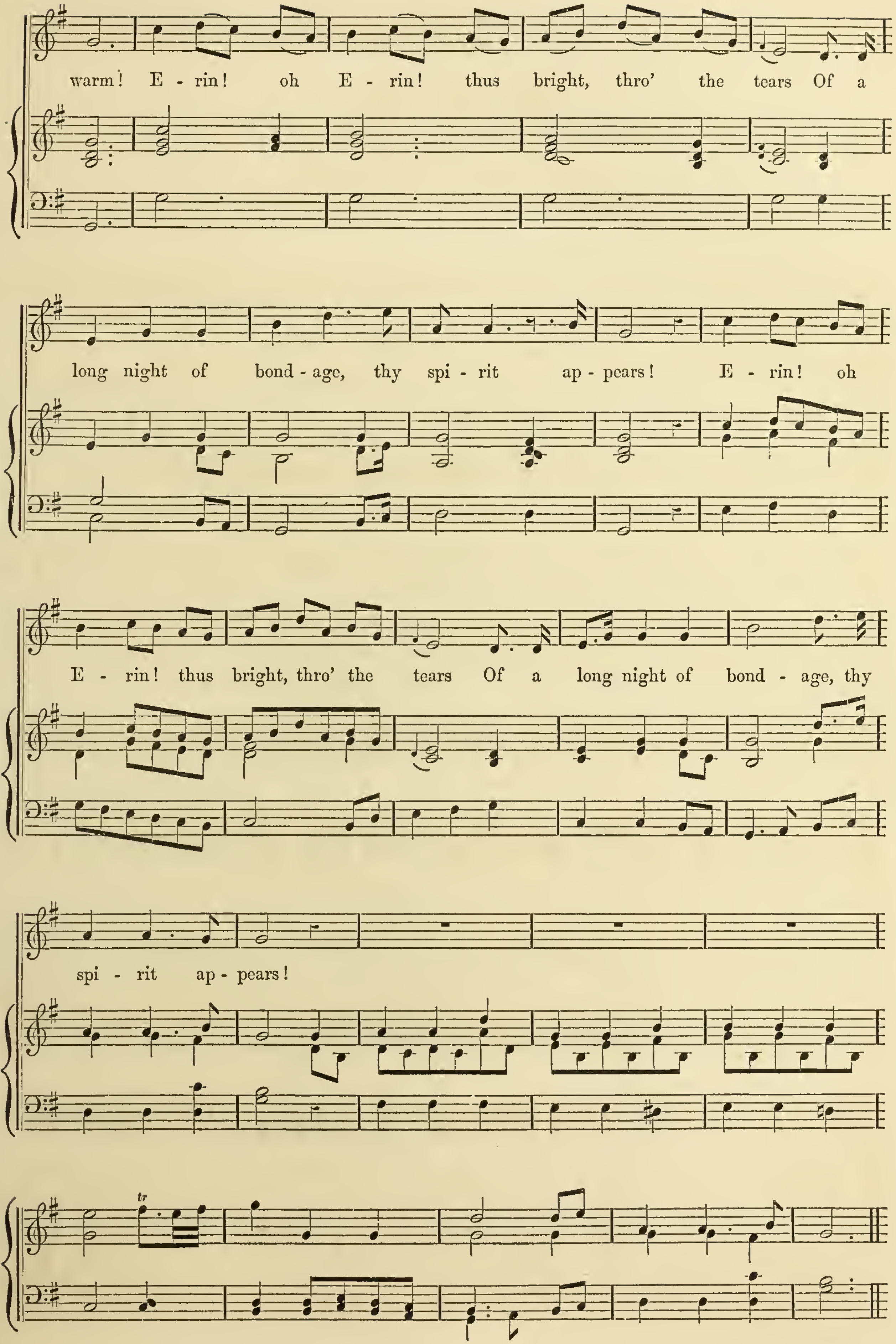
With feeling and solemnity.

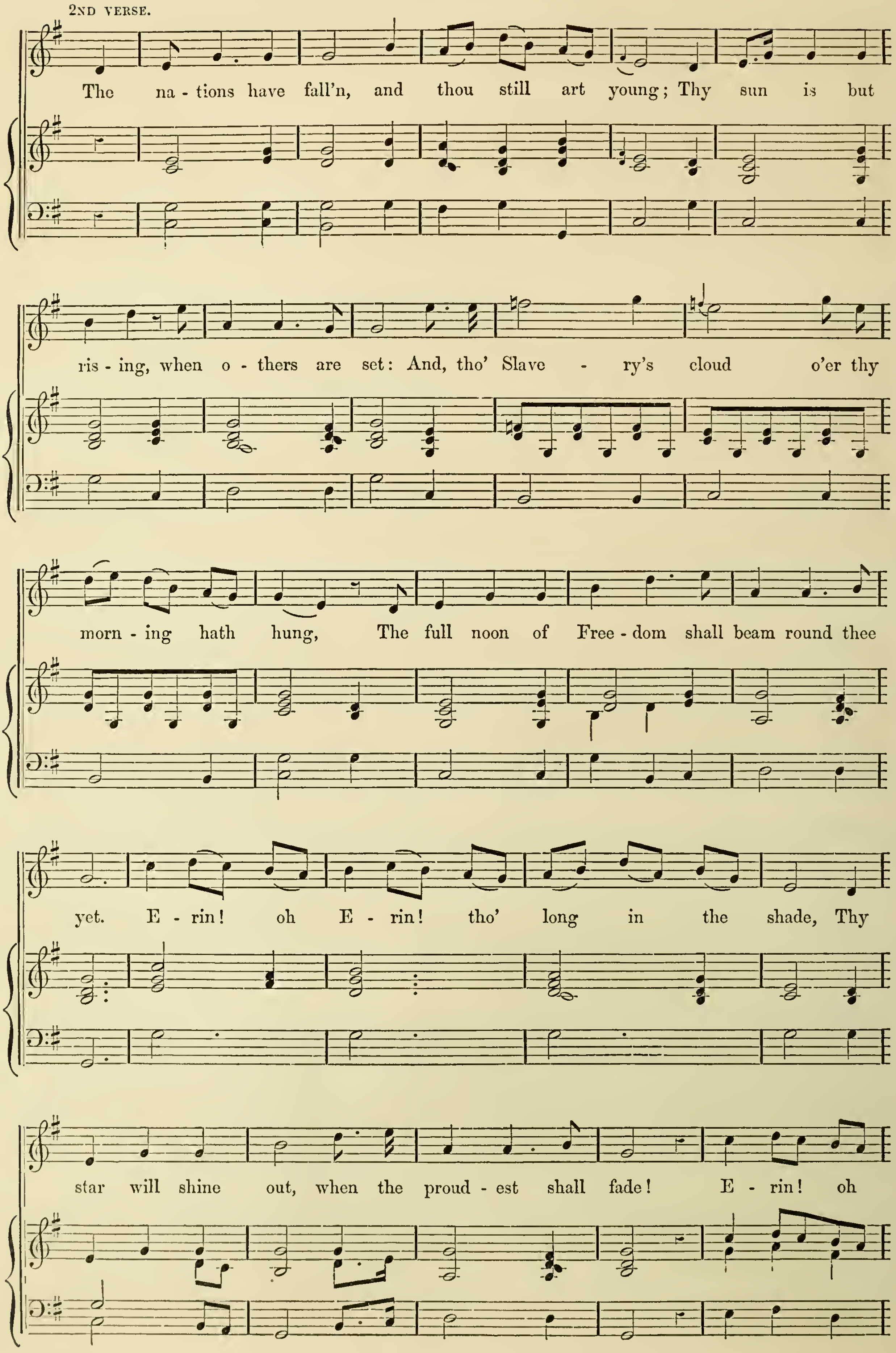
AIR—THAMAMA HALLA.

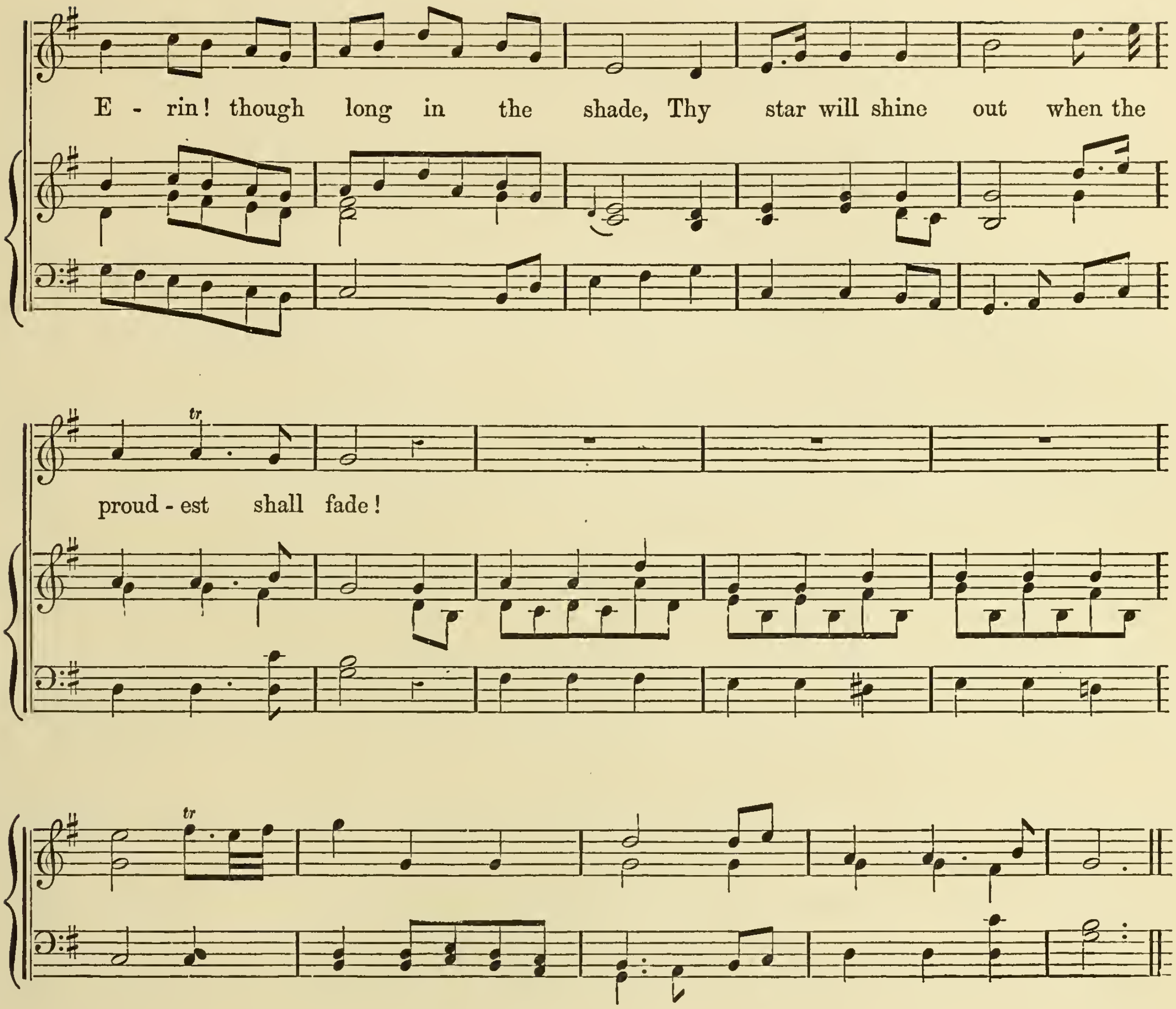

tr
Like the bright lamp that lay on Kil - dare's ho - ly shrine,* And burn'd thro' long
a - ges of dark - ness and storm, Is the heart that sorrows have
frown'd on in vain, Whose spi - rit out - lives them, un - fad - ing and

---

* The inextinguishable fire of St. Bridget, at Kildare, which Giraldus mentions—"Apud Kildariam occurrit Ignis Sanctæ Brigidæ, quem inextinguibilem vocant; non quod extingui non possit, sed quod tam solicitè moniales et sanctæ mulieres ignem, suppetente materia, fovent et nutriunt, ut à tempore virginis, per tot annorum curricula, semper mansit inextinctus."—Girald. Camb. *de Mirabil. Hibern.* Dist. 2. c. 34.


warm! E - rin! oh E - rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a
long night of bond - age, thy spi - rit ap - pears! E - rin! oh
E - rin! thus bright, thro' the tears Of a long night of bond - age, thy
spi - rit ap - pears!
tr


2ND VERSE.
The na - tions have fall'n, and thou still art young; Thy sun is but
ris - ing, when o - thers are set: And, tho' Slave - ry's cloud o'er thy
morn - ing hath hung, The full noon of Free - dom shall beam round thee
yet. E - rin! oh E - rin! tho' long in the shade, Thy
star will shine out, when the proud - est shall fade! E - rin! oh


E - rin! though long in the shade, Thy star will shine out when the
tr
proud - est shall fade!
tr

Unchill'd by the rain, and unwaked by the wind,
The lily lies sleeping through Winter's cold hour,
Till the hand of Spring her dark chain unbind,
And daylight and liberty bless the young flower.*
Erin! oh Erin! *thy* Winter is past,
And the hope, that lived through it, shall blossom at last!

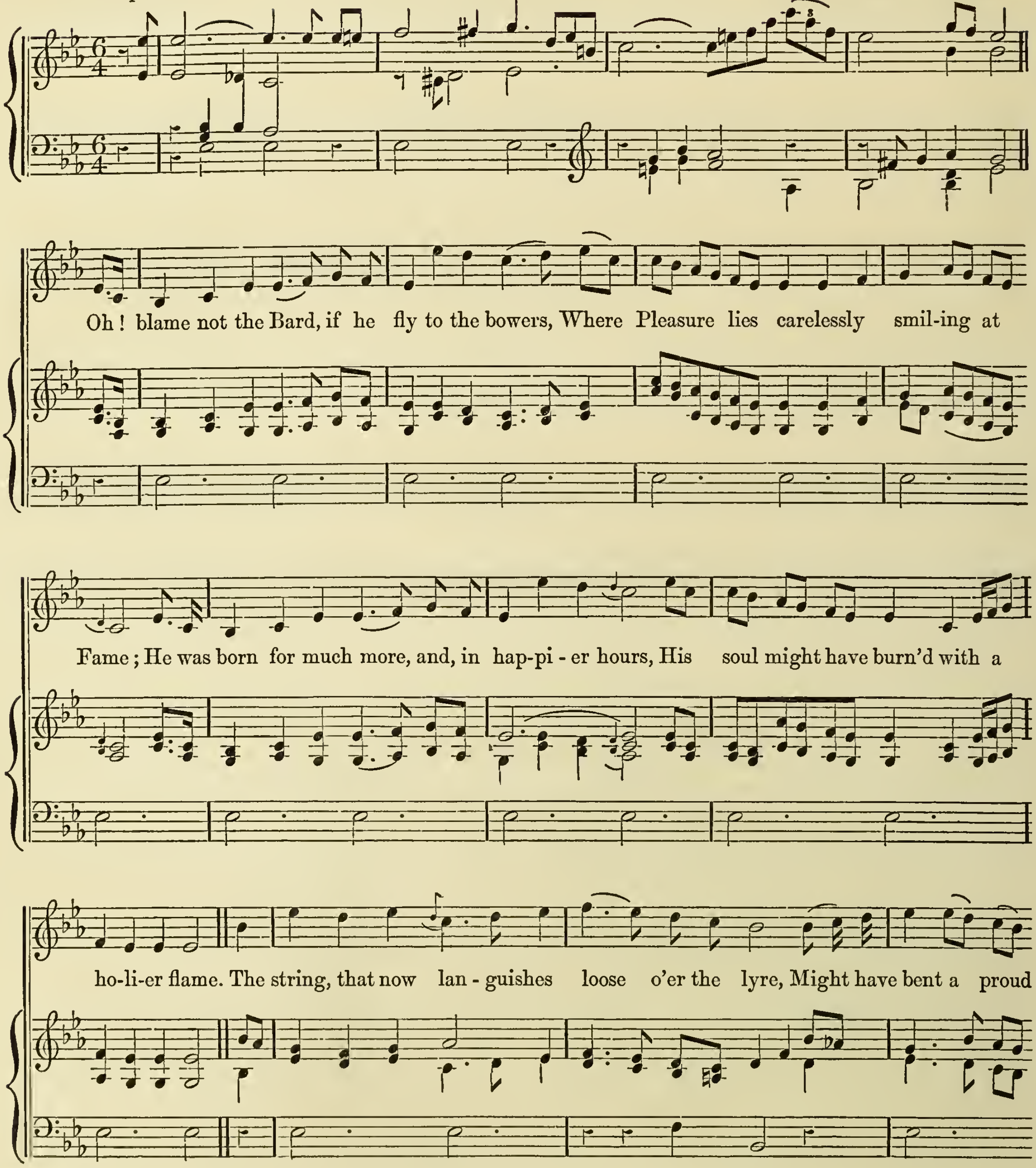
---

* Mrs. H. Tighe, in her exquisite Lines on the Lily, has applied this image to a still more important subjects

OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.*

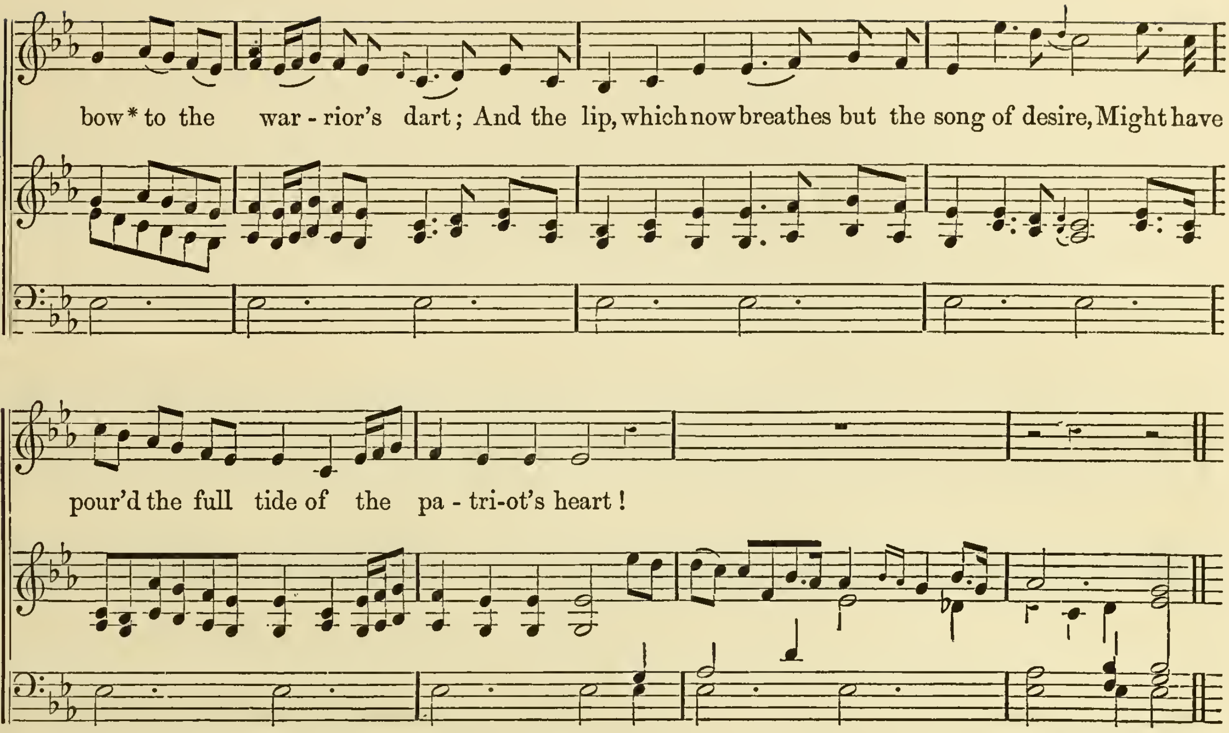
With expression.

AIR—KITTY TYRREL.


Oh! blame not the Bard, if he fly to the bowers, Where Pleasure lies carelessly smil-ing at
Fame; He was born for much more, and, in hap-pi-er hours, His soul might have burn'd with a
ho-li-er flame. The string, that now lan-guishes loose o'er the lyre, Might have bent a proud

---

* We may suppose this apology to have been uttered by one of those wandering Bards, whom Spencer so severely, and perhaps truly, describes in his *State of Ireland*, and whose poems, he tells us, "were sprinkled with some pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comeliness unto them; the which it is great pity to see abused to the gracing of wickedness and vice, which, with good usage, would serve to adorn and beautify virtue."


bow* to the war - rior's dart; And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire, Might have
pour'd the full tide of the pa - tri-ot's heart!

II.

But, alas for his country! her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken which never would bend:
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to betray,
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires:
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

III.

Then blame not the Bard, if, in Pleasure's soft dream,
He should try to forget what he never can heal!
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his sword.†

IV.

But, though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not ev'n in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs!
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy Harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

---

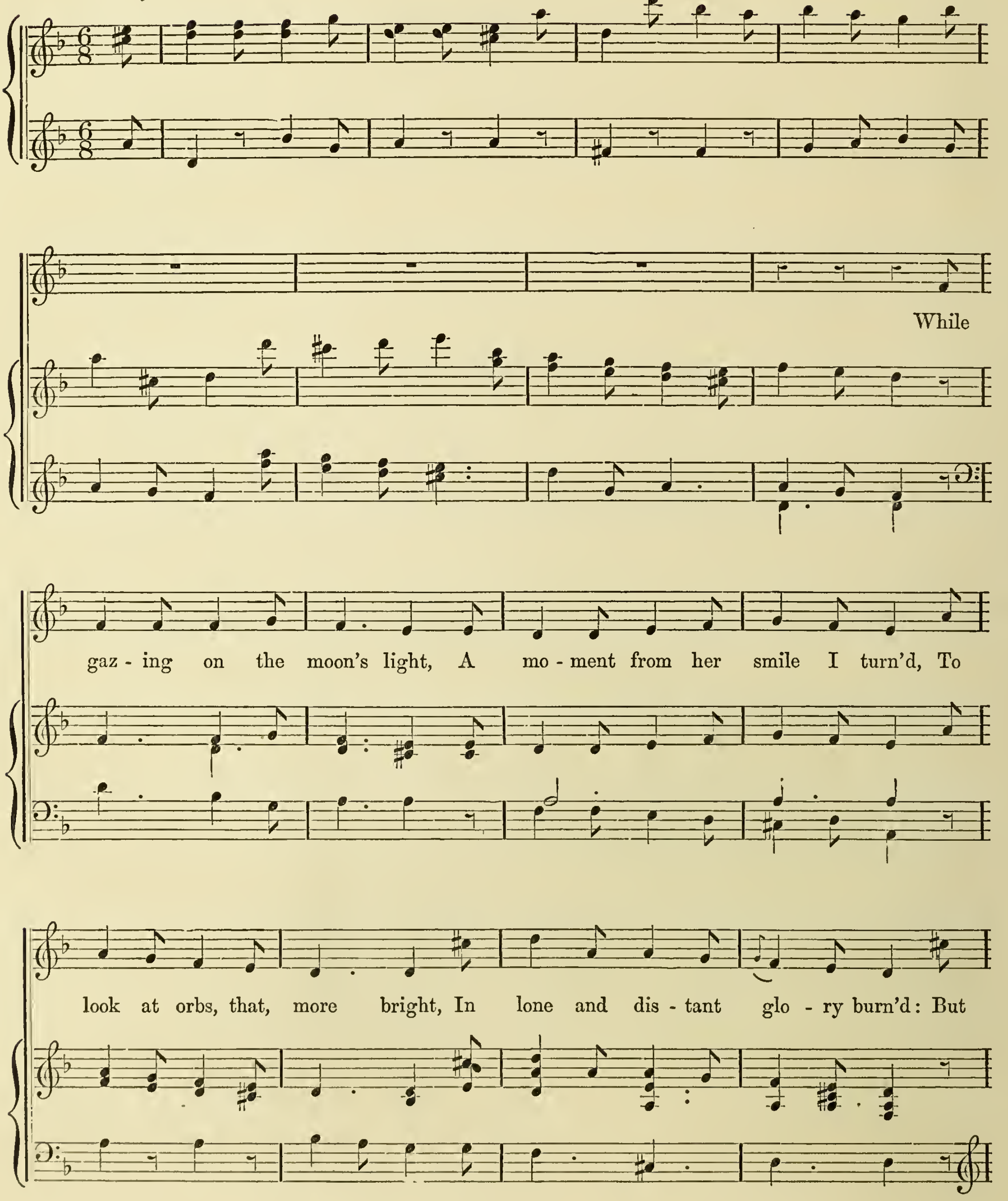
* It is conjectured by Wormius that the name of Ireland is derived from *Yr*, the Runic for *a bow*, in the use of which weapon the Irish were once very expert. This derivation is certainly more creditable to us than the following:—"So that Ireland (called the land of *Ire*, for the constant broils therein for 400 years) was now become the land of Concord."—LLOYD'S *State Worthies*, ART. *The Lord Grandison*.

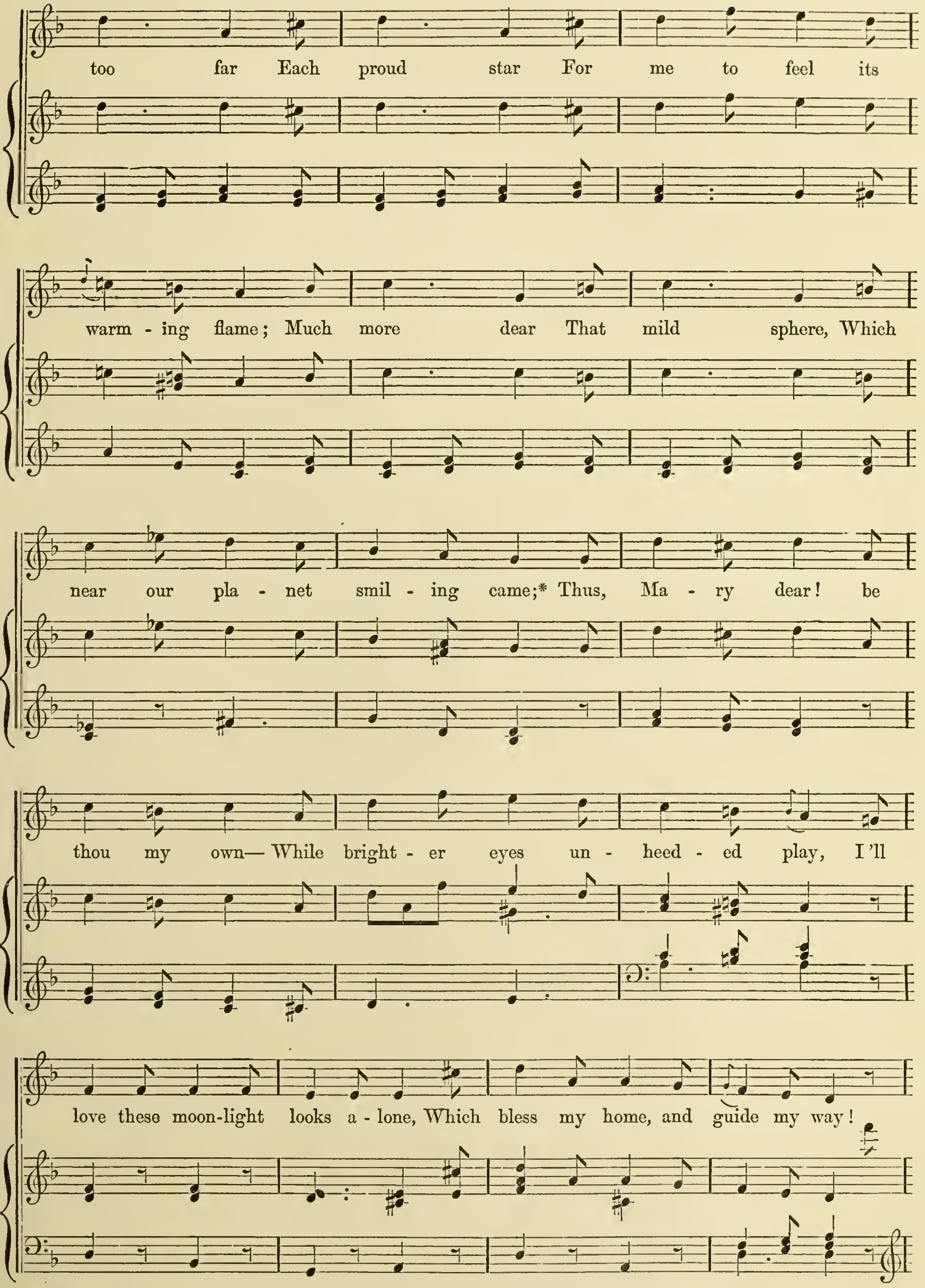
† See the Hymn, attributed to Alcæus, Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω—"I will carry my sword, hidden in myrtles, like Harmodius and Aristogiton," &c.

WHILE GAZING ON THE MOON'S LIGHT.

Tenderly.

AIR—OONAGH.


While
gaz - ing on the moon's light, A mo - ment from her smile I turn'd, To
look at orbs, that, more bright, In lone and dis - tant glo - ry burn'd: But

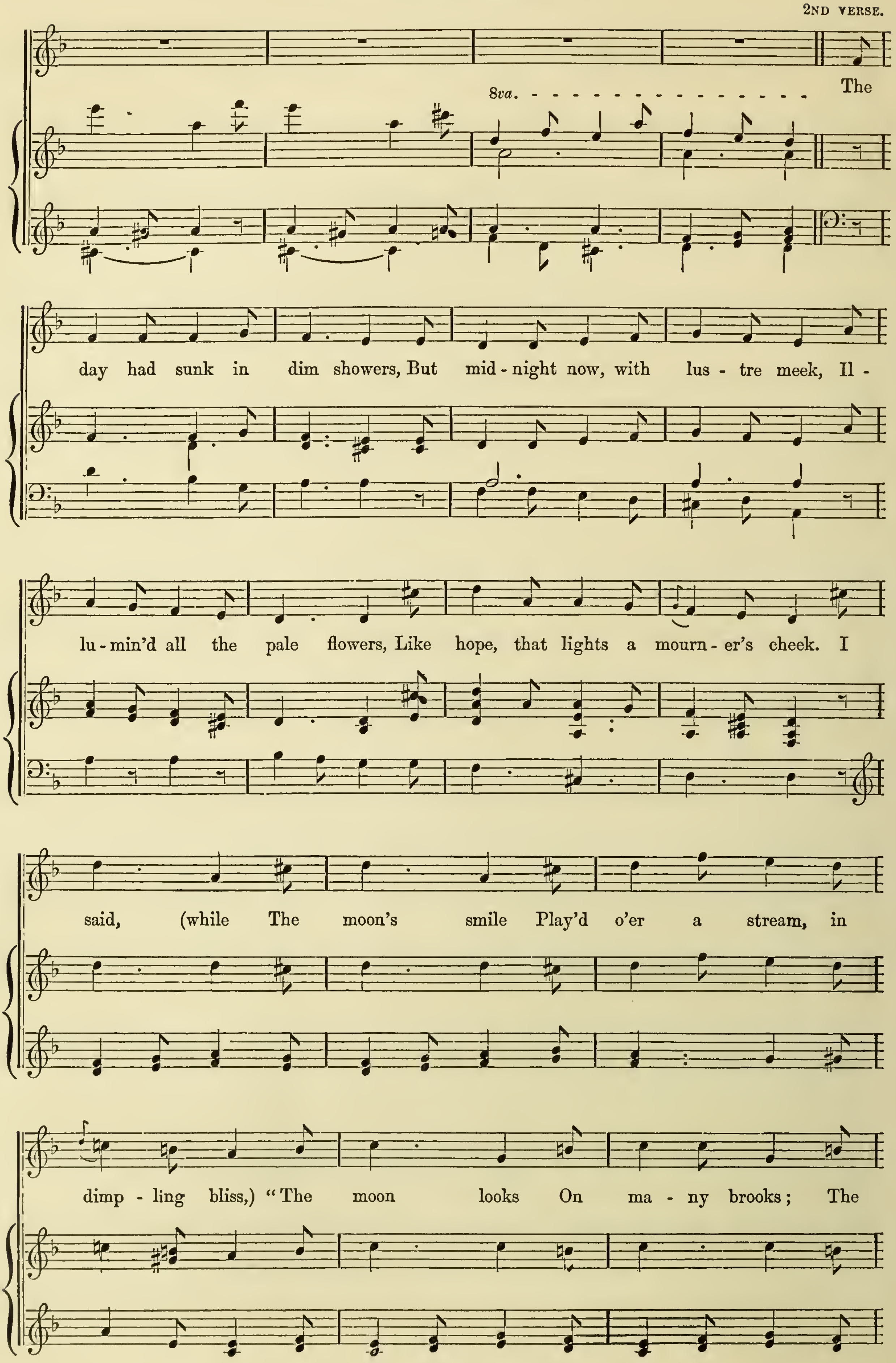

too far Each proud star For me to feel its
warm - ing flame; Much more dear That mild sphere, Which
near our pla - net smil - ing came;* Thus, Ma - ry dear! be
thou my own— While bright - er eyes un - heed - ed play, I'll
love these moon-light looks a - lone, Which bless my home, and guide my way!

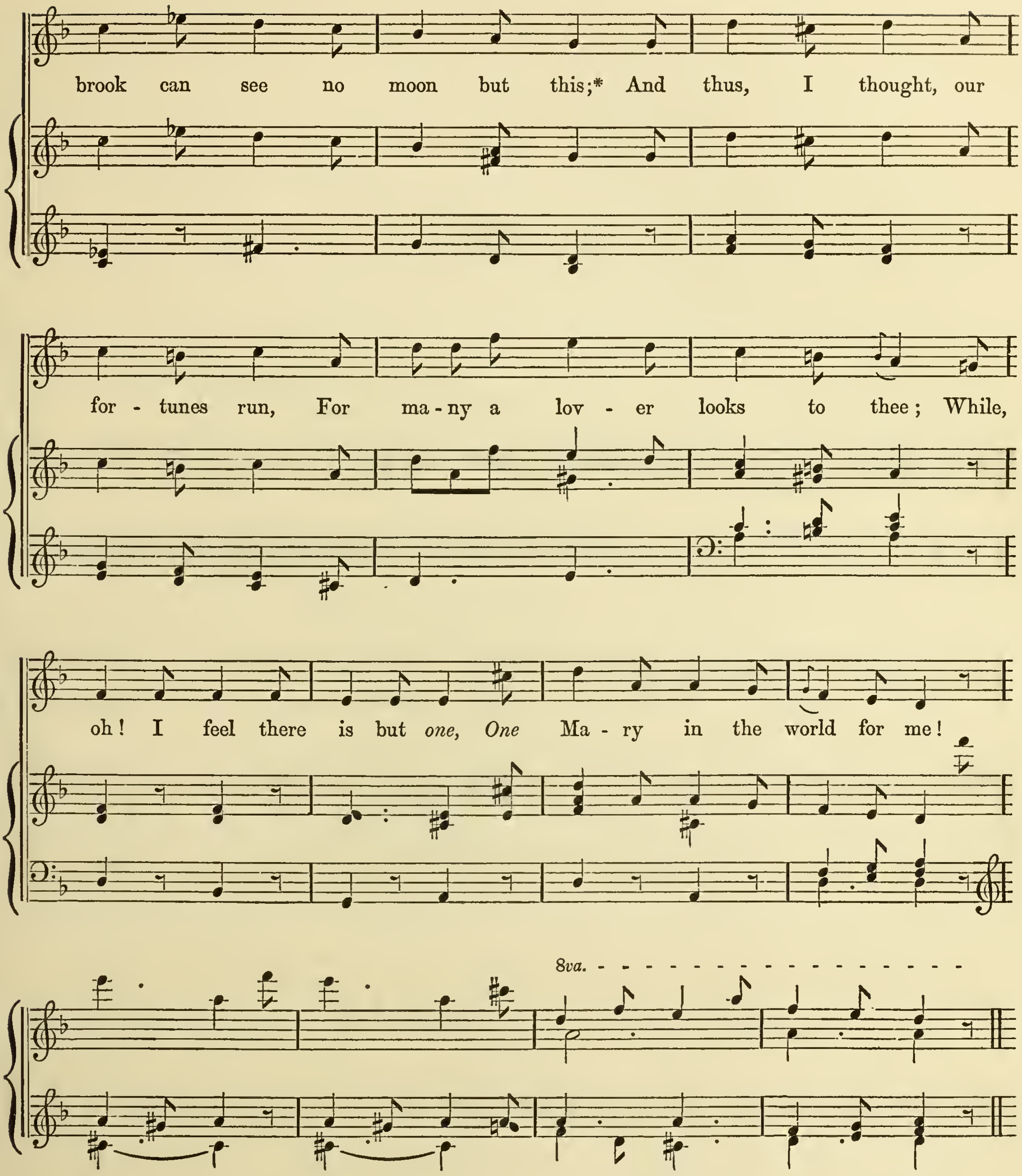
---

* "Of such celestial bodies as are visible, the sun excepted, the single moon, as despicable as it is in comparison to most of the others, is much more beneficial than they all put together."

WHISTON'S *Theory*, *&c.*

In the *Entretiens d'Ariste*, among other ingenious emblems, we find a starry sky without a moon, with the words, *Non mille, quod absens.*


2ND VERSE.
8va.
The
day had sunk in dim showers, But mid-night now, with lus-tre meek, Il-
lu-min'd all the pale flowers, Like hope, that lights a mourn-er's cheek. I
said, (while The moon's smile Play'd o'er a stream, in
dimp-ling bliss,) "The moon looks On ma-ny brooks; The


brook can see no moon but this;* And thus, I thought, our
for - tunes run, For ma - ny a lov - er looks to thee; While,
oh! I feel there is but *one, One* Ma - ry in the world for me!
8va.

---

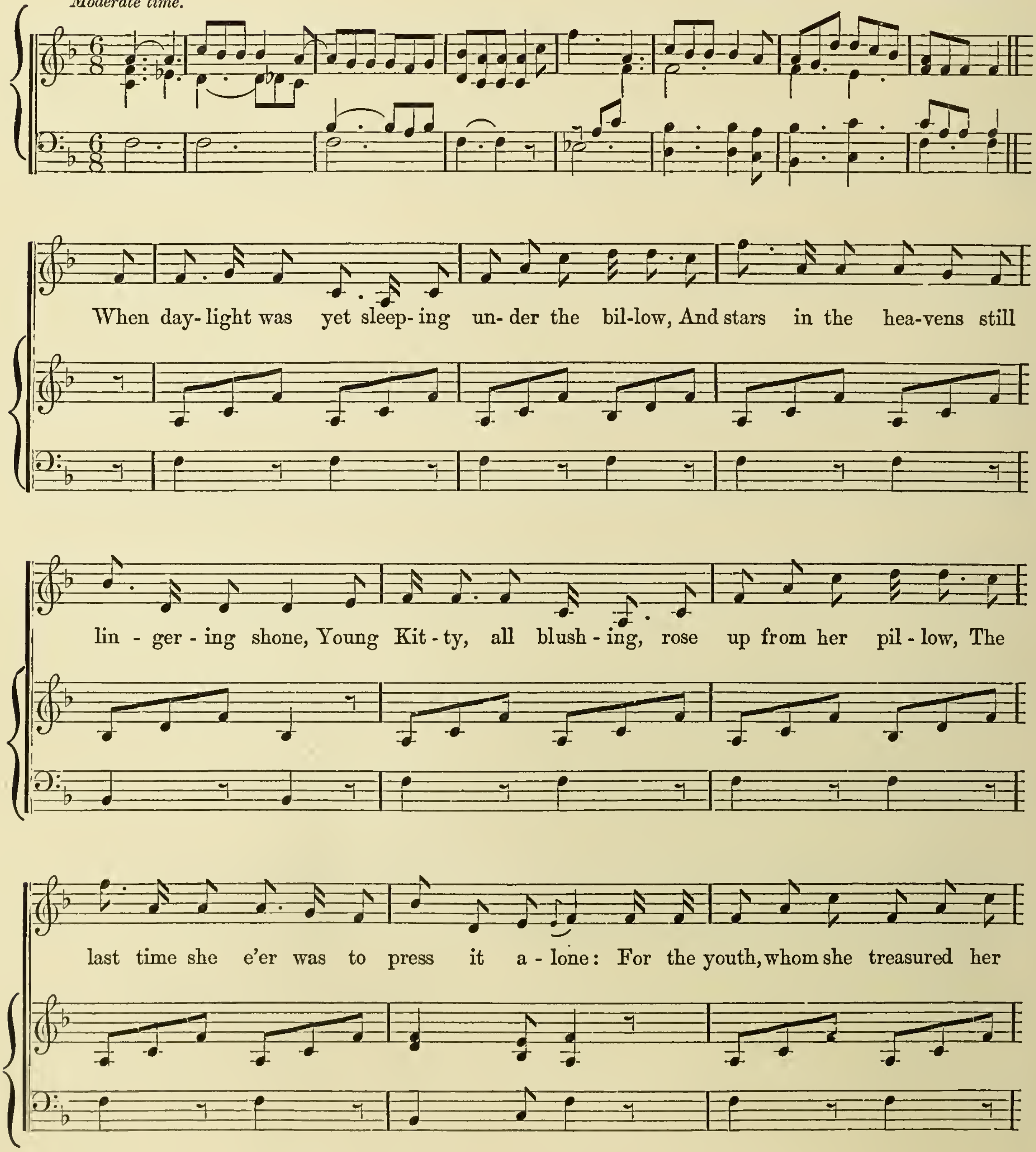
* This image was suggested by the following thought, which occurs somewhere in Sir William Jones's works:—"The moon looks upon many night-flowers; the night-flower sees but one moon."

ILL OMENS.

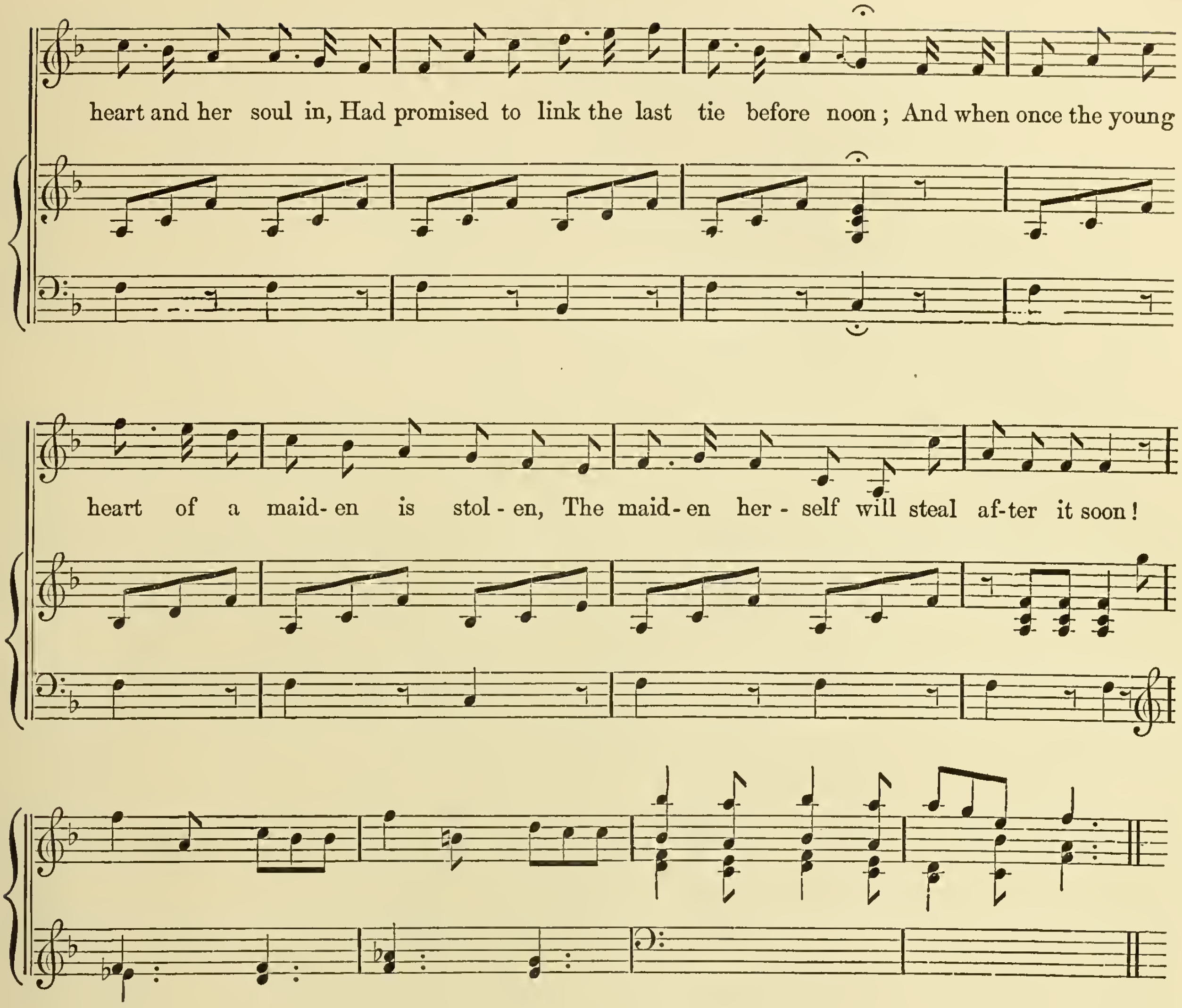
WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING.

AIR—KITTY OF COLERAINE;* OR, PADDY'S RESOURCE.

Moderate time.


When day-light was yet sleep-ing un-der the bil-low, And stars in the hea-vens still
lin-ger-ing shone, Young Kit-ty, all blush-ing, rose up from her pil-low, The
last time she e'er was to press it a-lone: For the youth, whom she treasured her

BOSTON
PUBLIC
LIBRARY


heart and her soul in, Had promised to link the last tie before noon; And when once the young
heart of a maid- en is stol - en, The maid- en her - self will steal af- ter it soon!

II.

As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.
Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas! never to rise:—
"Ah! such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies!"

III.

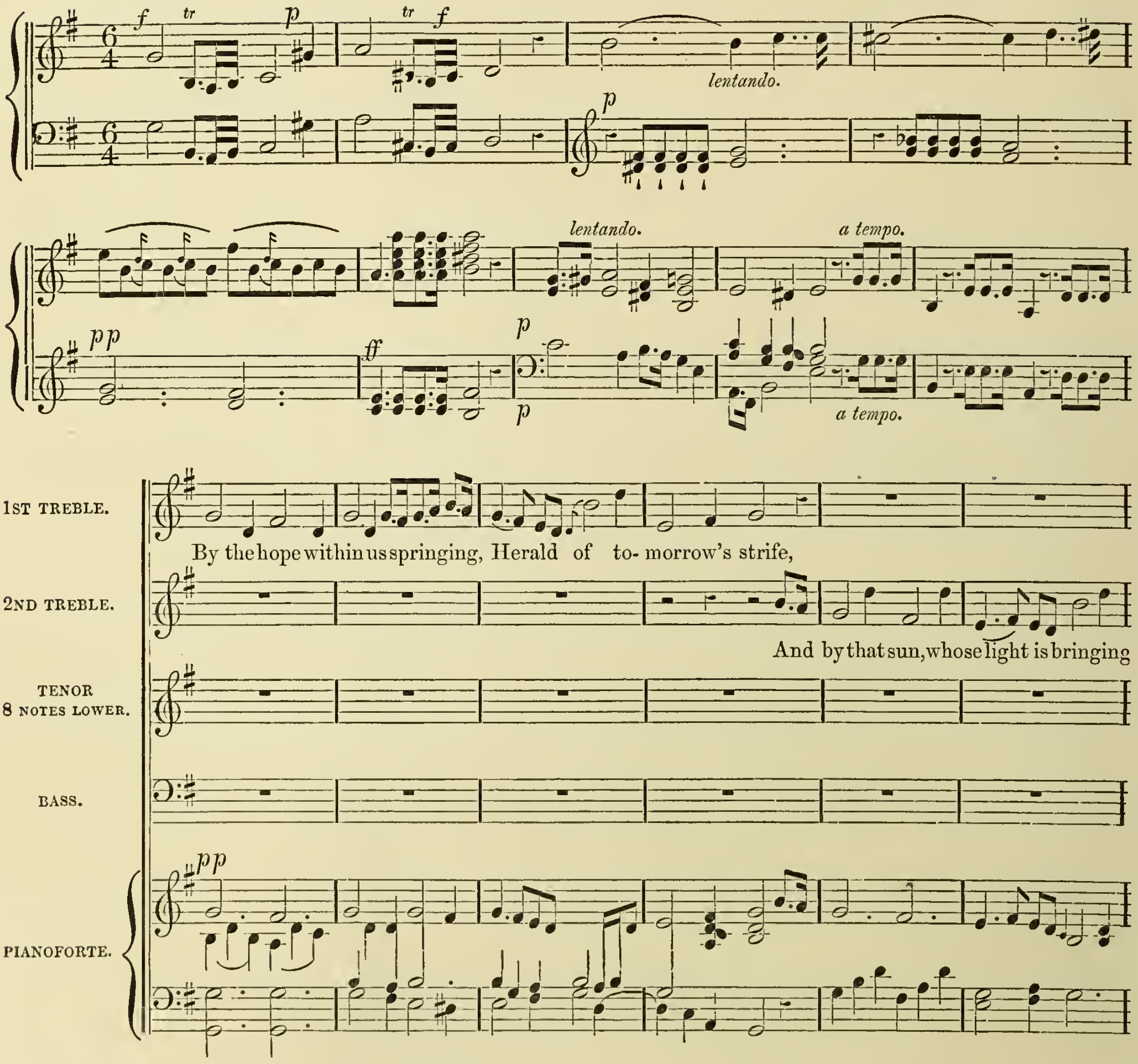
While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was growing,
She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
And a rose, further on, look'd so tempting and glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
But, while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
"Ah! this means," said the girl, (and she sigh'd at its meaning,)
"That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost!"

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY THE HOPE WITHIN US SPRINGING.

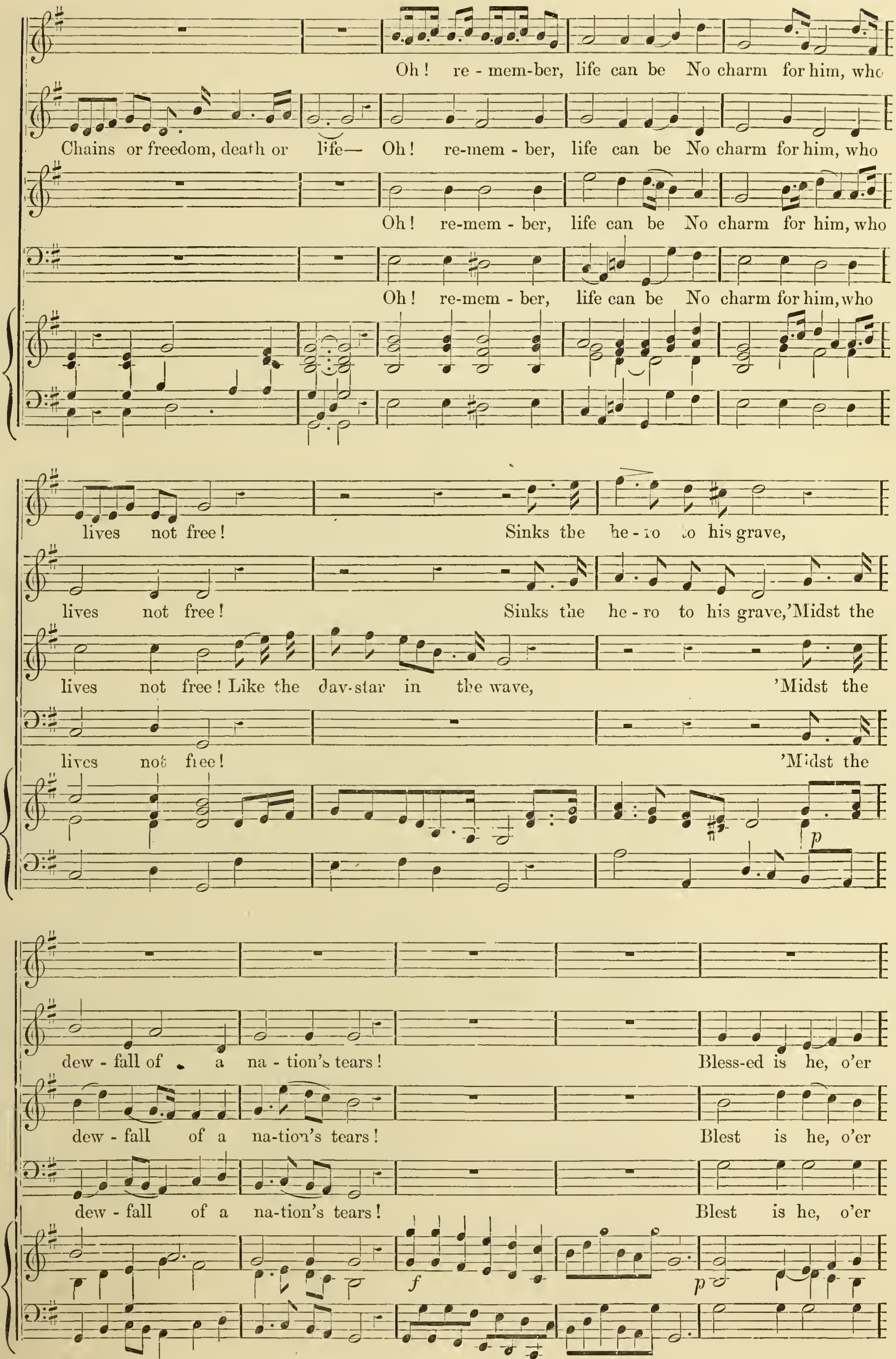
AIR—THE FAIRY QUEEN.*
Harmonized for four Voices.

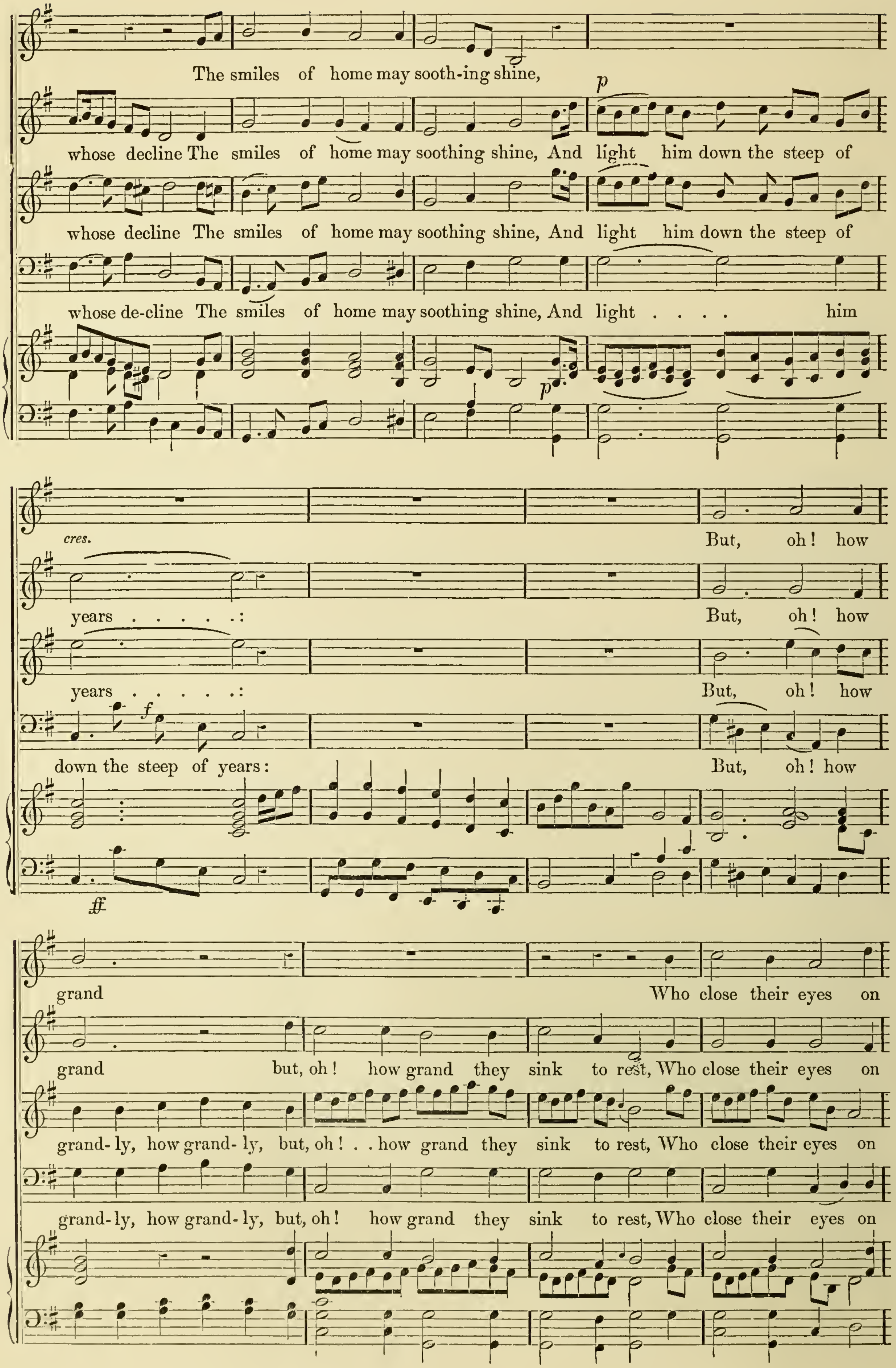
Majestically.

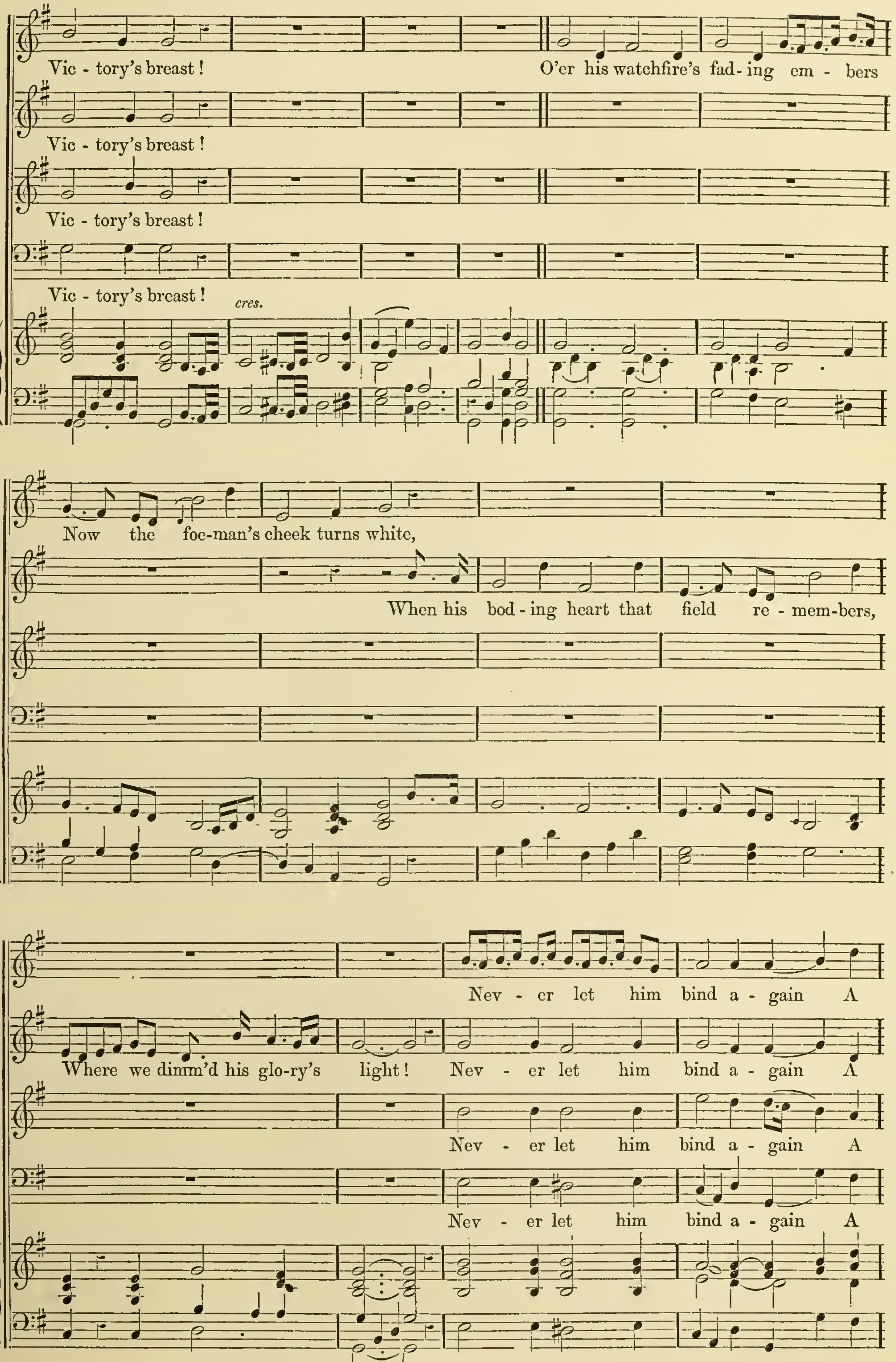

f
tr
p
tr
f
lentando.
p
pp
ff
p
lentando.
a tempo.
p
a tempo.
1ST TREBLE.
By the hope within us springing, Herald of to- morrow's strife,
2ND TREBLE.
And by that sun, whose light is bringing
TENOR 8 NOTES LOWER.
BASS.
pp
PIANOFORTE.

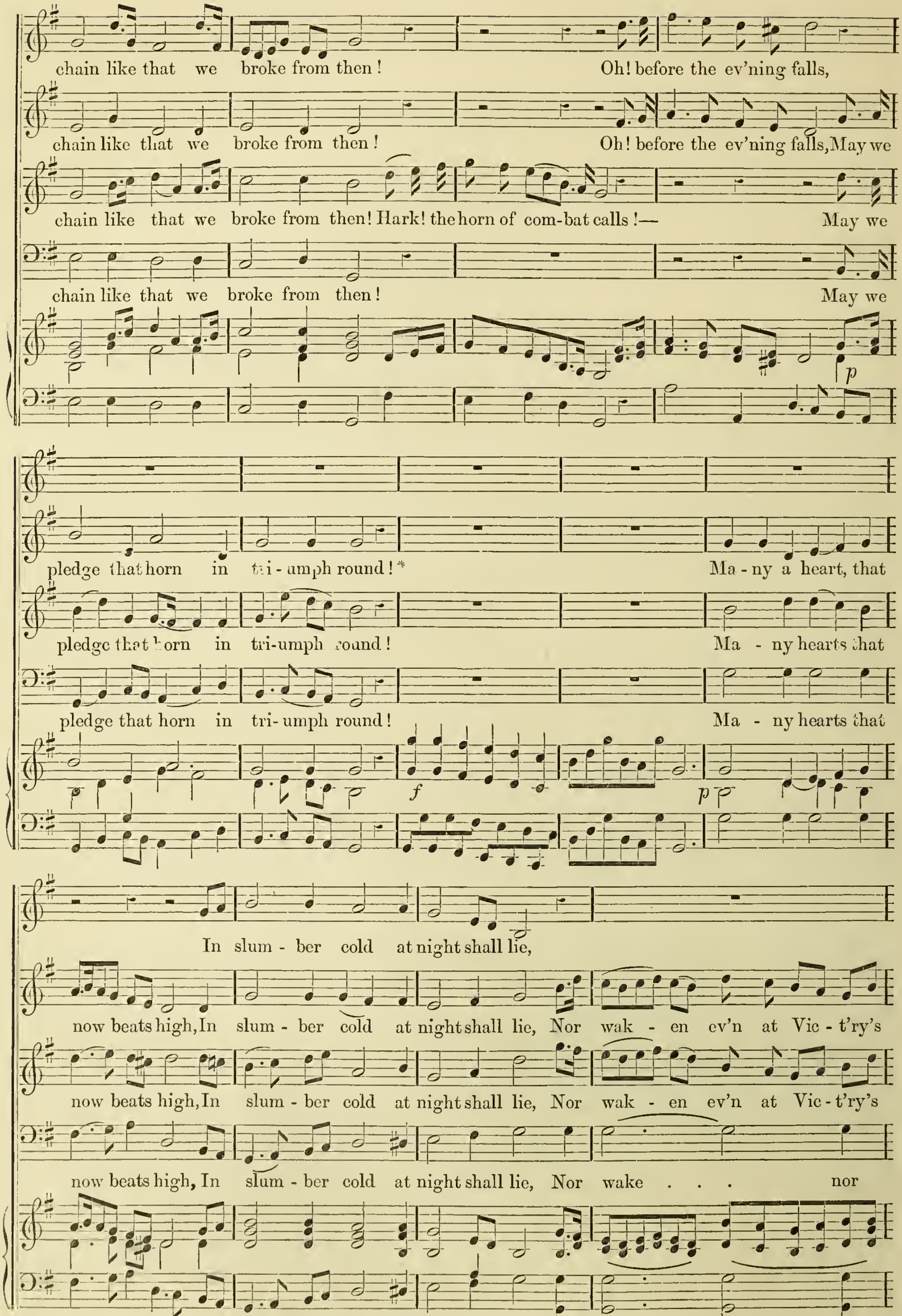
---

* In order to bring this fine air of CAROLAN within the compass of the voice, it was necessary to raise some parts of it an octave higher than they are in the original setting, and to convert into a symphony the wild characteristic passage, which, more than once, breaks so boldly across the course of the Melody. The merit of this arrangement, as well as the responsibility, rests entirely with SIR JOHN STEVENSON. He gave me the air in its present harmonized form; and I found it rather a difficult task to follow, with words of any tolerable meaning, those abrupt varieties of expression with which it abounds


Oh! re - mem-ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Chains or freedom, death or life— Oh! re-mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh! re-mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
Oh! re-mem - ber, life can be No charm for him, who
lives not free! Sinks the he - ro to his grave,
lives not free! Sinks the he - ro to his grave,'Midst the
lives not free! Like the day-star in the wave, 'Midst the
lives not free! 'Midst the
p
dew - fall of a na - tion's tears! Bless-ed is he, o'er
dew - fall of a na-tion's tears! Blest is he, o'er
dew - fall of a na-tion's tears! Blest is he, o'er
f
p

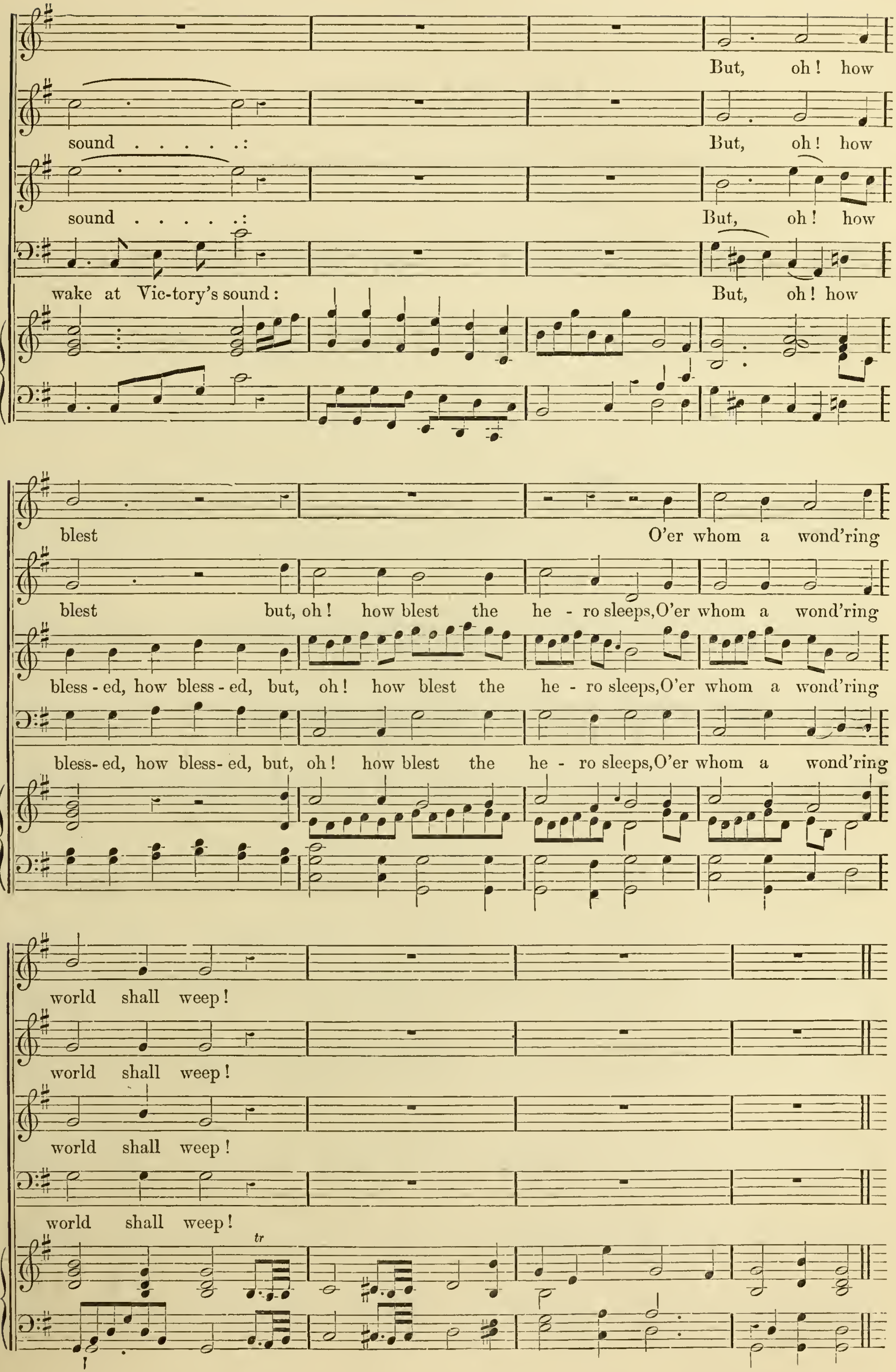

The smiles of home may sooth-ing shine,
p
whose decline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
whose decline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light him down the steep of
whose de-cline The smiles of home may soothing shine, And light . . . . him
p
cres.
But, oh! how
years . . . . . :
But, oh! how
years . . . . . :
But, oh! how
f
down the steep of years:
But, oh! how
ff
grand
Who close their eyes on
grand but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on
grand-ly, how grand-ly, but, oh! . . how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on
grand-ly, how grand-ly, but, oh! how grand they sink to rest, Who close their eyes on


Vic - tory's breast! O'er his watchfire's fad - ing em - bers
Vic - tory's breast!
Vic - tory's breast!
Vic - tory's breast!
cres.
Now the foe-man's cheek turns white,
When his bod - ing heart that field re - mem-bers,
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Where we dimm'd his glo-ry's light! Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A
Nev - er let him bind a - gain A


chain like that we broke from then! Oh! before the ev'ning falls,
chain like that we broke from then! Oh! before the ev'ning falls, May we
chain like that we broke from then! Hark! the horn of com-bat calls!— May we
chain like that we broke from then! May we
p
pledge that horn in tri-umph round! * Ma-ny a heart, that
pledge that horn in tri-umph round! Ma - ny hearts that
pledge that horn in tri-umph round! Ma - ny hearts that
f
p
In slum - ber cold at night shall lie,
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wak - en ev'n at Vic - t'ry's
now beats high, In slum - ber cold at night shall lie, Nor wake . . . nor

---

* "The Irish *Corna* was not entirely devoted to martial purposes. In the heroic ages our ancestors quaffed *Meadh* out of them, as the Danish hunters do their beverage to this day."—WALKER.

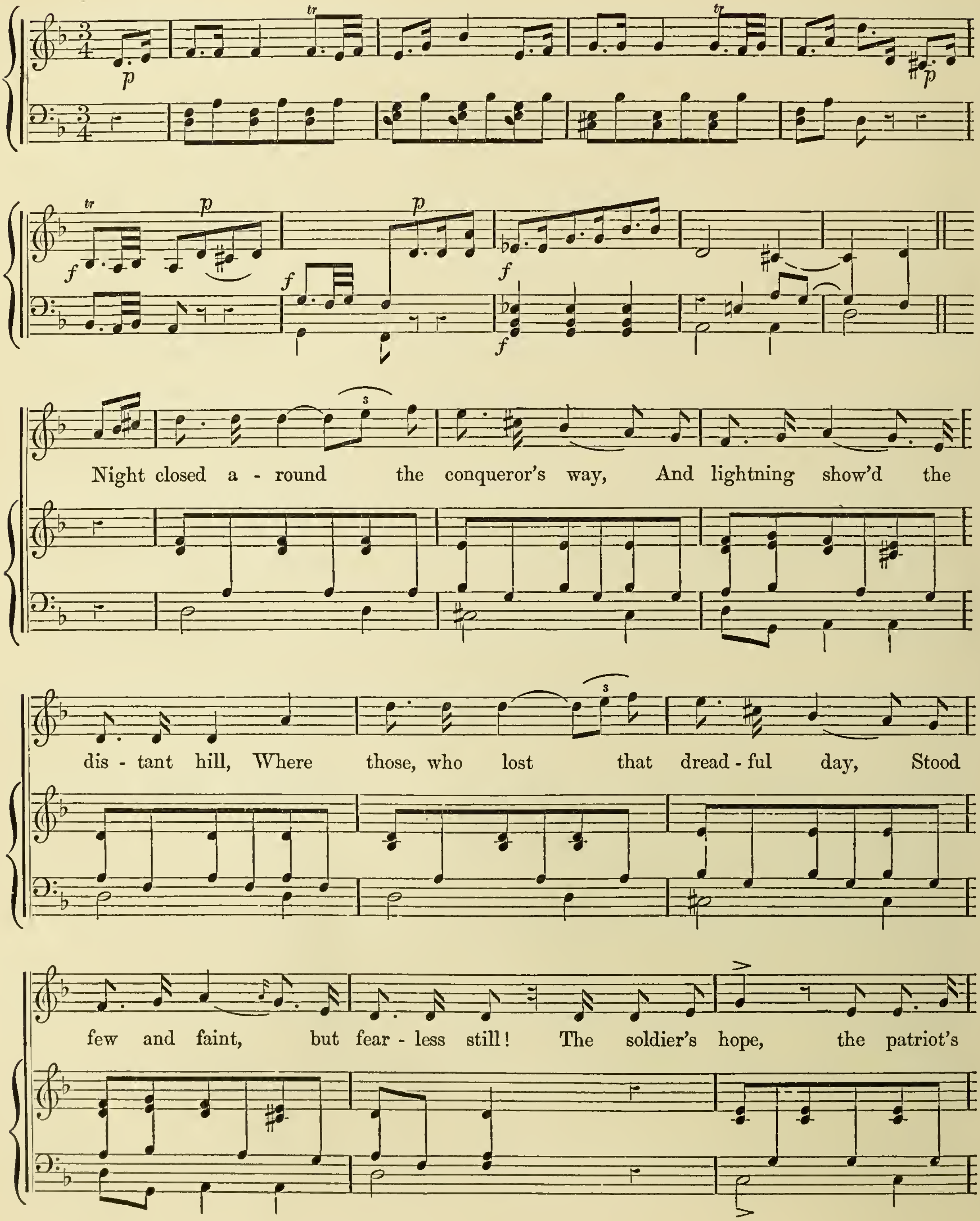

But, oh! how
sound . . . . . : But, oh! how
sound . . . . . : But, oh! how
wake at Vic-tory's sound: But, oh! how
blest O'er whom a wond'ring
blest but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
bless - ed, how bless - ed, but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
bless- ed, how bless- ed, but, oh! how blest the he - ro sleeps, O'er whom a wond'ring
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
world shall weep!
tr

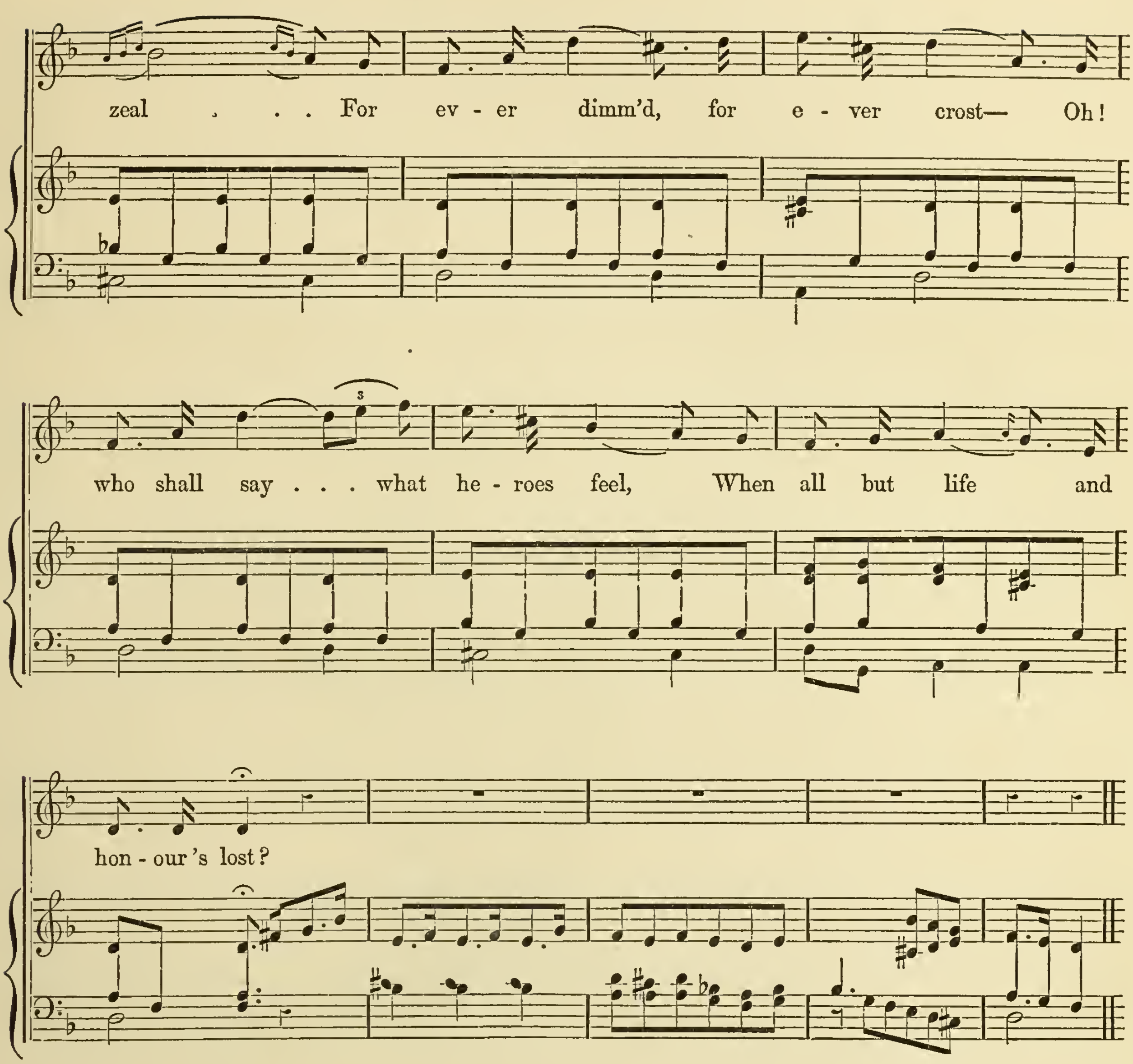
AFTER THE BATTLE.

NIGHT CLOSED AROUND THE CONQUEROR'S WAY.

With solemnity.

AIR—THY FAIR BOSOM.


tr
p
f
Night closed a - round the conqueror's way, And lightning show'd the
dis - tant hill, Where those, who lost that dread - ful day, Stood
few and faint, but fear - less still! The soldier's hope, the patriot's

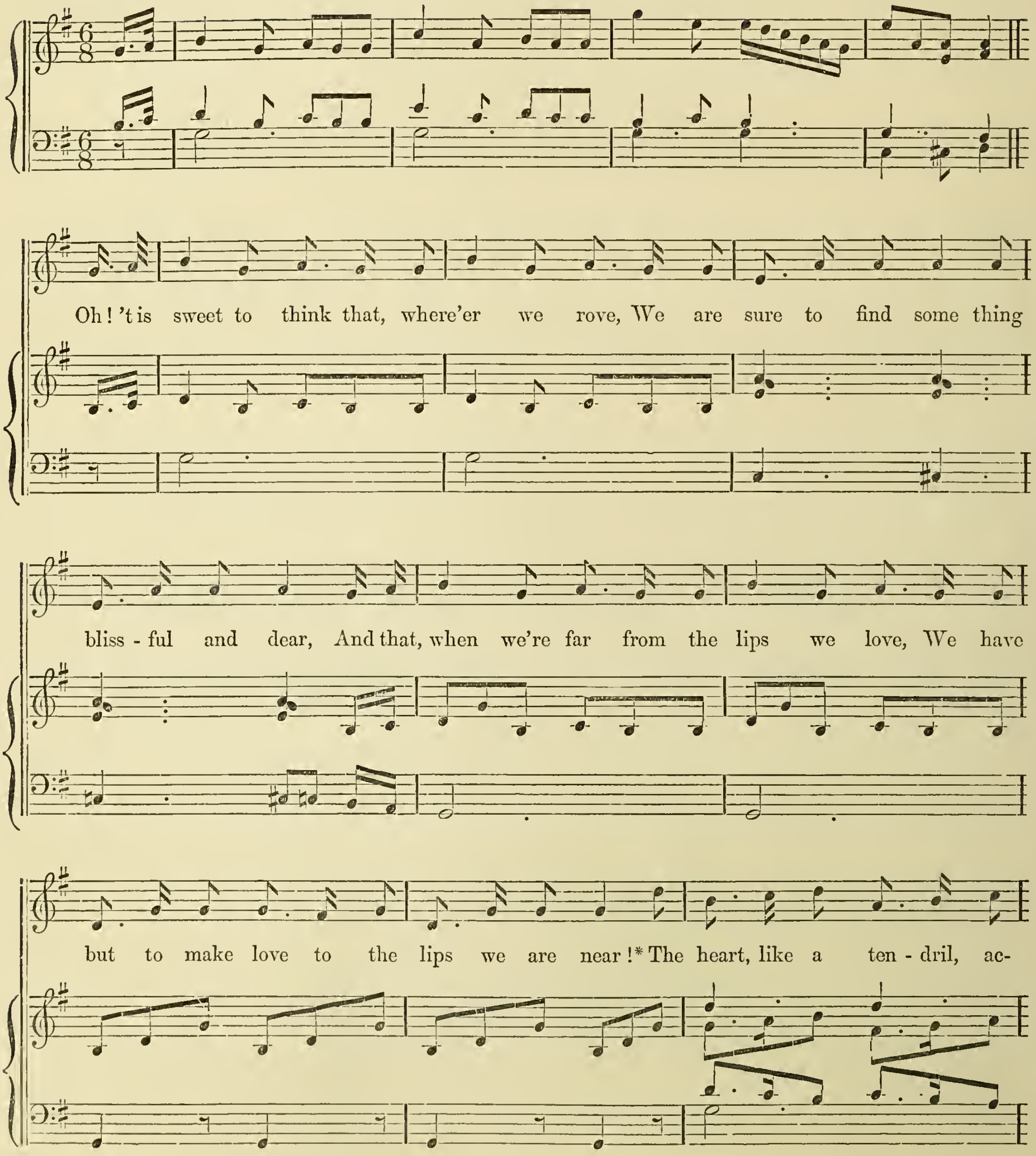

zeal . . . For ev - er dimm'd, for e - ver crost— Oh!
who shall say . . . what he - roes feel, When all but life and
hon - our 's lost?

The last sad hour of Freedom's dream
And Valour's task moved slowly by,
While mute they watch'd, till morning's beam
Should rise, and give them light to die!—
There is a world, where souls are free,
Where tyrants taint not Nature's bliss:
If death that world's bright opening be,
Oh! who would live a slave in this?

OH! 'TIS SWEET TO THINK.

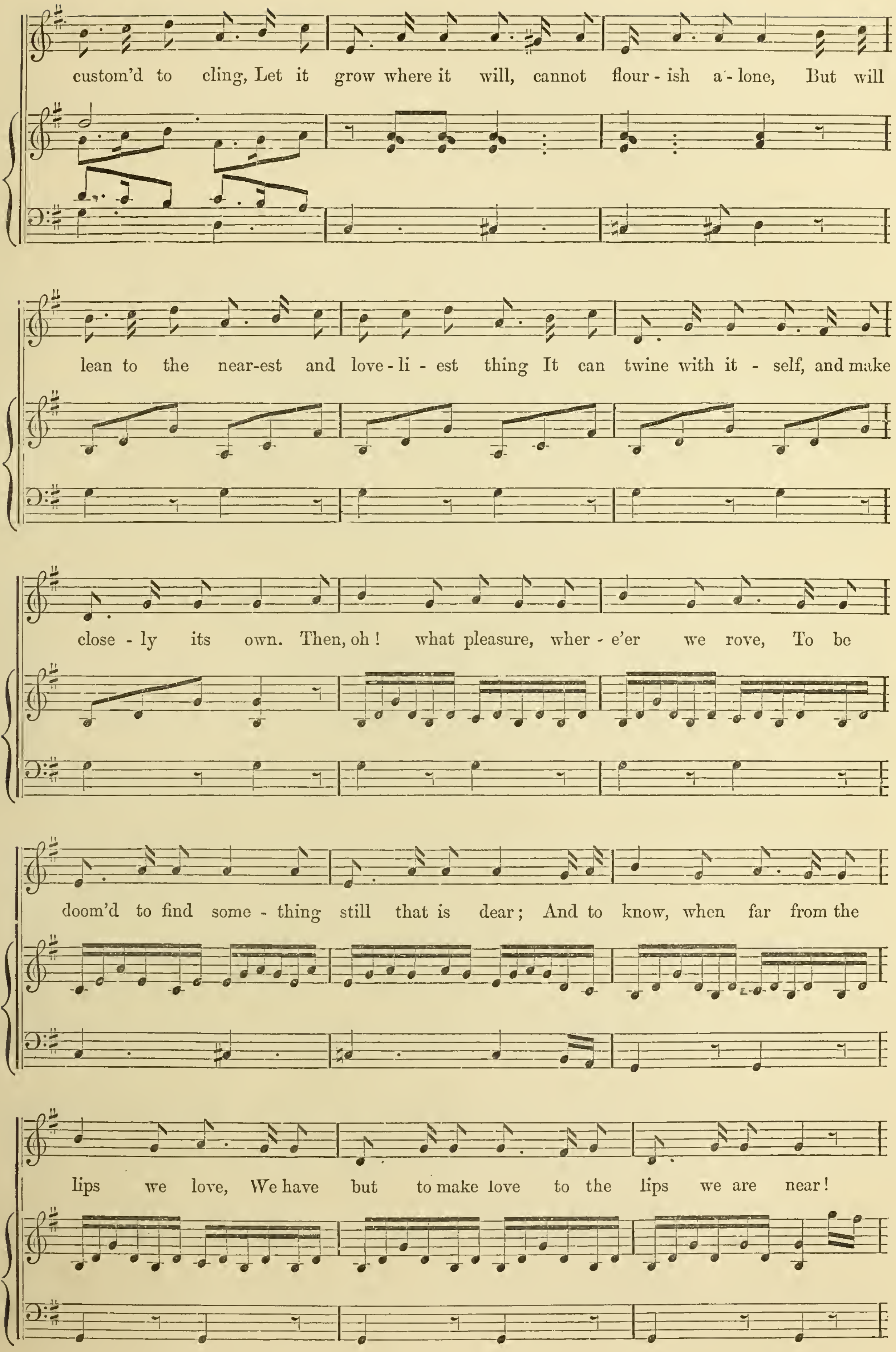
Playfully.

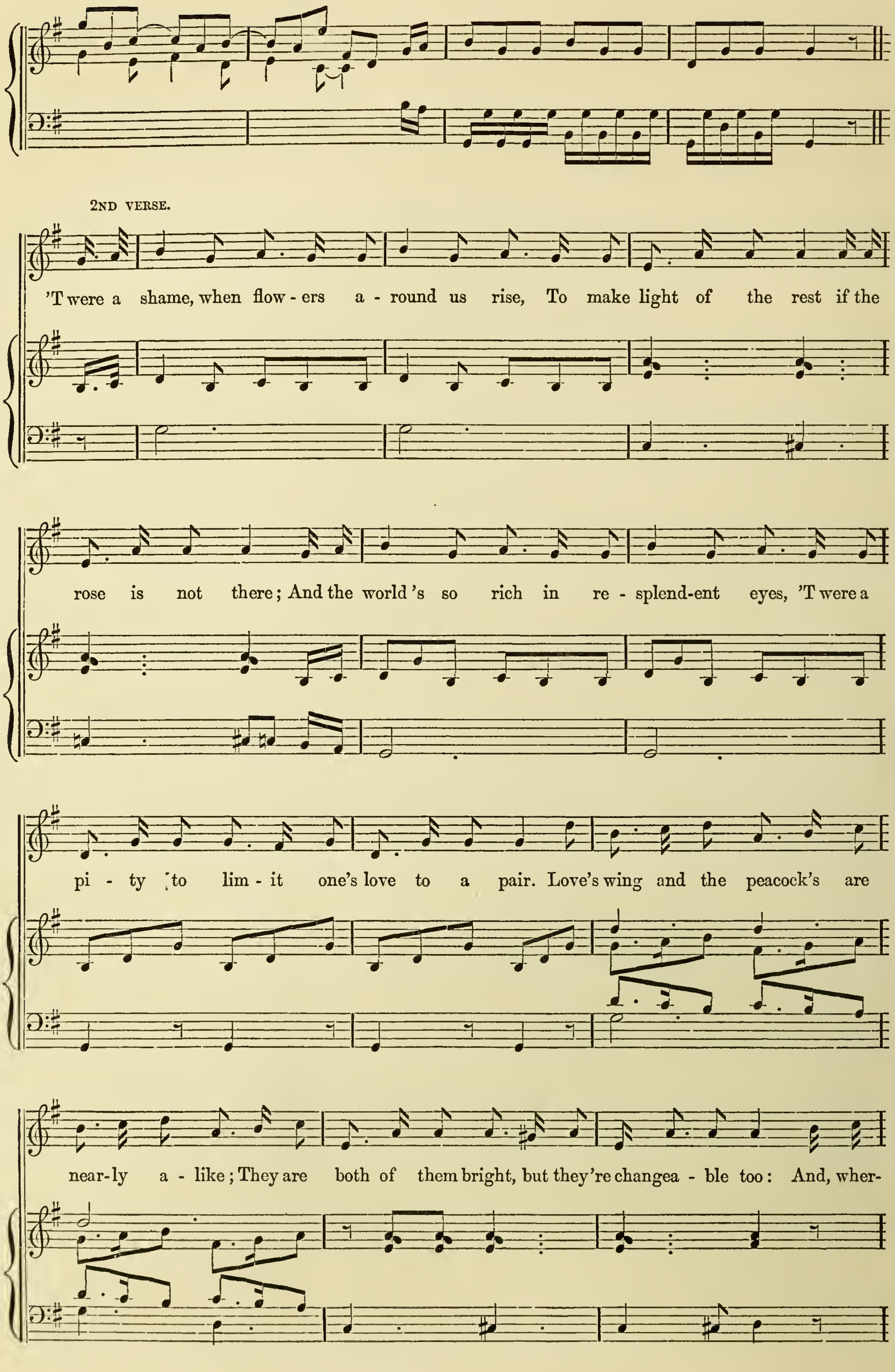
AIR—THADY, YOU GANDER.

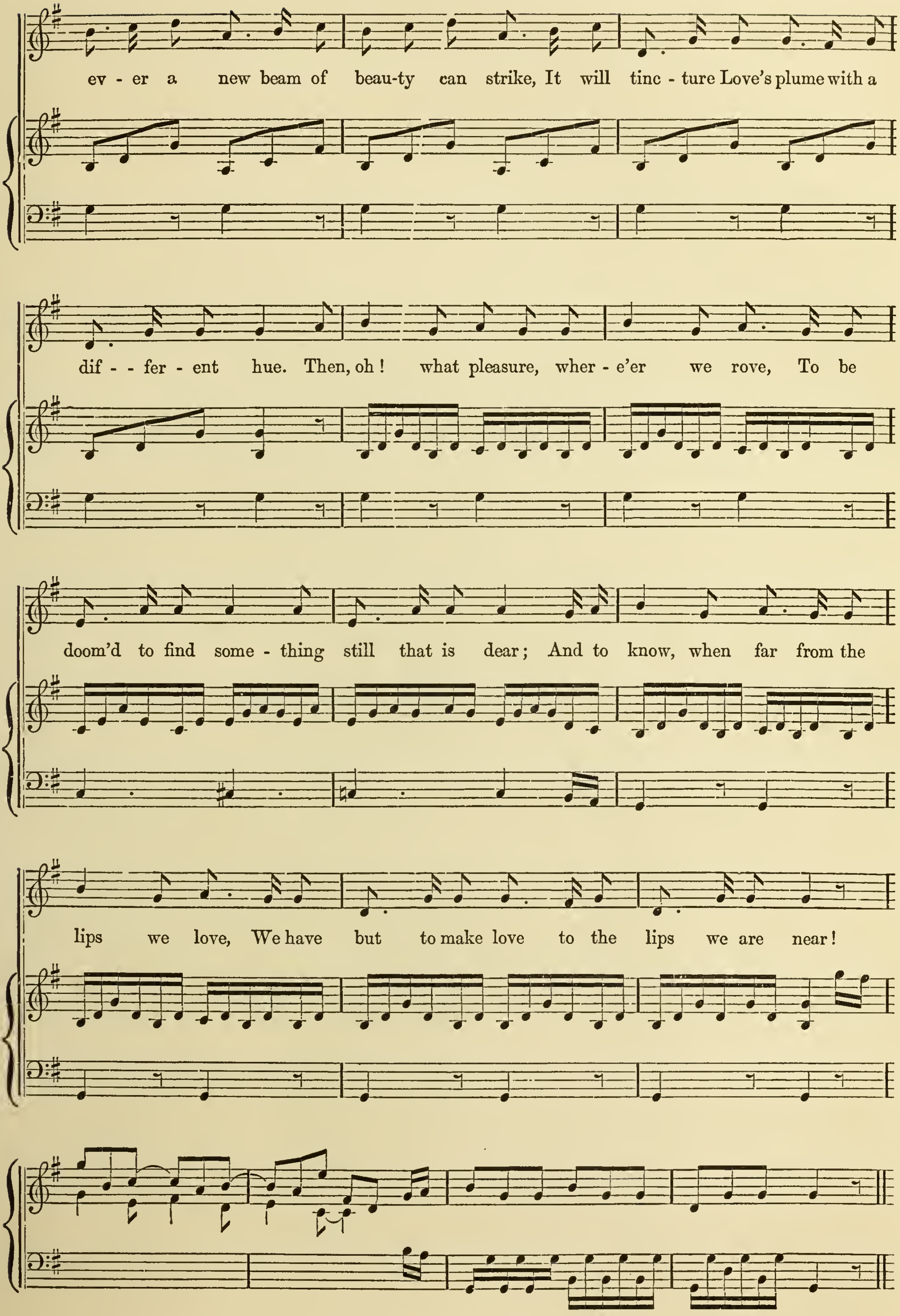

Oh! 'tis sweet to think that, where'er we rove, We are sure to find some thing
bliss - ful and dear, And that, when we're far from the lips we love, We have
but to make love to the lips we are near!* The heart, like a ten - dril, ac-

---

* I believe it is Marmontel who says, " *Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a.*"—There are so many matter-of-fact people, who take such *jeux d'esprit* as this defence of inconstancy to be the actual and genuine sentiments of him who writes them, that they compel one, in self-defence, to be as matter-of-fact as themselves, and to remind them that Democritus was not the worse physiologist for having playfully contended that snow was black, nor Erasmus in any degree the less wise for having written an ingenious encomium of folly.


custom'd to cling, Let it grow where it will, cannot flour - ish a - lone, But will
lean to the near-est and love - li - est thing It can twine with it - self, and make
close - ly its own. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher - e'er we rove, To be
doom'd to find some - thing still that is dear; And to know, when far from the
lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

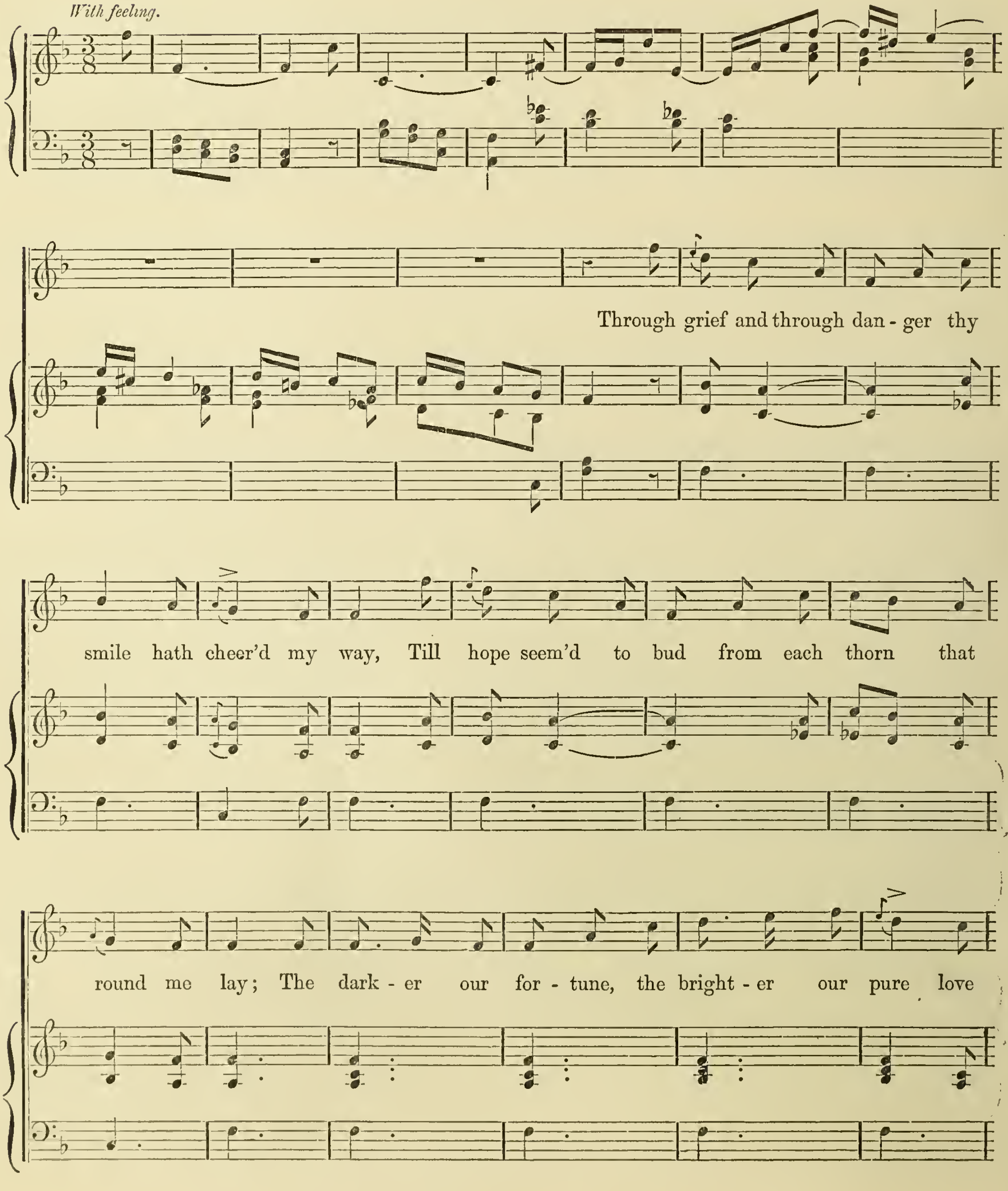

2ND VERSE.
'T were a shame, when flow - ers a - round us rise, To make light of the rest if the
rose is not there; And the world 's so rich in re - splend-ent eyes, 'T were a
pi - ty to lim - it one's love to a pair. Love's wing and the peacock's are
near-ly a - like; They are both of them bright, but they're changea - ble too: And, wher-

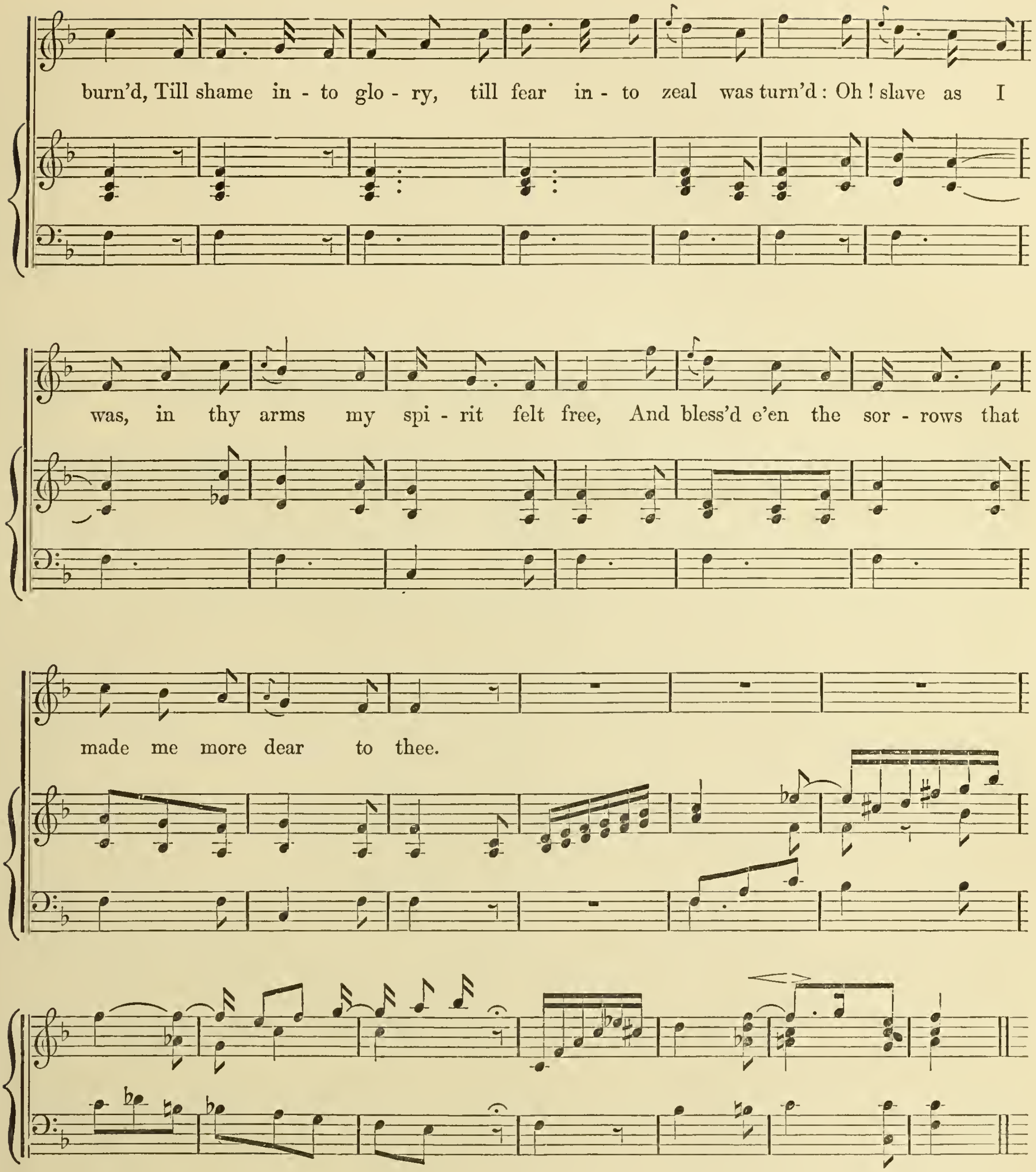

ev - er a new beam of beau-ty can strike, It will tinc - ture Love's plume with a
dif - - fer - ent hue. Then, oh! what pleasure, wher - e'er we rove, To be
doom'd to find some - thing still that is dear; And to know, when far from the
lips we love, We have but to make love to the lips we are near!

THE IRISH PEASANT TO HIS MISTRESS.

THROUGH GRIEF AND THROUGH DANGER.

AIR—I ONCE HAD A TRUE-LOVE.


With feeling.
Through grief and through dan - ger thy
smile hath cheer'd my way, Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that
round me lay; The dark - er our for - tune, the bright - er our pure love


burn'd, Till shame in - to glo - ry, till fear in - to zeal was turn'd: Oh! slave as I
was, in thy arms my spi - rit felt free, And bless'd e'en the sor - rows that
made me more dear to thee.

II.

Thy rival was honour'd, while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
Thy crown was of briers, while gold her brows adorn'd;
She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves;
Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be,
Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.

III.

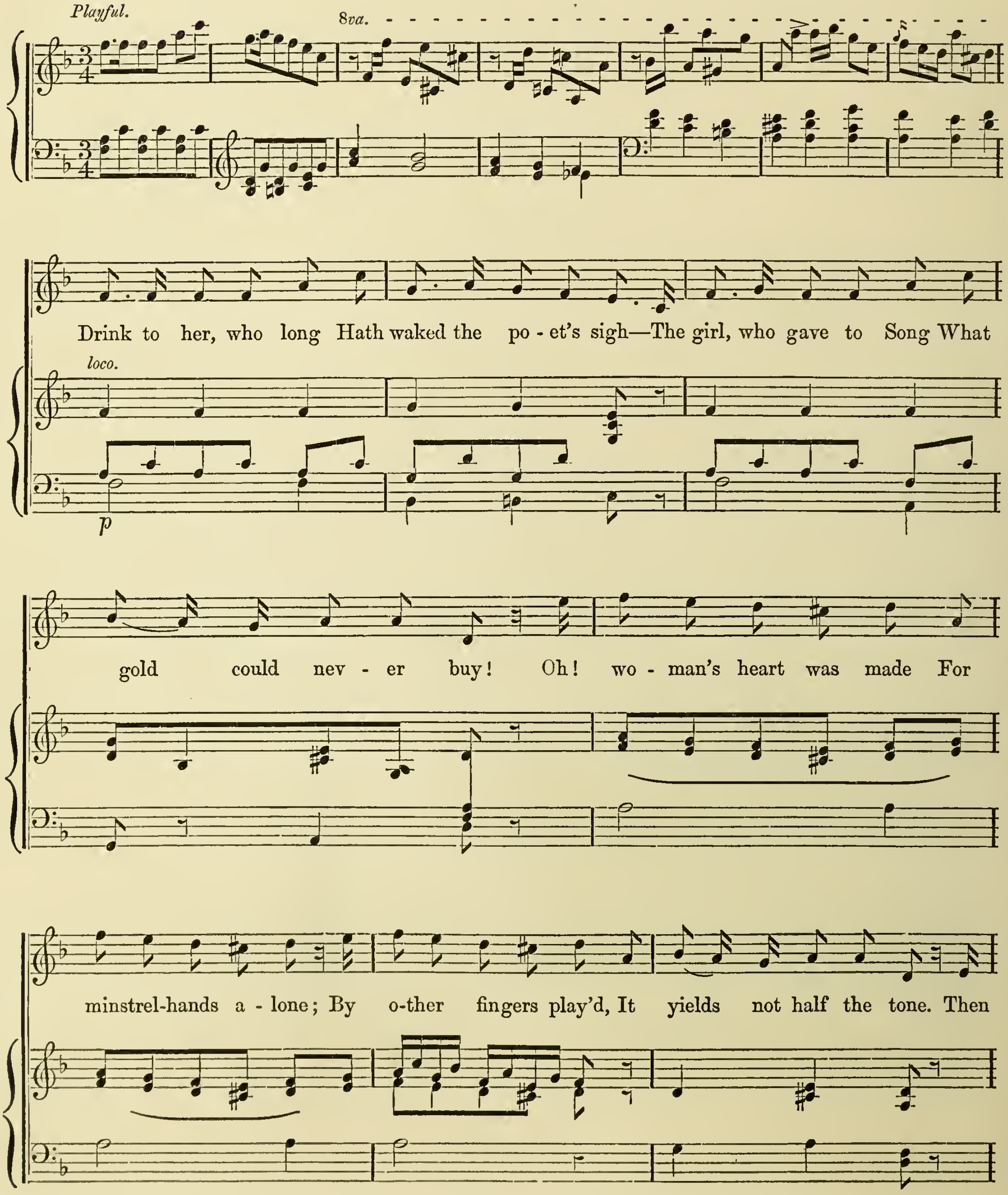
They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale!
They say too, so long thou hast worn those lingering chains,
That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
Oh! do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue;
Where shineth *thy* spirit, there liberty shineth too! *

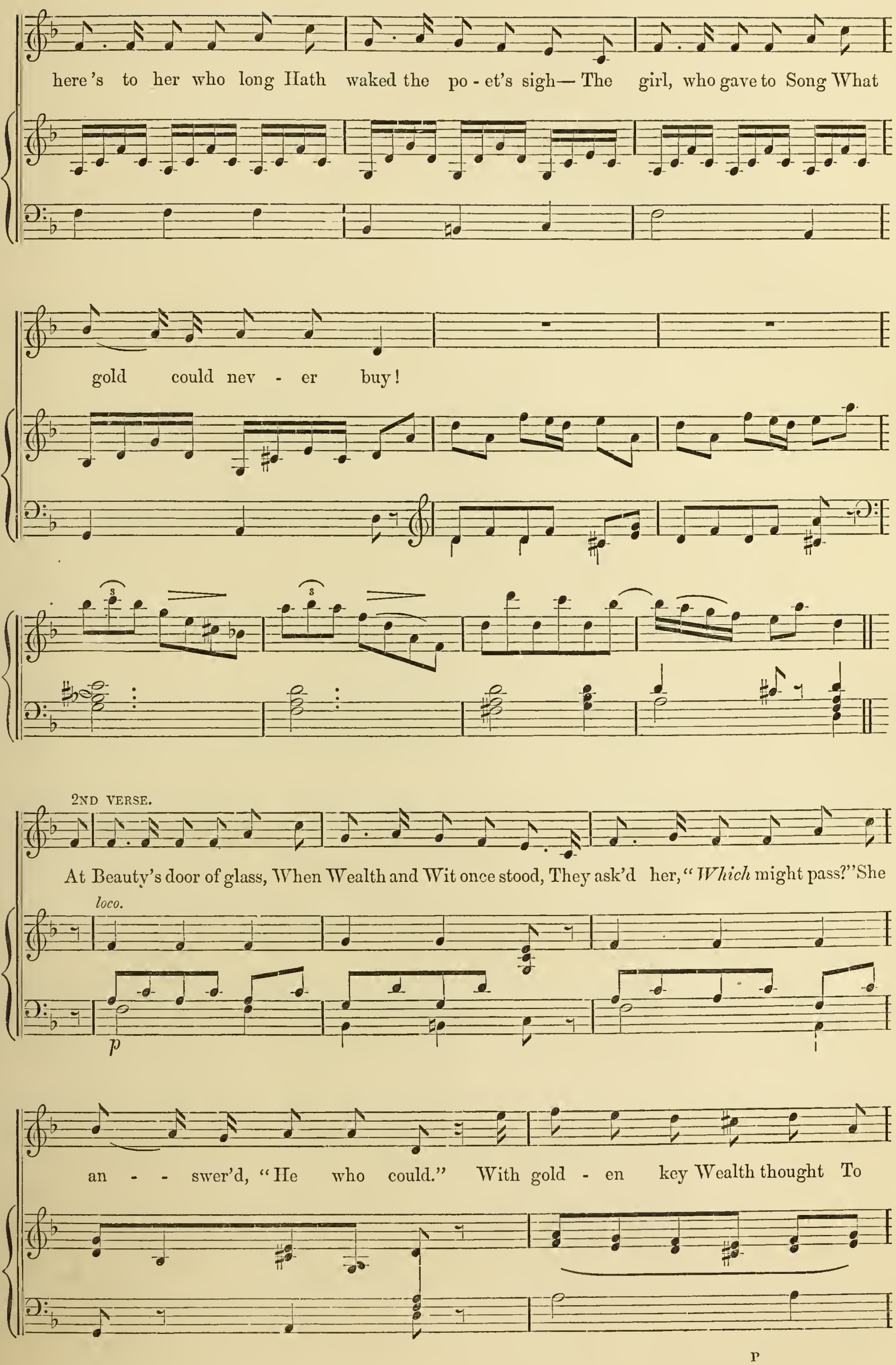
---

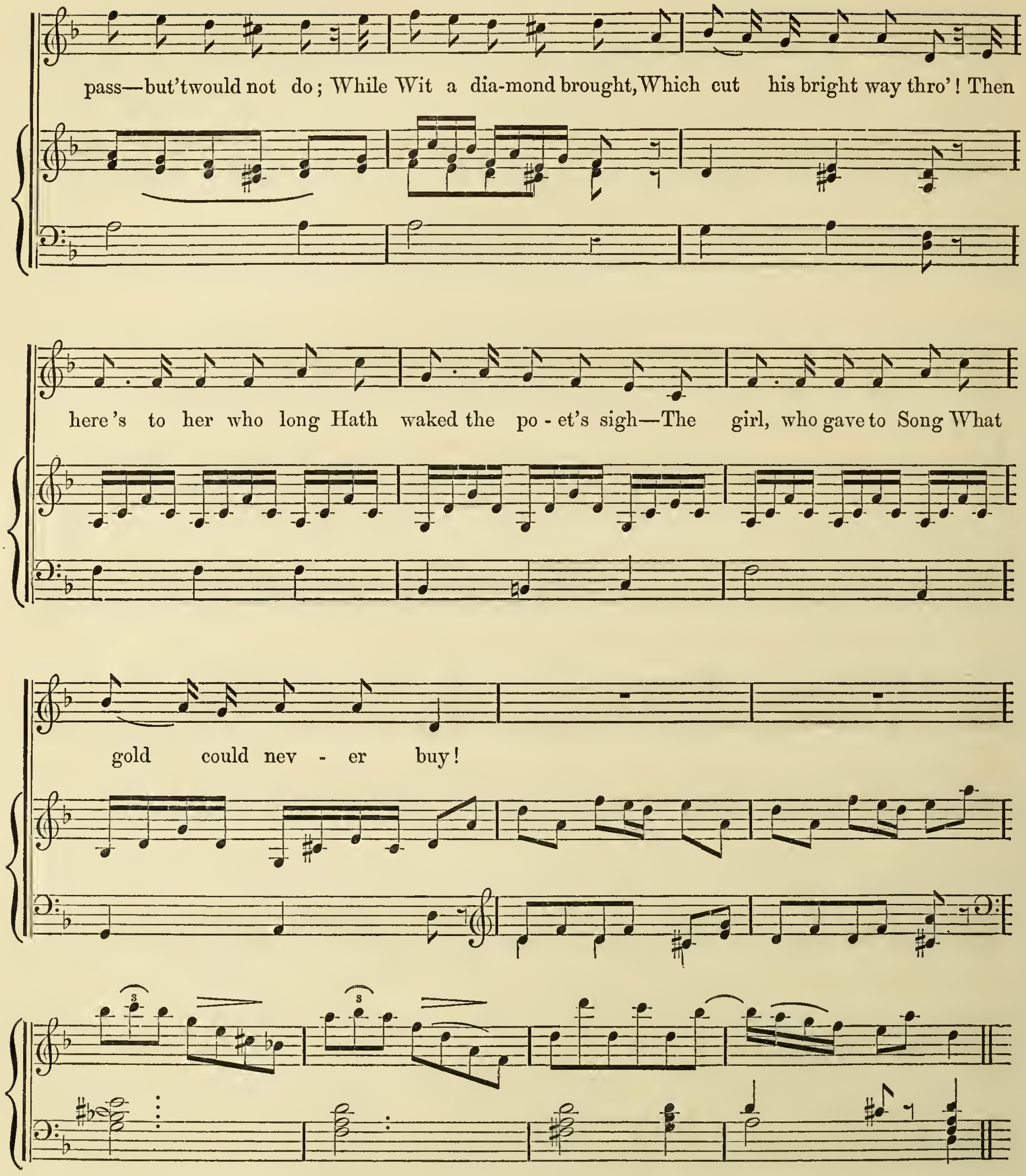
* "Where the Spirit of the LORD is, there is liberty."—ST. PAUL, 2 *Corinthians* iii. 17.

DRINK TO HER.

AIR—HEIGH HO! MY JACKEY.

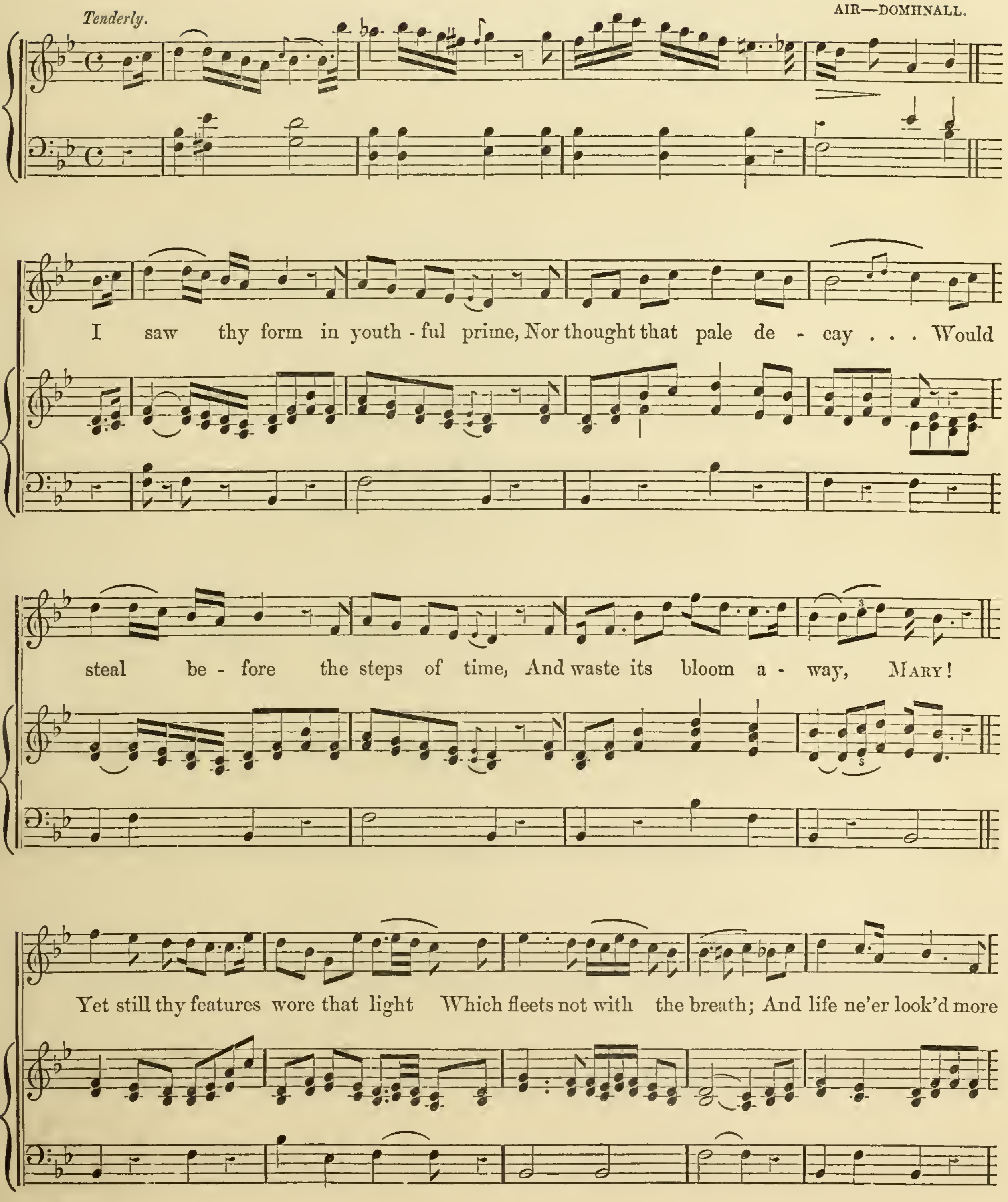

Playful.
8va.
Drink to her, who long Hath waked the po - et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What
loco.
p
gold could nev - er buy! Oh! wo - man's heart was made For
minstrel-hands a - lone; By o-ther fingers play'd, It yields not half the tone. Then

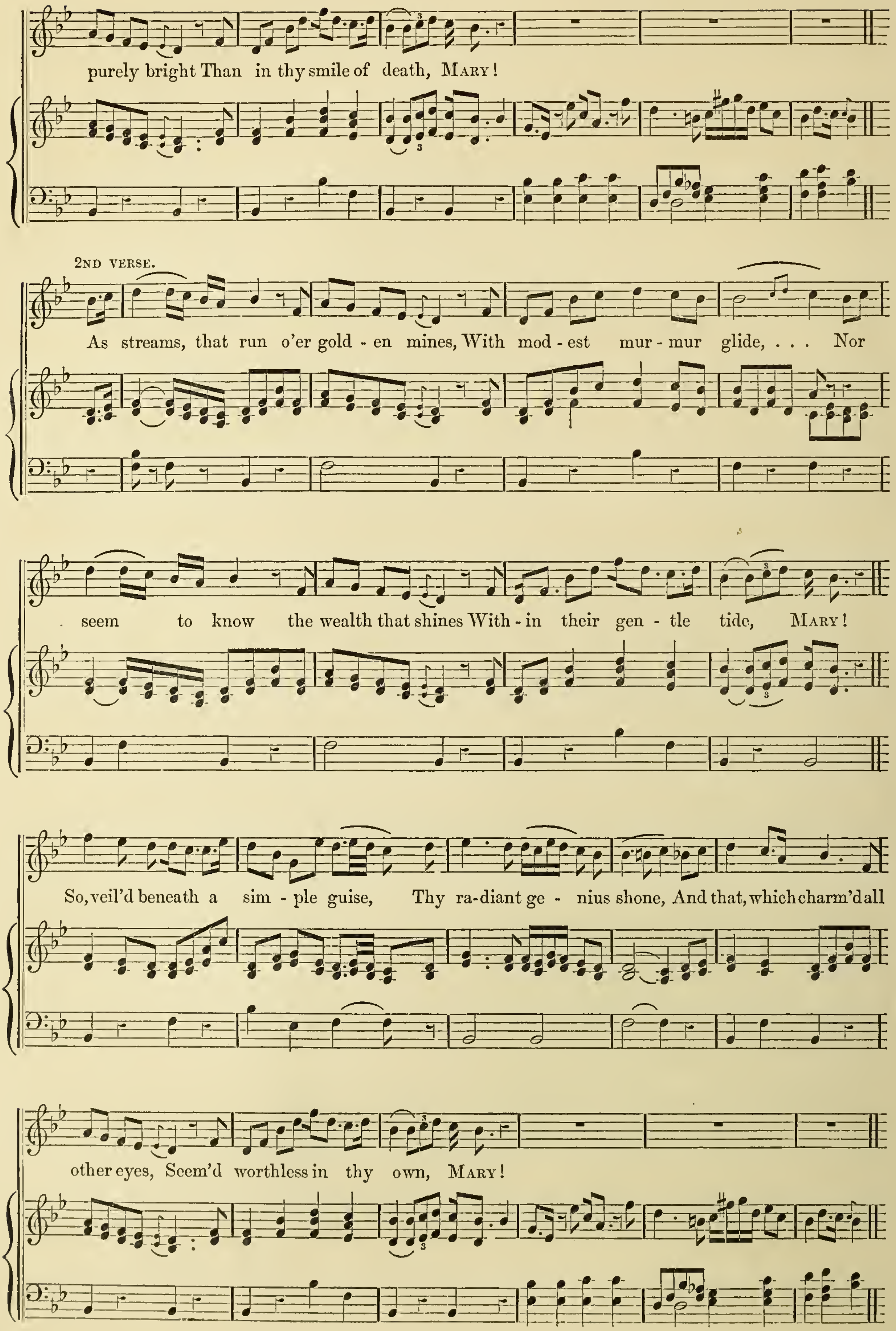

here's to her who long Hath waked the po - et's sigh— The girl, who gave to Song What
gold could nev - er buy!
s
s
2ND VERSE.
At Beauty's door of glass, When Wealth and Wit once stood, They ask'd her, "*Which* might pass?" She
loco.
p
an - - swer'd, "He who could." With gold - en key Wealth thought To
p


pass—but'twould not do; While Wit a dia-mond brought, Which cut his bright way thro'! Then
here's to her who long Hath waked the po - et's sigh—The girl, who gave to Song What
gold could nev - er buy!
3
3

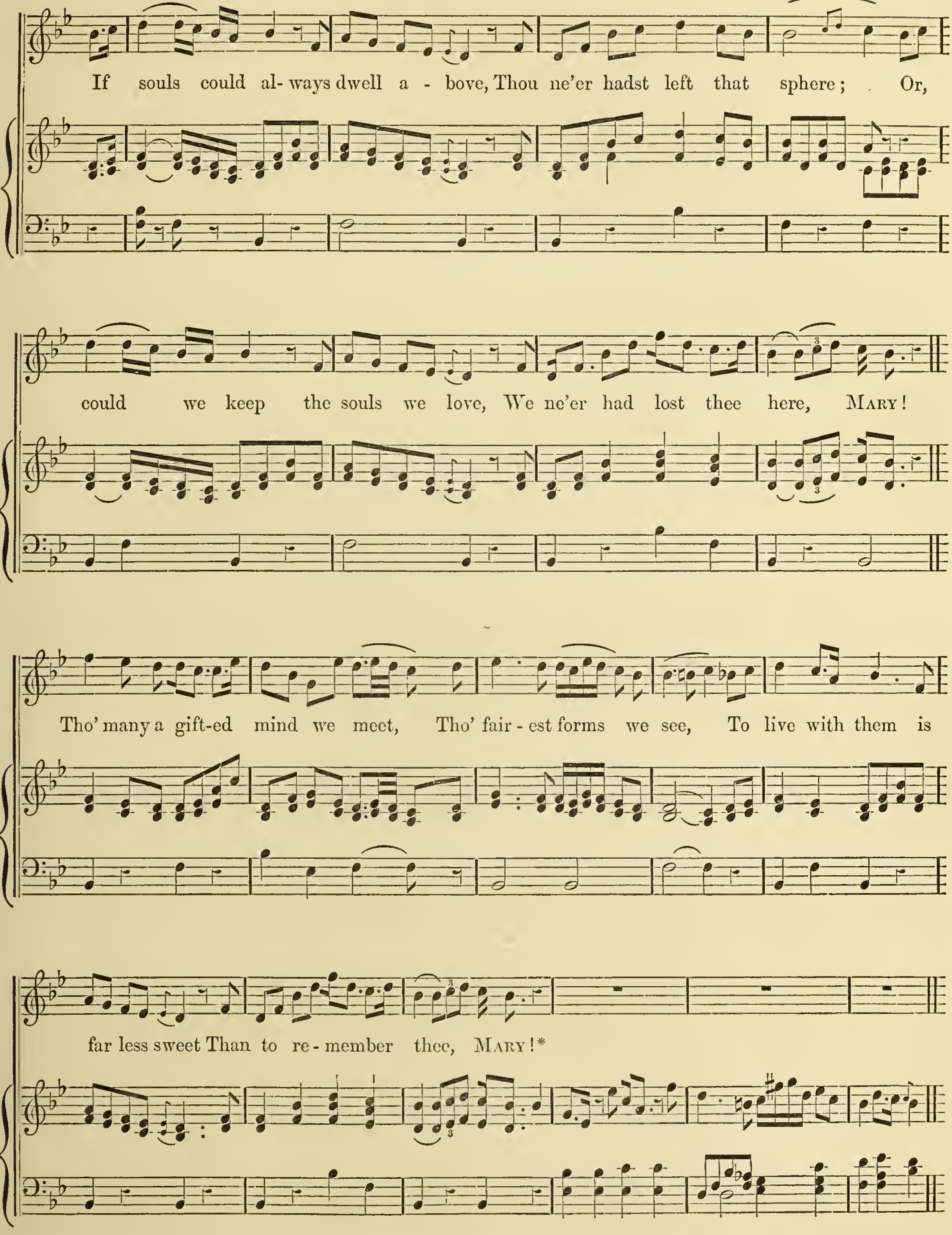
The Love, that seeks a home
  Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
  That dwells in dark gold mines:
But, oh! the poet's love
  Can boast a brighter sphere;
Its native home's above,
  Though woman keeps it here!
Then drink to her who long
  Hath waked the poet's sigh—
The girl, who gave to Song
  What gold could never buy!

I SAW THY FORM.


Tenderly.
AIR—DOMHNALL.
I saw thy form in youth - ful prime, Nor thought that pale de - cay . . . Would
steal be - fore the steps of time, And waste its bloom a - way, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light Which fleets not with the breath; And life ne'er look'd more


purely bright Than in thy smile of death, Mary!
2nd verse.
As streams, that run o'er gold - en mines, With mod - est mur - mur glide, . . . Nor
. seem to know the wealth that shines With - in their gen - tle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath a sim - ple guise, Thy ra-diant ge - nius shone, And that, which charm'd all
other eyes, Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!
3

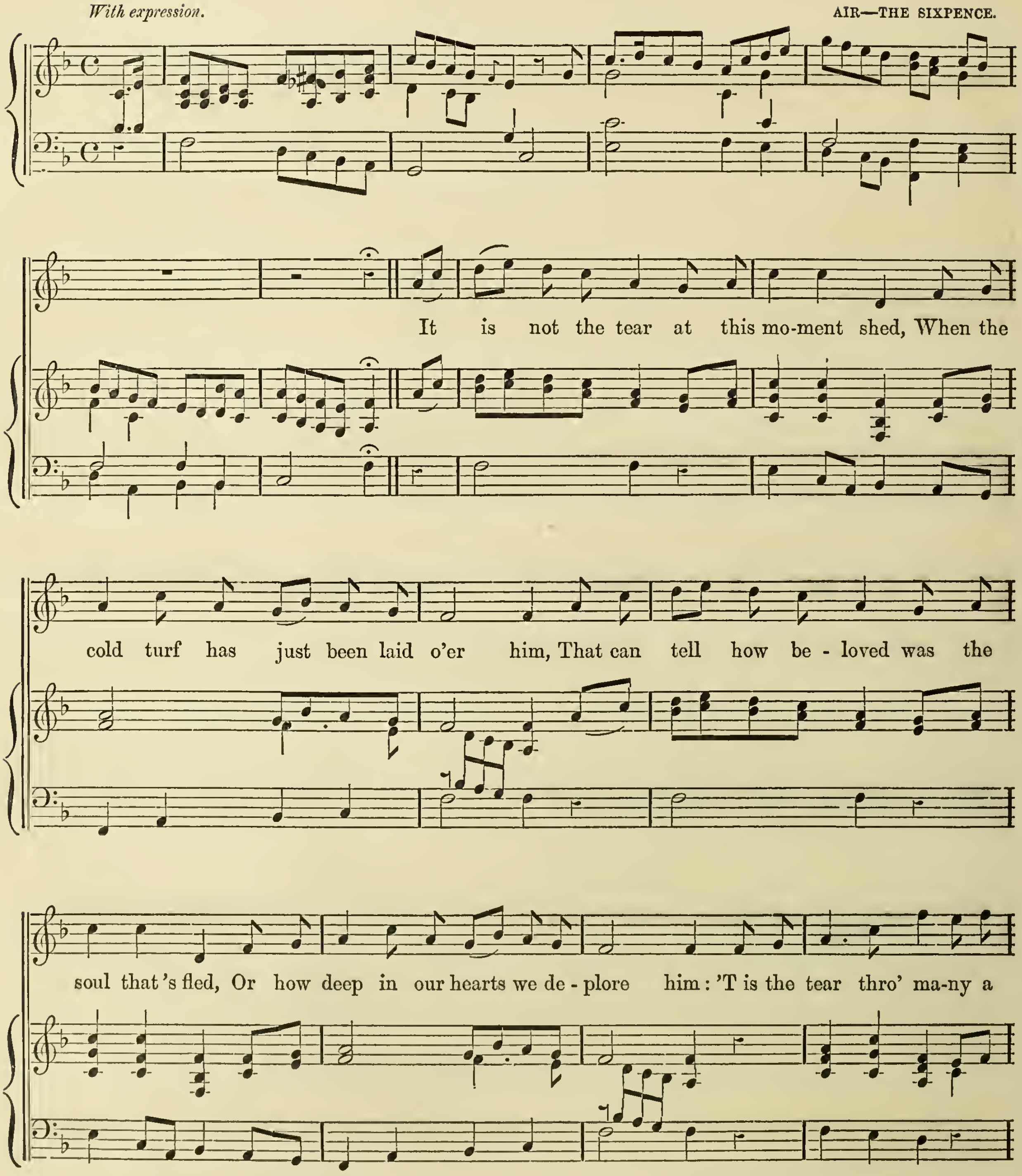
3RD VERSE.


If souls could al- ways dwell a - bove, Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere; Or,
could we keep the souls we love, We ne'er had lost thee here, MARY!
Tho' many a gift-ed mind we meet, Tho' fair - est forms we see, To live with them is
far less sweet Than to re - member thee, MARY!*

---

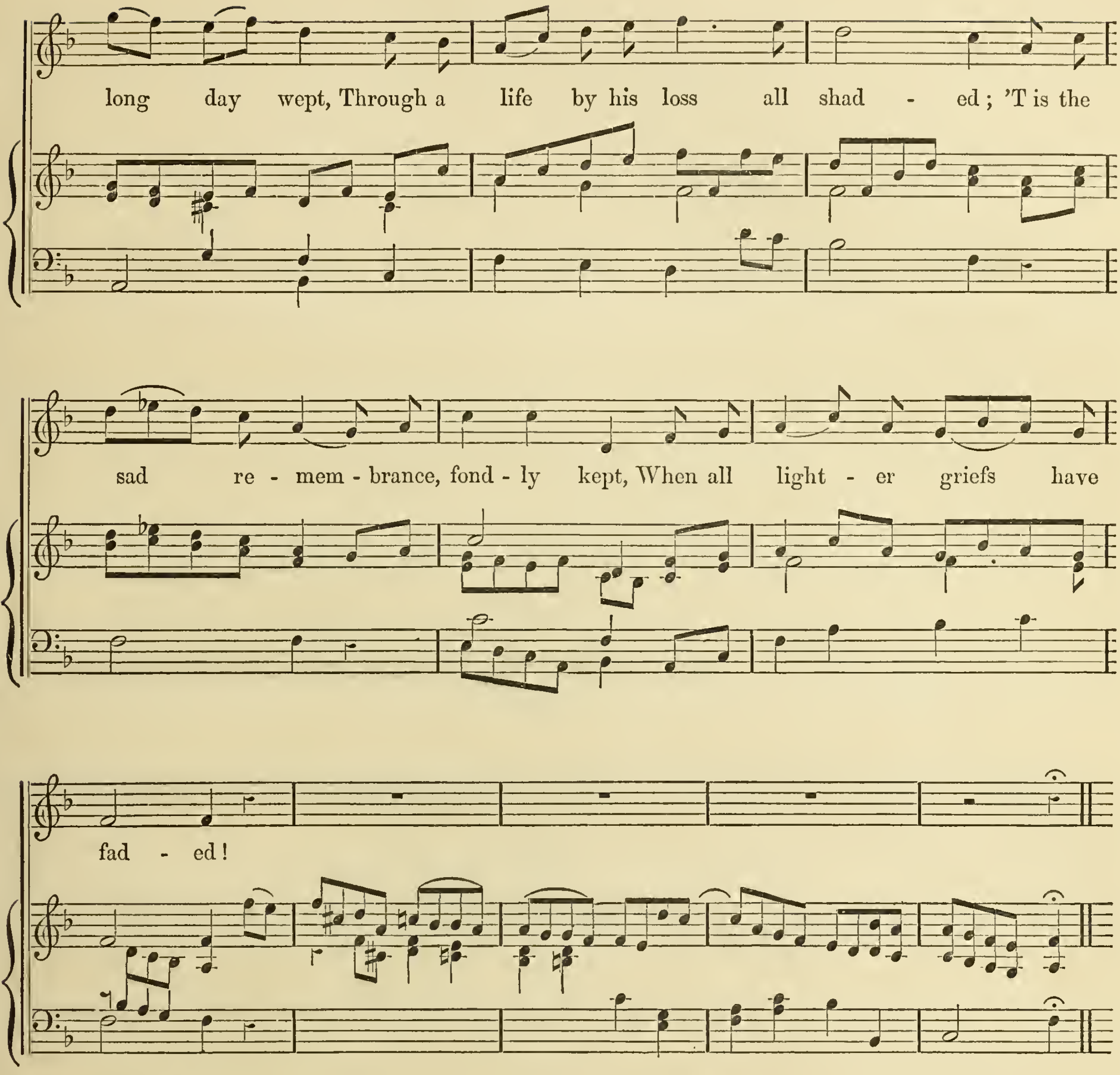
* I have here made a feeble effort to imitate that exquisite inscription of SHENSTONE'S—"*Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse?*"

IT IS NOT THE TEAR AT THIS MOMENT SHED.*


With expression.
AIR—THE SIXPENCE.
It is not the tear at this mo-ment shed, When the
cold turf has just been laid o'er him, That can tell how be - loved was the
soul that 's fled, Or how deep in our hearts we de - plore him: 'T is the tear thro' ma-ny a

---

* These lines were occasioned by the loss of a very near and dear relative, who died lately at Madeira.

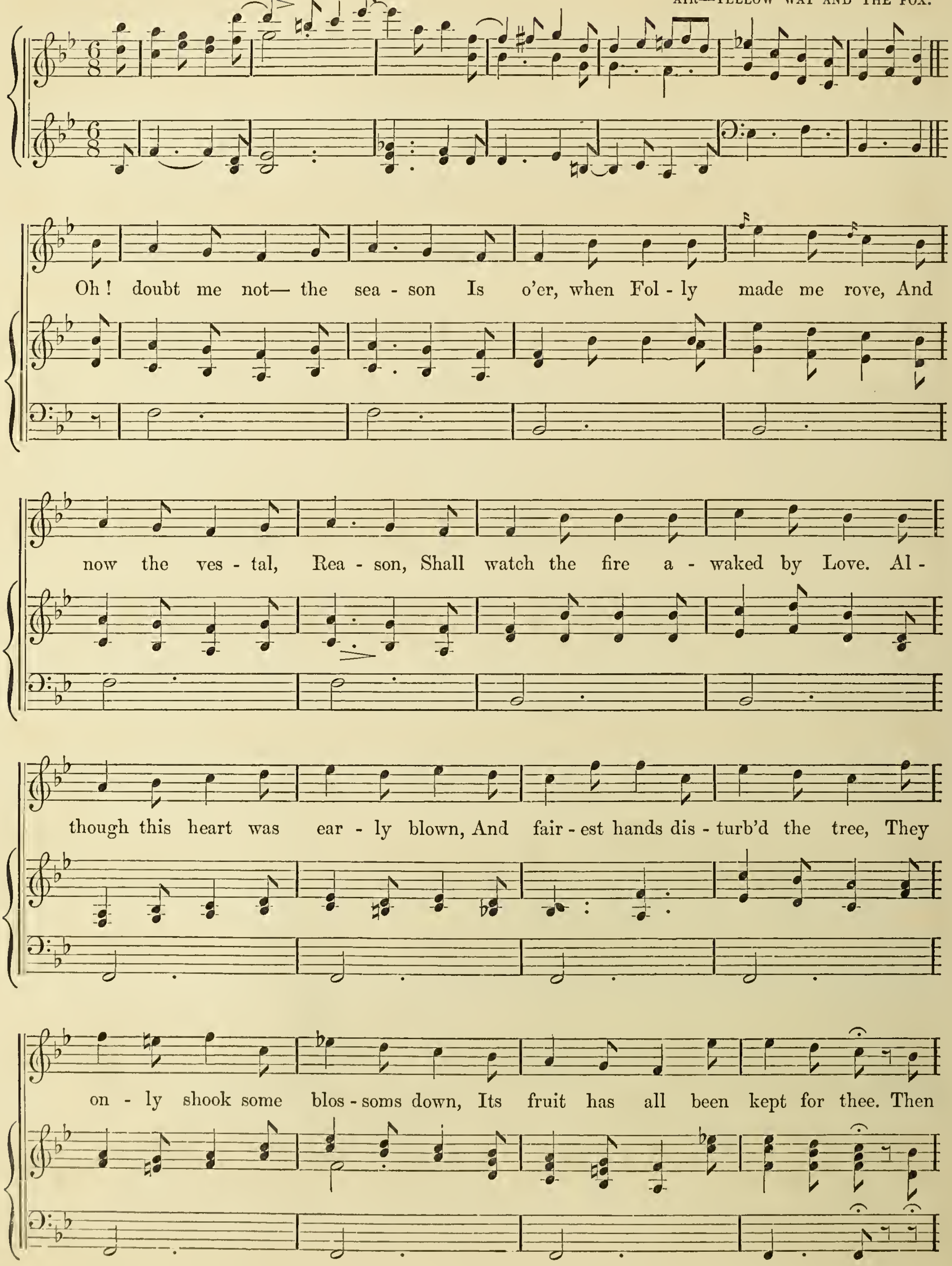

long day wept, Through a life by his loss all shad - ed; 'T is the
sad re - mem - brance, fond - ly kept, When all light - er griefs have
fad - ed!

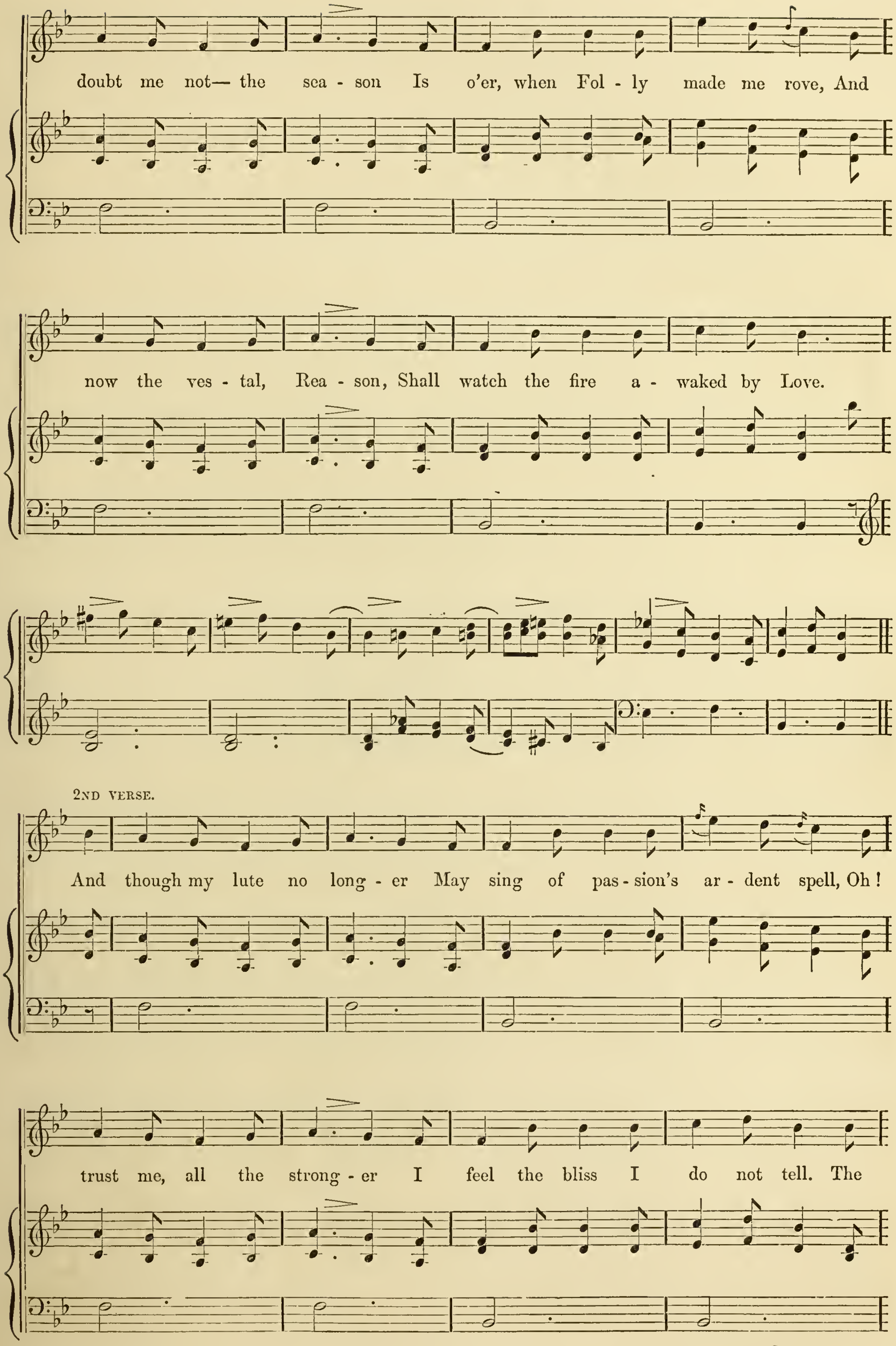
Oh! thus shall we mourn; and his memory's light,
  While it shines through our hearts, will improve them;
For worth shall look fairer, and truth more bright,
  When we think how he lived but to love them!
And, as buried saints the grave perfume,
  Where, fadeless, they 've long been lying,
So our hearts shall borrow a sweet'ning bloom
  From the image he left there in dying!

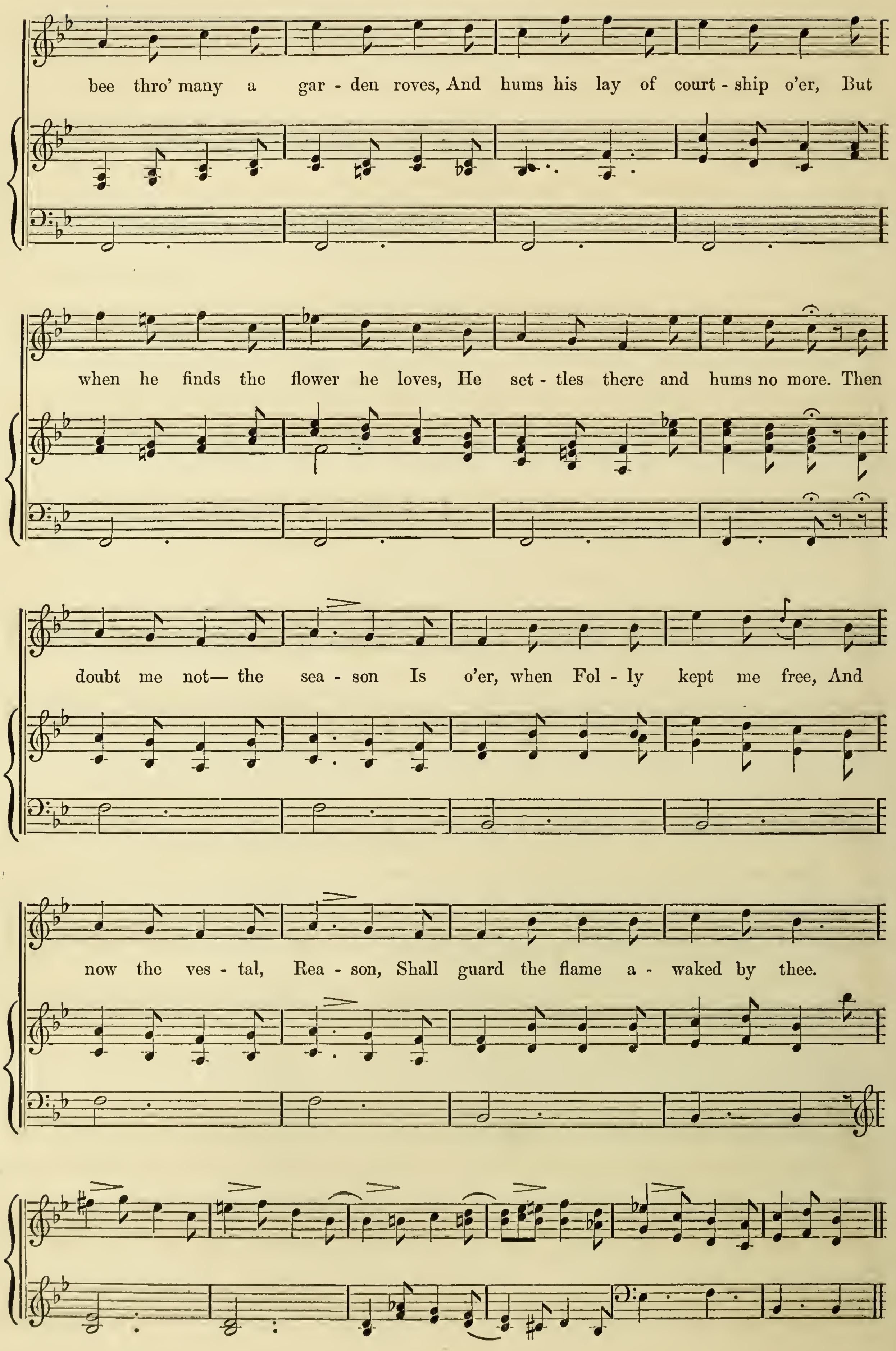
OH! DOUBT ME NOT.

With feeling and cheerfulness.

AIR—YELLOW WAT AND THE FOX.

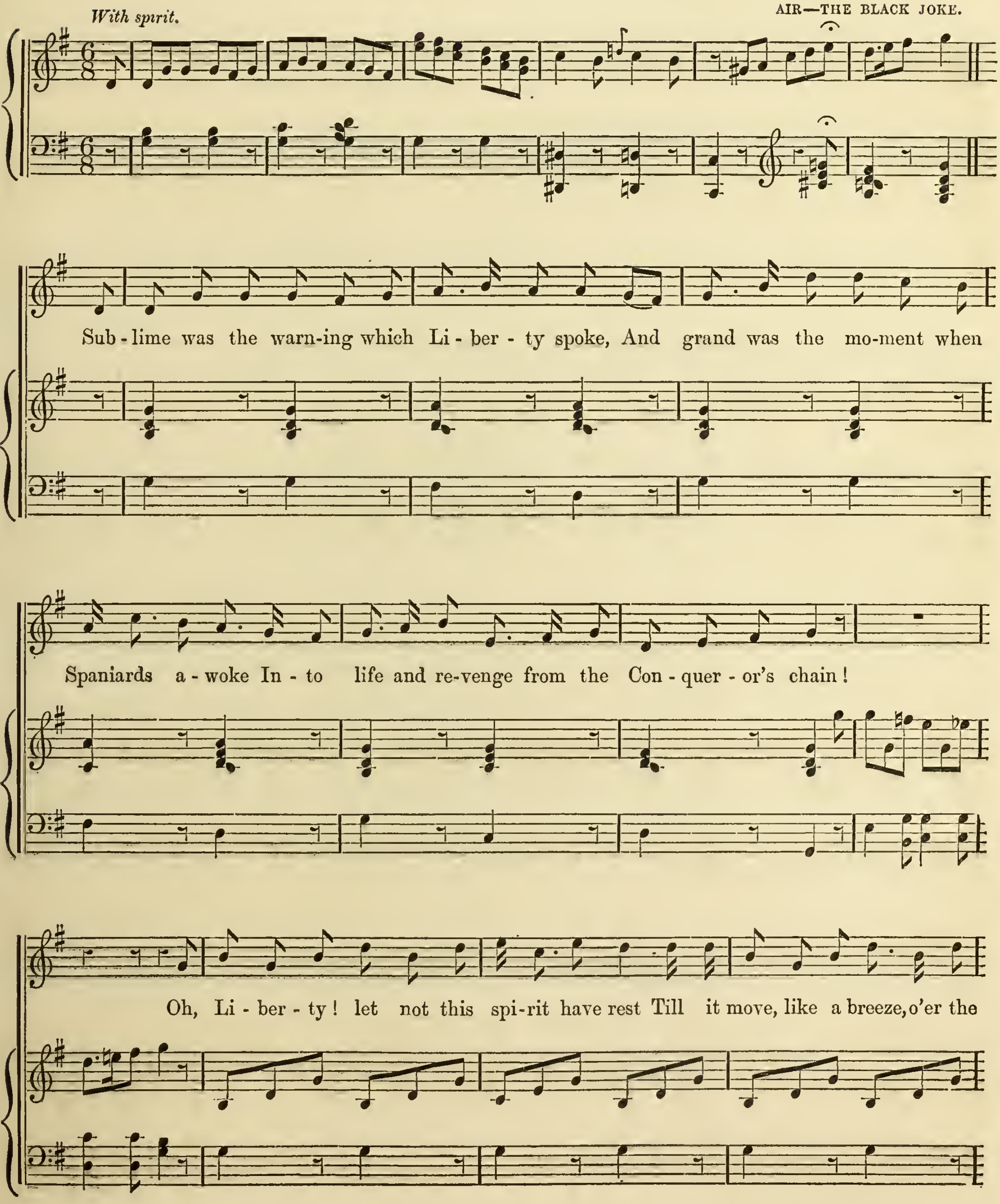

Oh! doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er, when Fol - ly made me rove, And
now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - waked by Love. Al -
though this heart was ear - ly blown, And fair - est hands dis - turb'd the tree, They
on - ly shook some blos - soms down, Its fruit has all been kept for thee. Then

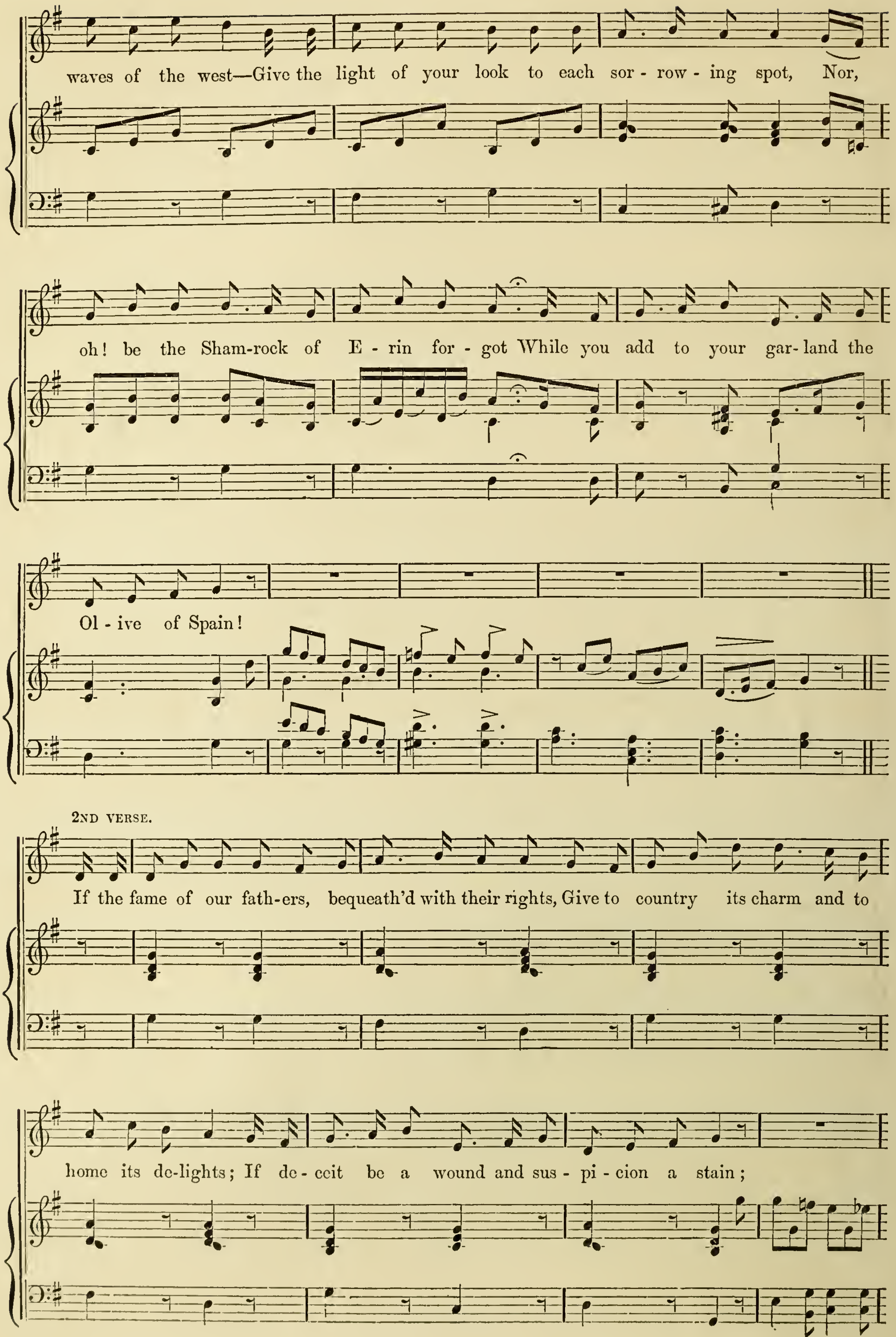

doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er, when Fol - ly made me rove, And
now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall watch the fire a - waked by Love.
2ND VERSE.
And though my lute no long - er May sing of pas - sion's ar - dent spell, Oh!
trust me, all the strong - er I feel the bliss I do not tell. The

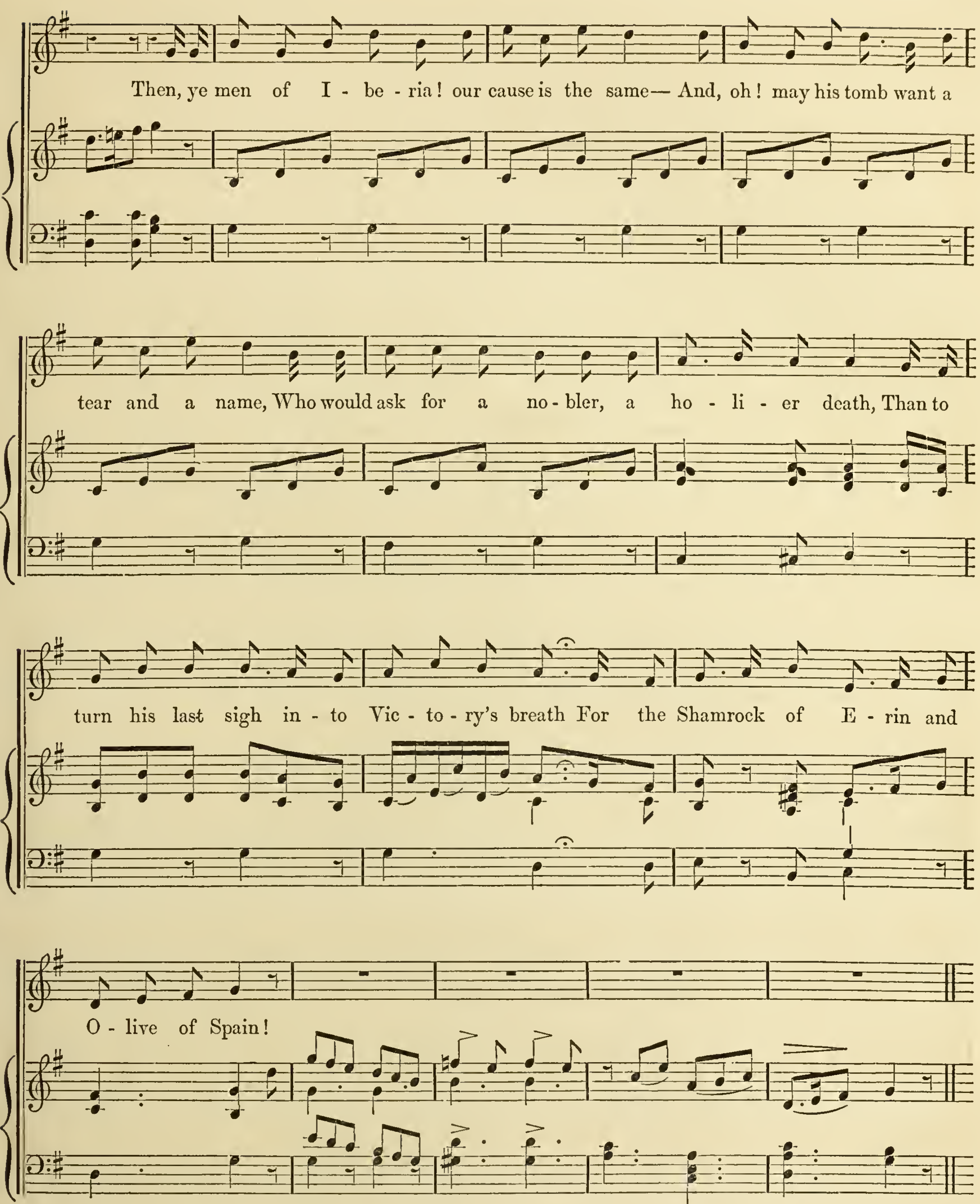

bee thro' many a gar - den roves, And hums his lay of court - ship o'er, But
when he finds the flower he loves, He set - tles there and hums no more. Then
doubt me not— the sea - son Is o'er, when Fol - ly kept me free, And
now the ves - tal, Rea - son, Shall guard the flame a - waked by thee.

SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING WHICH LIBERTY SPOKE.

AIR—THE BLACK JOKE.


With spirit.
Sub - lime was the warn-ing which Li - ber - ty spoke, And grand was the mo-ment when
Spaniards a - woke In - to life and re-venge from the Con - quer - or's chain!
Oh, Li - ber - ty! let not this spi-rit have rest Till it move, like a breeze, o'er the


waves of the west—Give the light of your look to each sor - row - ing spot, Nor,
oh! be the Sham-rock of E - rin for - got While you add to your gar-land the
Ol - ive of Spain!
2ND VERSE.
If the fame of our fath-ers, bequeath'd with their rights, Give to country its charm and to
home its de-lights; If de - ceit be a wound and sus - pi - cion a stain;


Then, ye men of I - be - ria! our cause is the same— And, oh! may his tomb want a
tear and a name, Who would ask for a no - bler, a ho - li - er death, Than to
turn his last sigh in - to Vic - to - ry's breath For the Shamrock of E - rin and
O - live of Spain!

III.

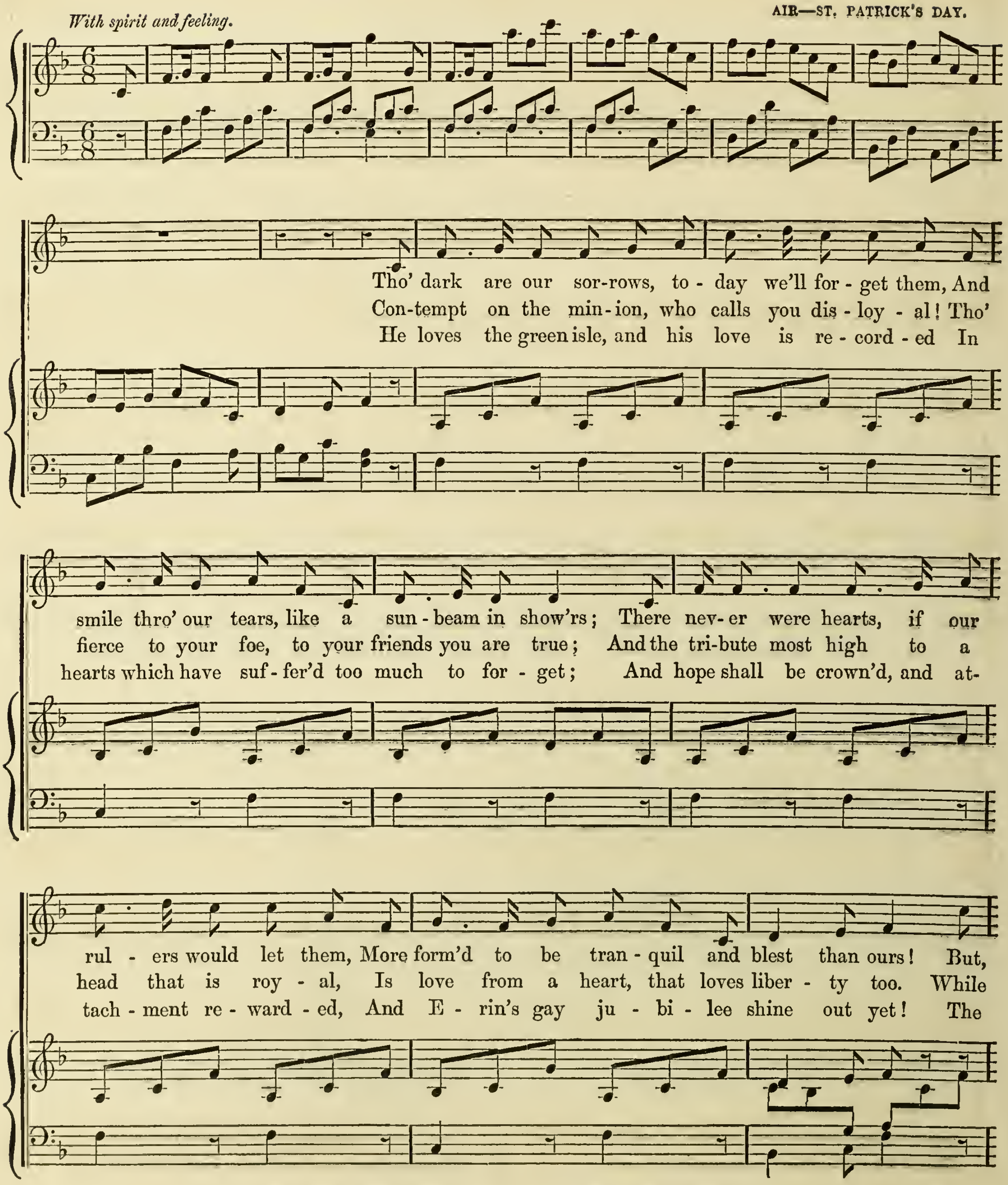
Ye Blakes and O'Donnels, whose fathers resign'd
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
  That repose which, at home, they had sigh'd for in vain,
Breathe a hope that the magical flame, which you light,
May be felt yet in Erin, as calm and as bright;
And forgive even Albion, while, blushing, she draws,
Like a truant, her sword, in the long-slighted cause
  Of the Shamrock of Erin and Olive of Spain!

IV.

God prosper the cause!—Oh! it cannot but thrive,
While the pulse of one patriot heart is alive,
  Its devotion to feel and its rights to maintain:
Then how sainted by sorrow its martyrs will die!
The finger of glory shall point where they lie;
While far from the footstep of coward or slave,
The young Spirit of Freedom shall shelter their grave
  Beneath Shamrocks of Erin and Olives of Spain!

THE PRINCE'S DAY.*

THOUGH DARK ARE OUR SORROWS.


With spirit and feeling.
AIR—ST. PATRICK'S DAY.
Tho' dark are our sorrows, to-day we'll for-get them, And
Con-tempt on the min-ion, who calls you dis-loy-al! Tho'
He loves the green isle, and his love is re-cord-ed In
smile thro' our tears, like a sun-beam in show'rs; There nev-er were hearts, if our
fierce to your foe, to your friends you are true; And the tri-bute most high to a
hearts which have suf-fer'd too much to for-get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at-
rul-ers would let them, More form'd to be tran-quil and blest than ours! But,
head that is roy-al, Is love from a heart, that loves liber-ty too. While
tach-ment re-ward-ed, And E-rin's gay ju-bi-lee shine out yet! The

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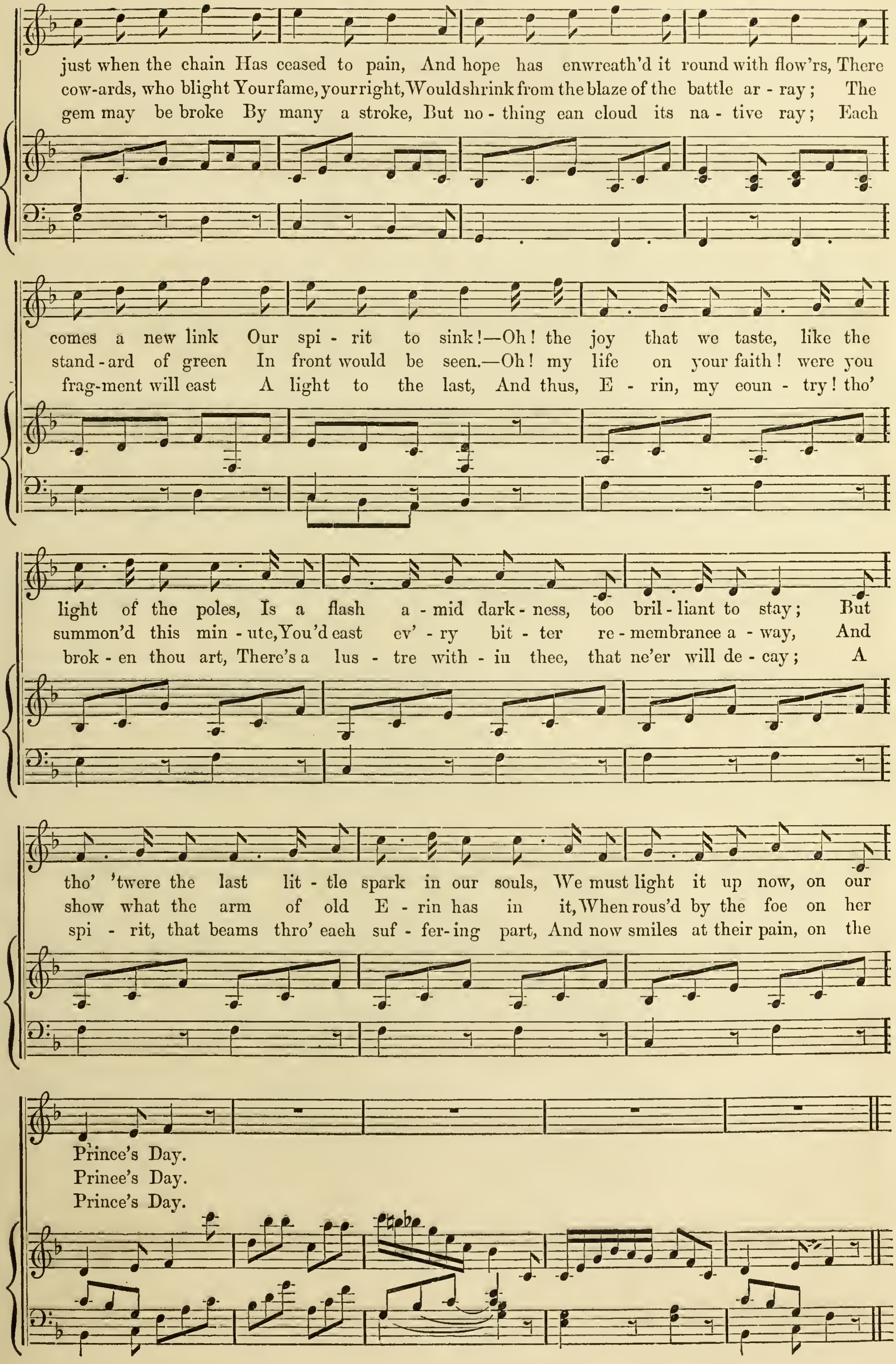
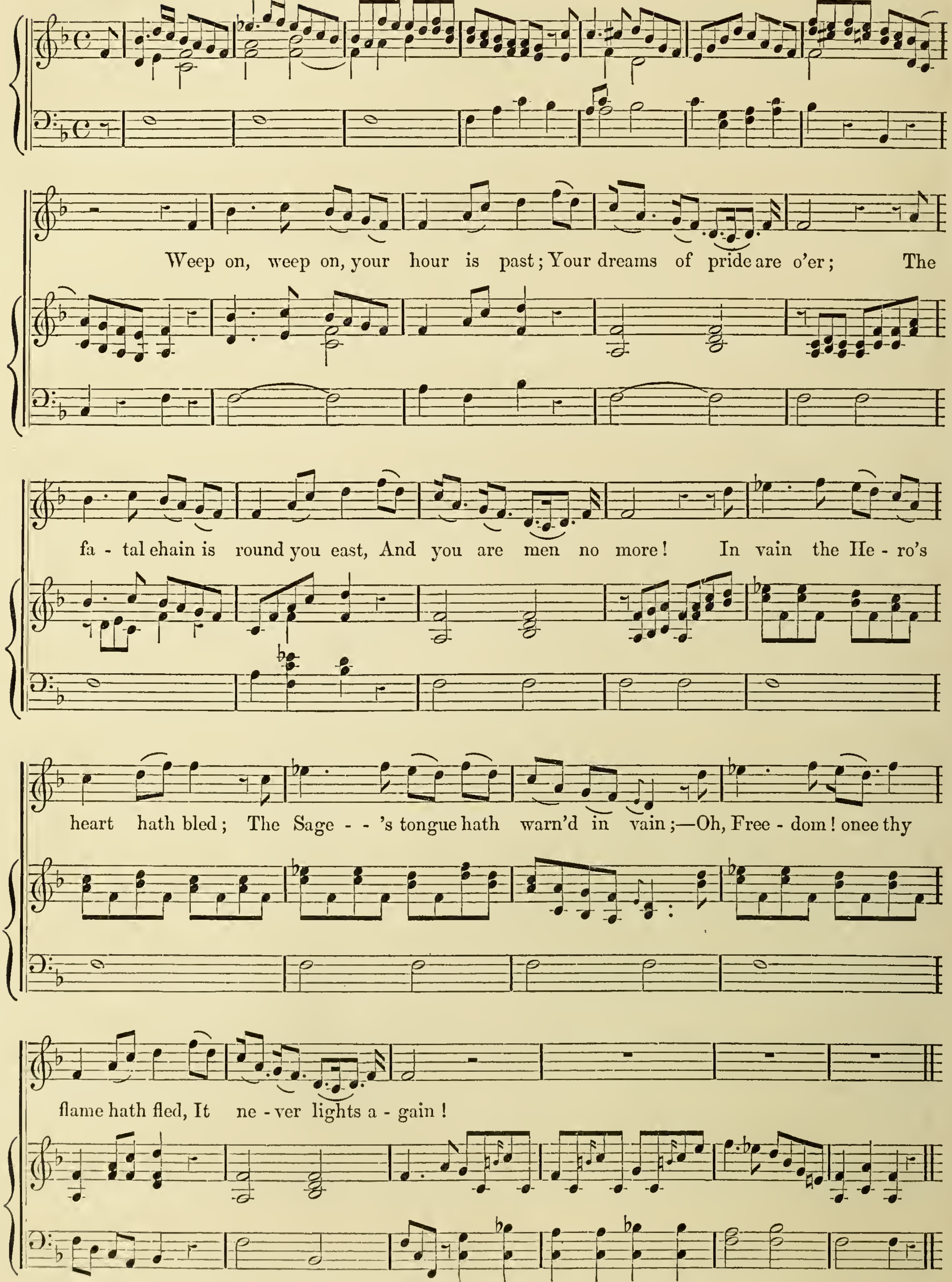
* This Song was written for a Fête in honour of the PRINCE OF WALES's Birth-day, given by my friend, Major BRYAN, last year (1810), at his seat in the county of Kilkenny.

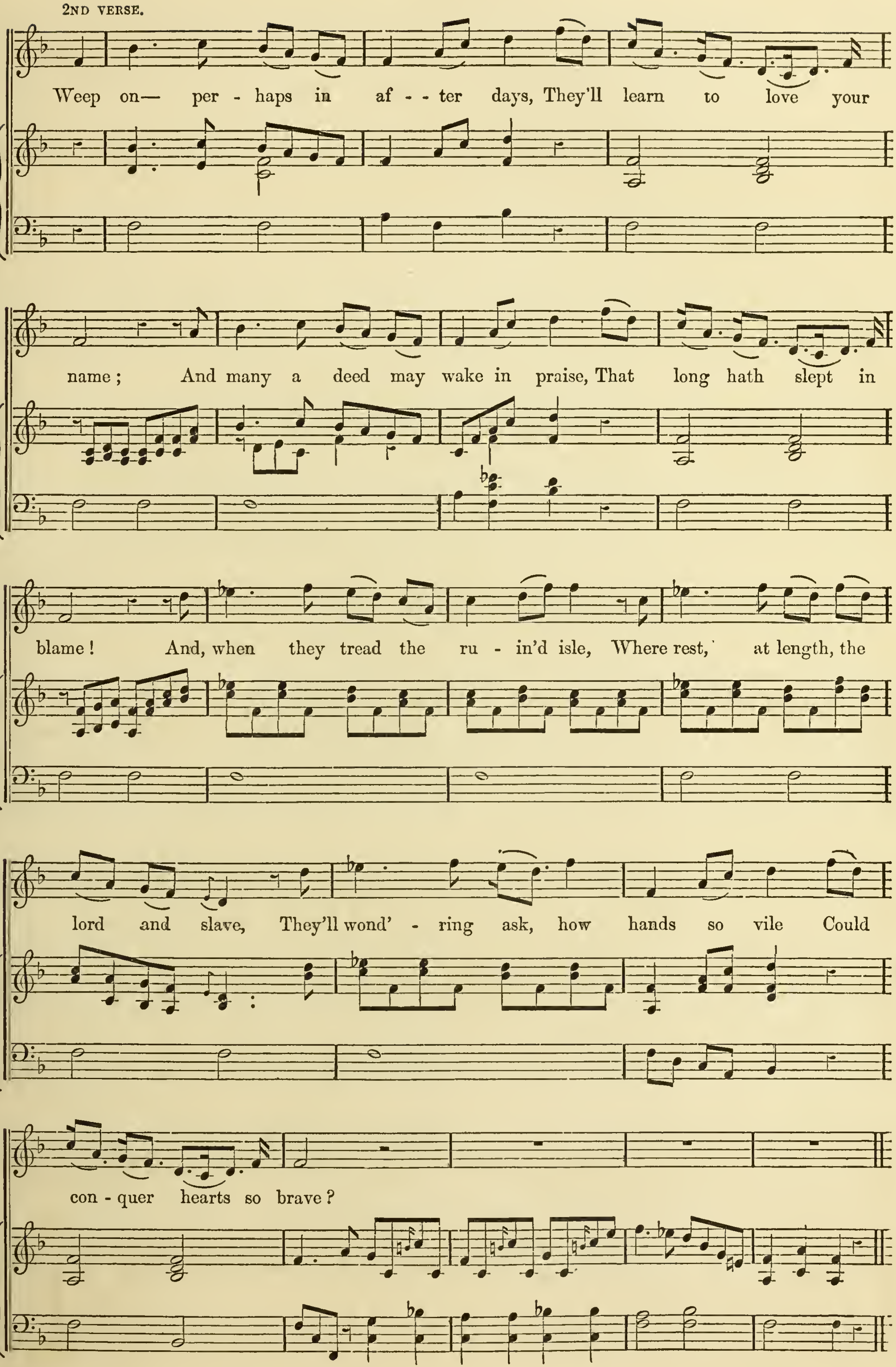

just when the chain Has ceased to pain, And hope has enwreath'd it round with flow'rs, There
cow-ards, who blight Your fame, your right, Would shrink from the blaze of the battle ar - ray; The
gem may be broke By many a stroke, But no - thing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each
comes a new link Our spi - rit to sink!—Oh! the joy that we taste, like the
stand - ard of green In front would be seen.—Oh! my life on your faith! were you
frag-ment will cast A light to the last, And thus, E - rin, my coun - try! tho'
light of the poles, Is a flash a - mid dark - ness, too bril - liant to stay; But
summon'd this min - ute, You'd cast ev' - ry bit - ter re - membrance a - way, And
brok - en thou art, There's a lus - tre with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay; A
tho' 'twere the last lit - tle spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our
show what the arm of old E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her
spi - rit, that beams thro' each suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at their pain, on the
Prince's Day.
Prince's Day.
Prince's Day.

WEEP ON, WEEP ON.

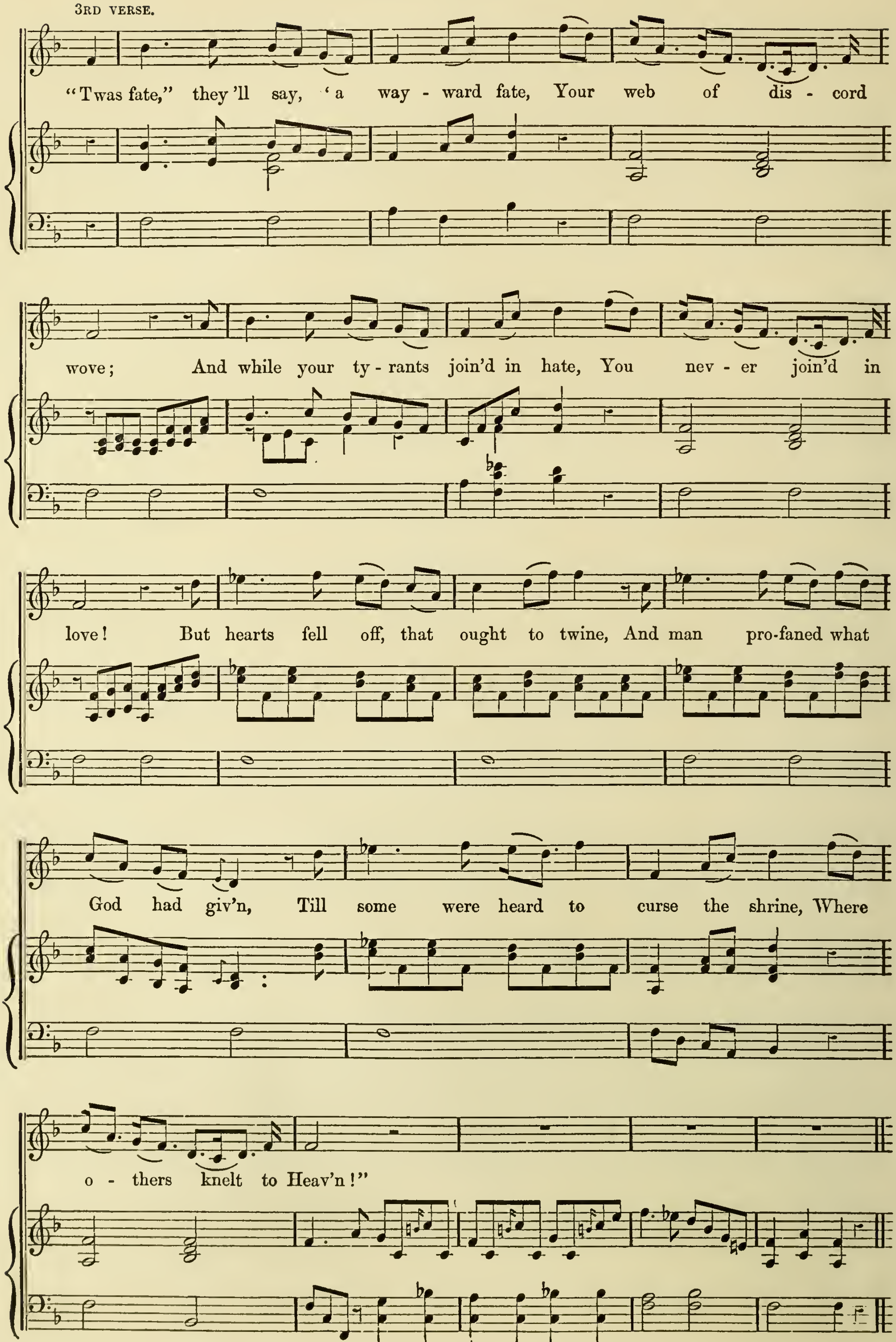
Mournfully.

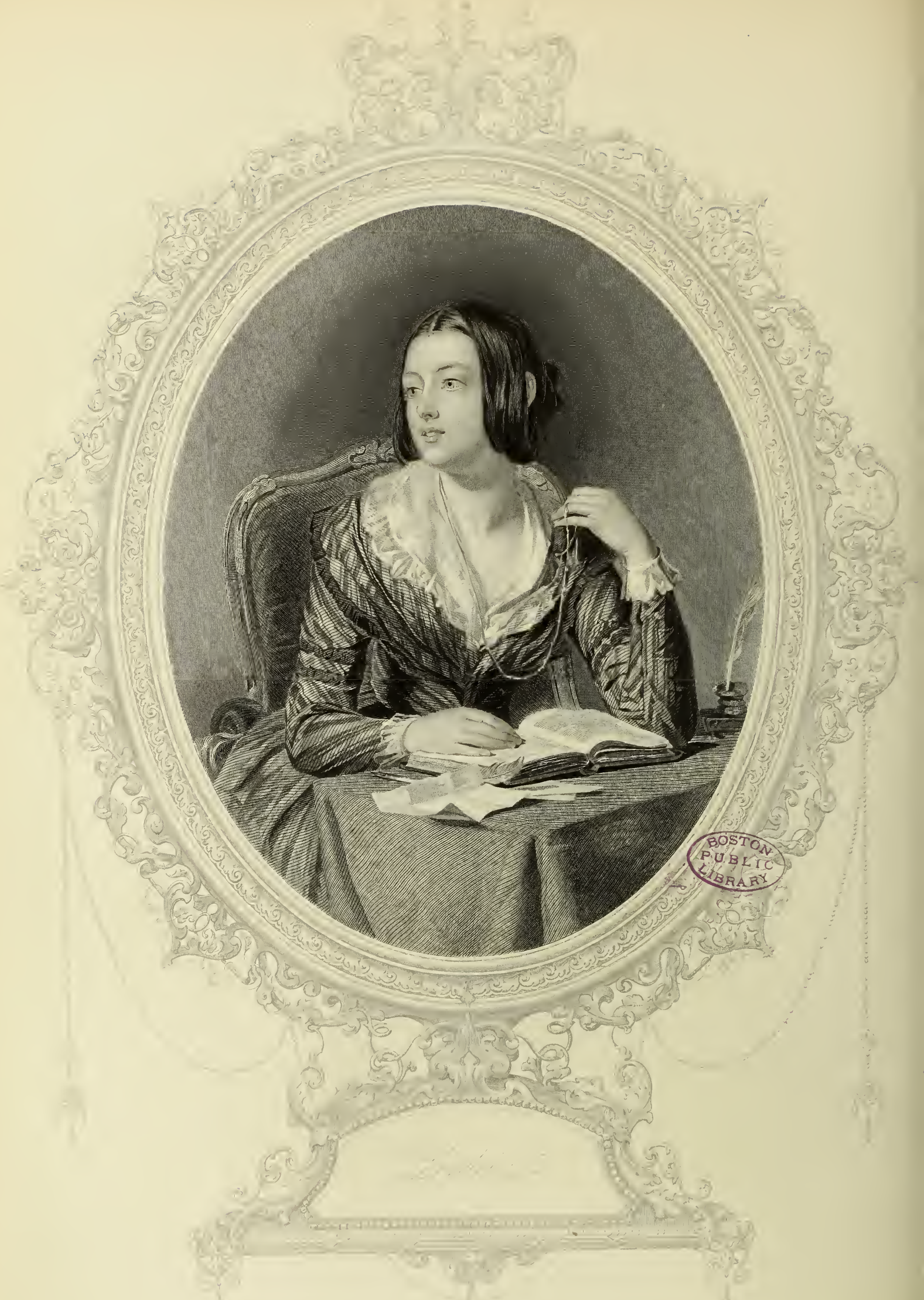
AIR—THE SONG OF SORROW.


Weep on, weep on, your hour is past; Your dreams of pride are o'er; The
fa - tal chain is round you cast, And you are men no more! In vain the He - ro's
heart hath bled; The Sage - - 's tongue hath warn'd in vain;—Oh, Free - dom! once thy
flame hath fled, It ne - ver lights a - gain!


2ND VERSE.
Weep on— per - haps in af - - ter days, They'll learn to love your
name; And many a deed may wake in praise, That long hath slept in
blame! And, when they tread the ru - in'd isle, Where rest, at length, the
lord and slave, They'll wond' - ring ask, how hands so vile Could
con - quer hearts so brave?

3RD VERSE.


"Twas fate," they 'll say, 'a way - ward fate, Your web of dis - cord
wove; And while your ty - rants join'd in hate, You nev - er join'd in
love! But hearts fell off, that ought to twine, And man pro-faned what
God had giv'n, Till some were heard to curse the shrine, Where
o - thers knelt to Heav'n!"



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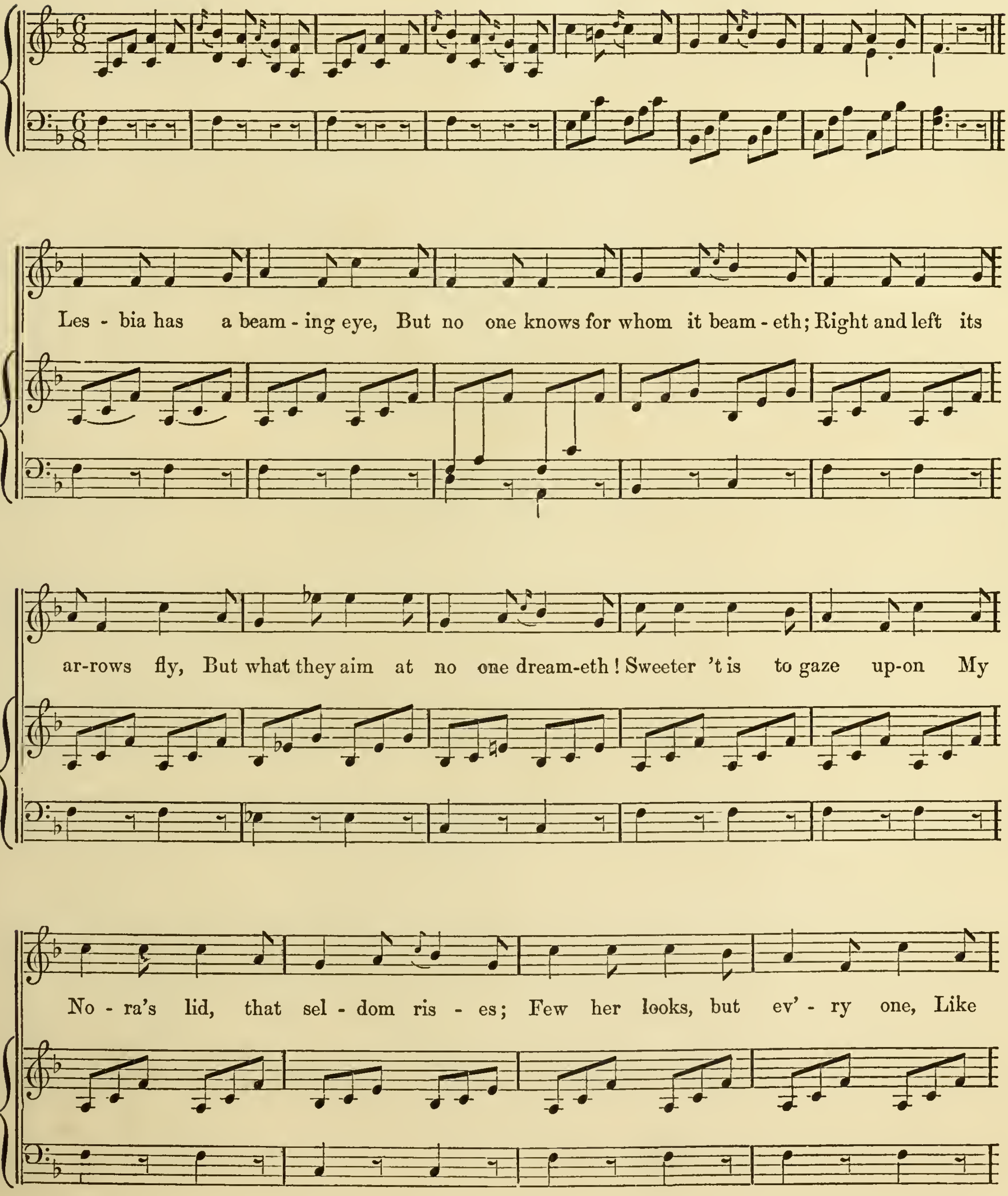
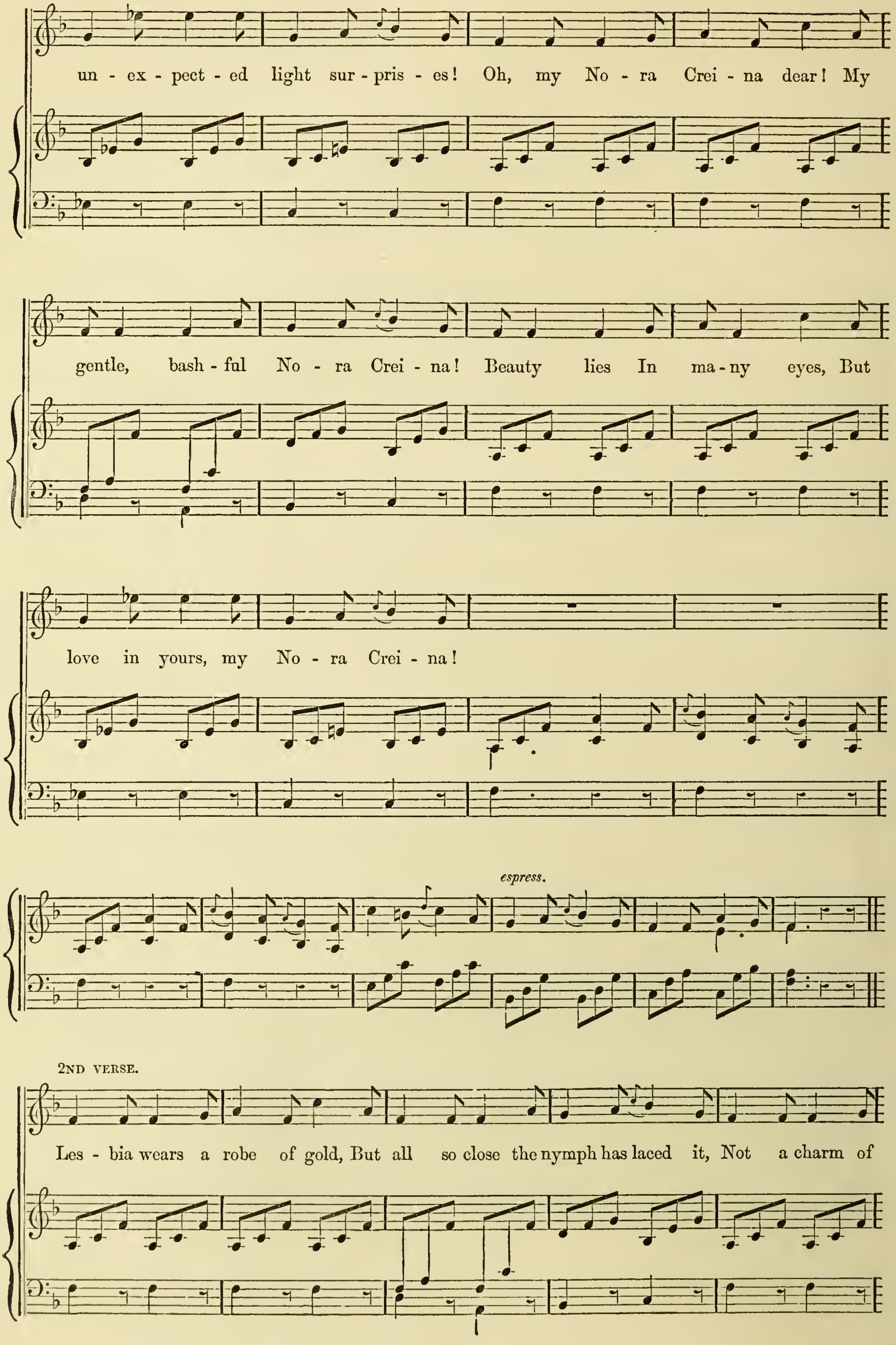
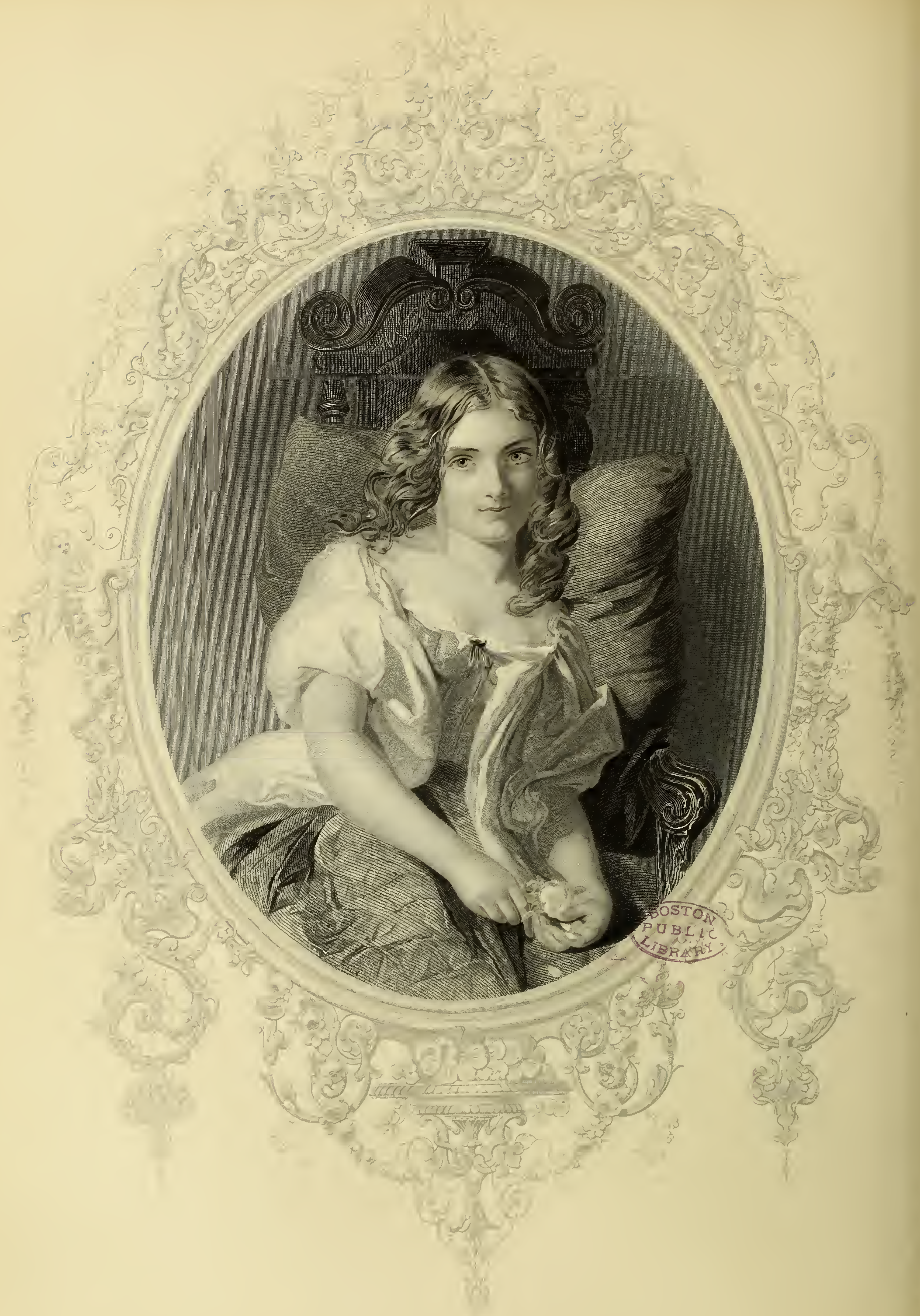
LESBIA HAS A BEAMING EYE.

With lightness and expression.

AIR—NORA CREINA.


espress.
Les - bia has a beam - ing eye, But no one knows for whom it beam - eth; Right and left its
ar-rows fly, But what they aim at no one dream-eth! Sweeter 't is to gaze up-on My
No - ra's lid, that sel - dom ris - es; Few her looks, but ev' - ry one, Like


un - ex - pect - ed light sur - pris - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My
gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei - na! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But
love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!
espress.
2ND VERSE.
Les - bia wears a robe of gold, But all so close the nymph has laced it, Not a charm of



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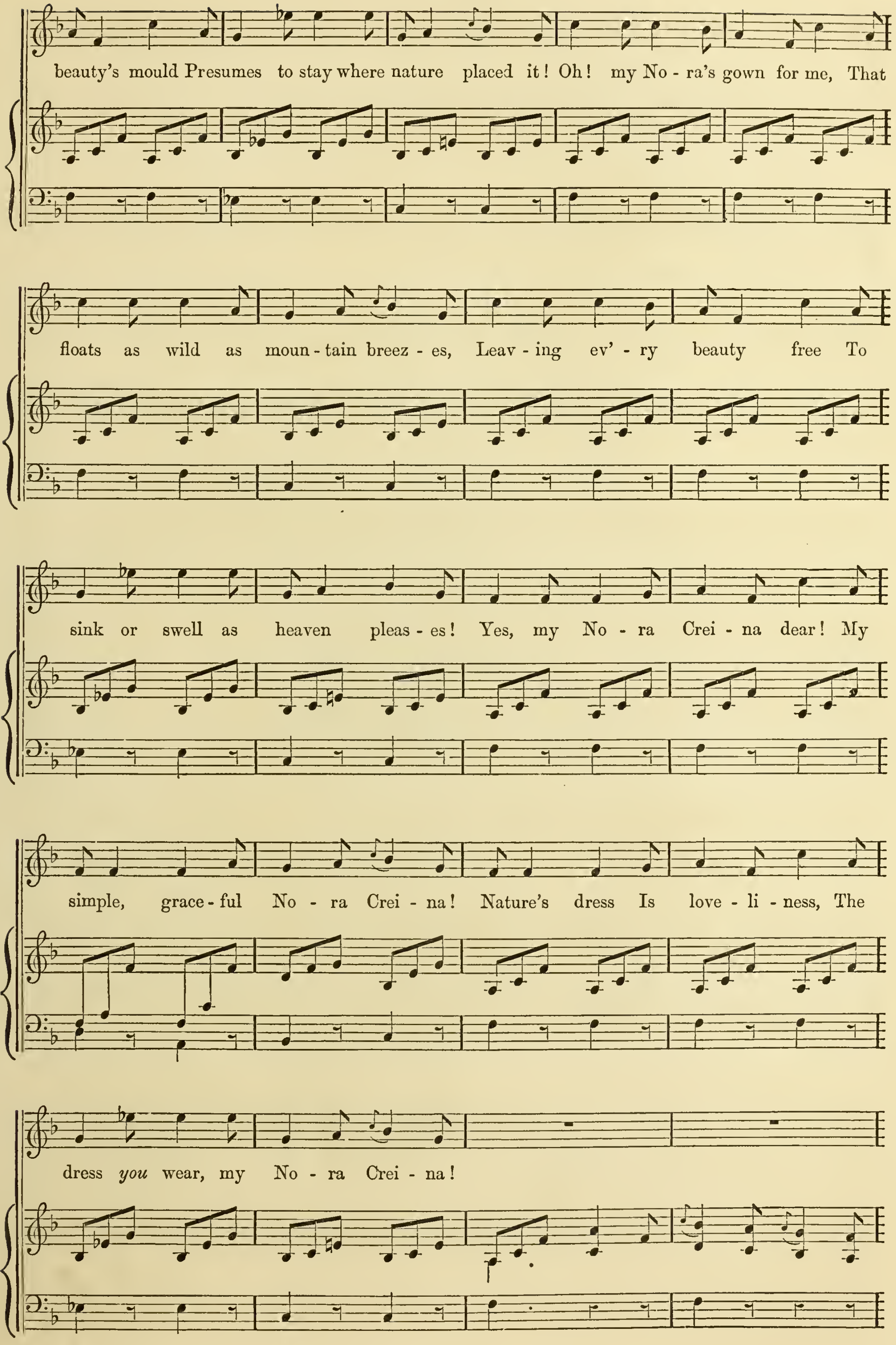
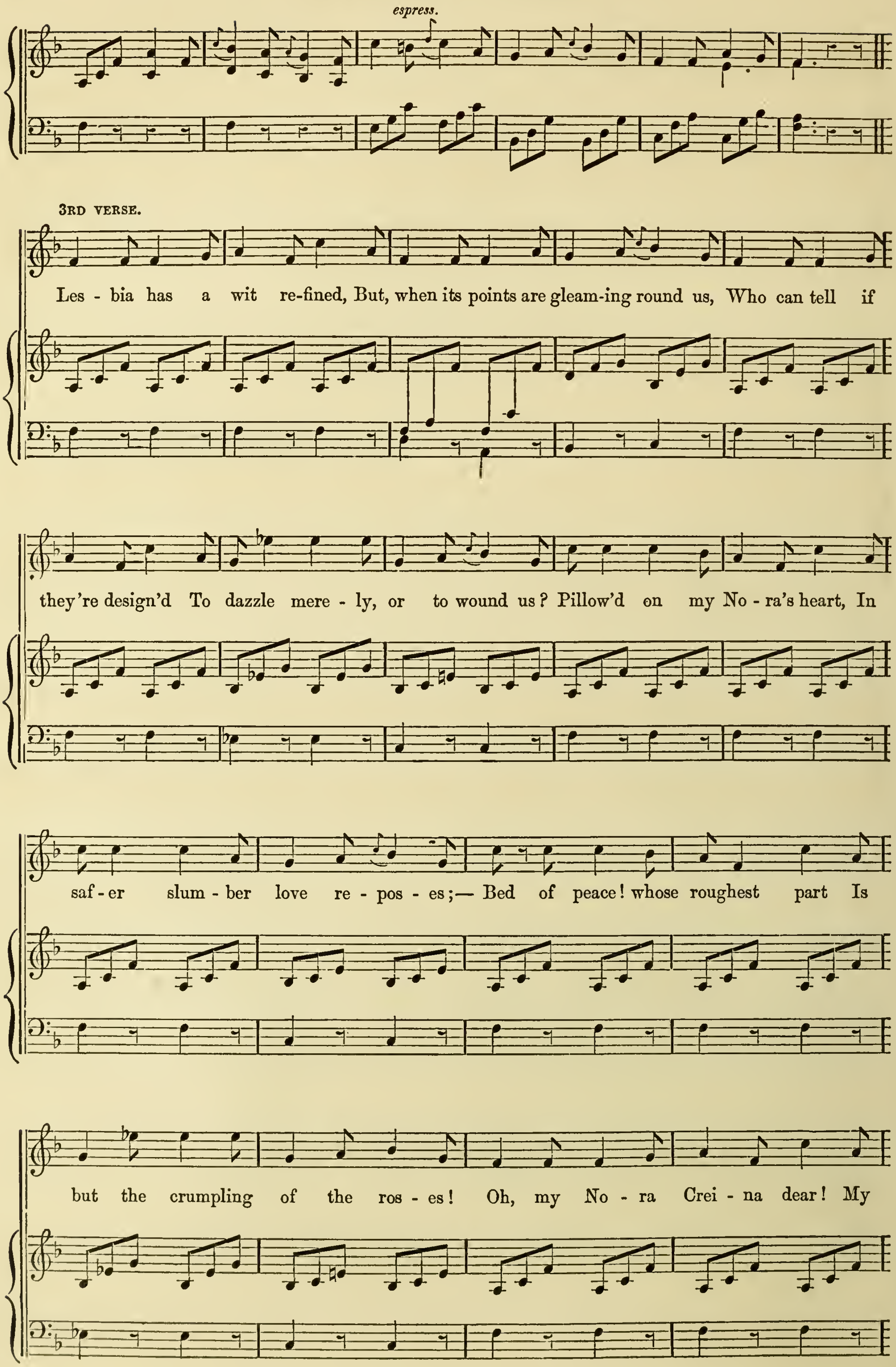
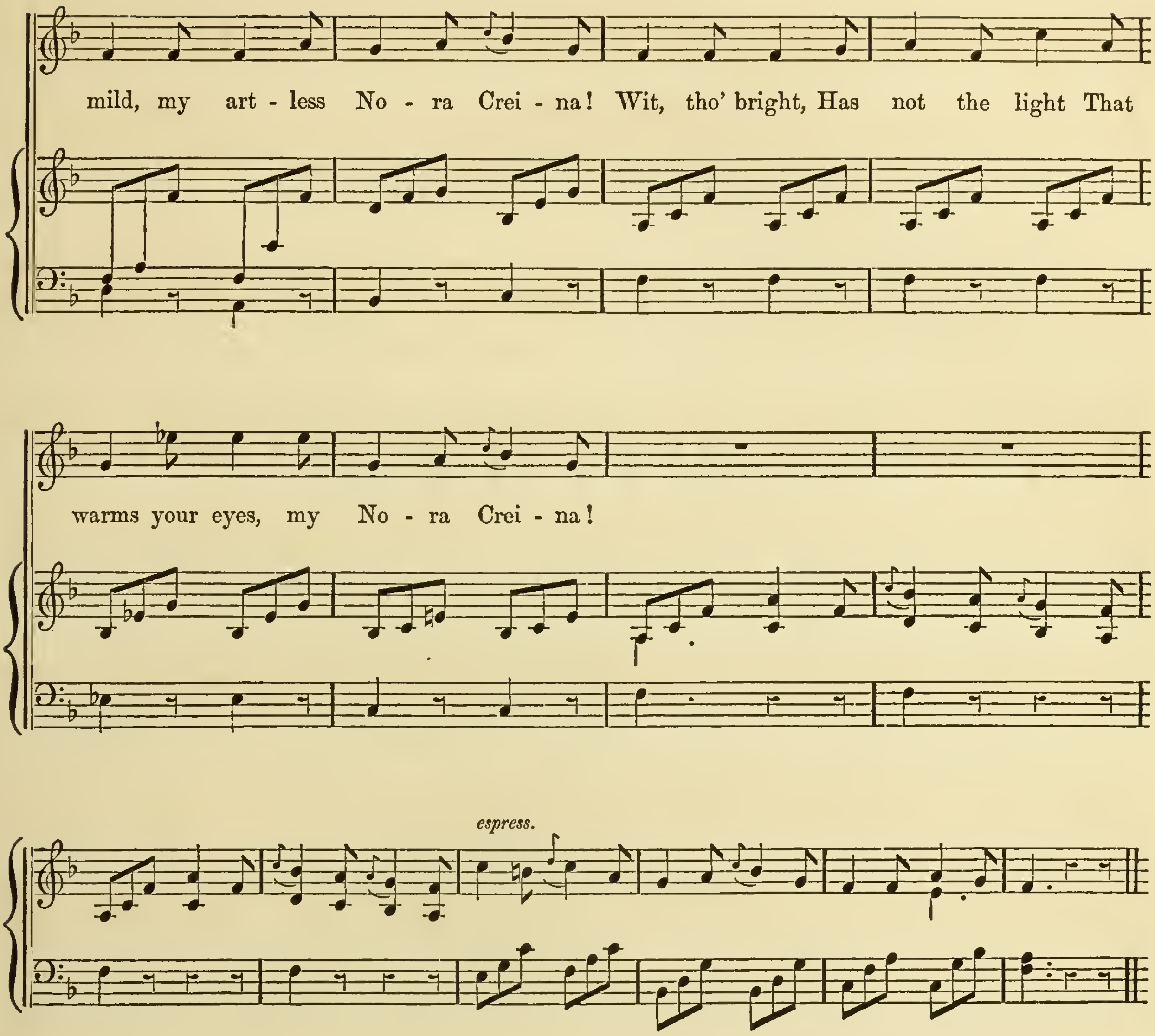

beauty's mould Presumes to stay where nature placed it! Oh! my No - ra's gown for me, That
floats as wild as moun - tain breez - es, Leav - ing ev' - ry beauty free To
sink or swell as heaven pleas - es! Yes, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My
simple, grace - ful No - ra Crei - na! Nature's dress Is love - li - ness, The
dress *you* wear, my No - ra Crei - na!


espress.
3RD VERSE.
Les - bia has a wit re-fined, But, when its points are gleam-ing round us, Who can tell if
they're design'd To dazzle mere - ly, or to wound us? Pillow'd on my No - ra's heart, In
saf - er slum - ber love re - pos - es;— Bed of peace! whose roughest part Is
but the crumpling of the ros - es! Oh, my No - ra Crei - na dear! My

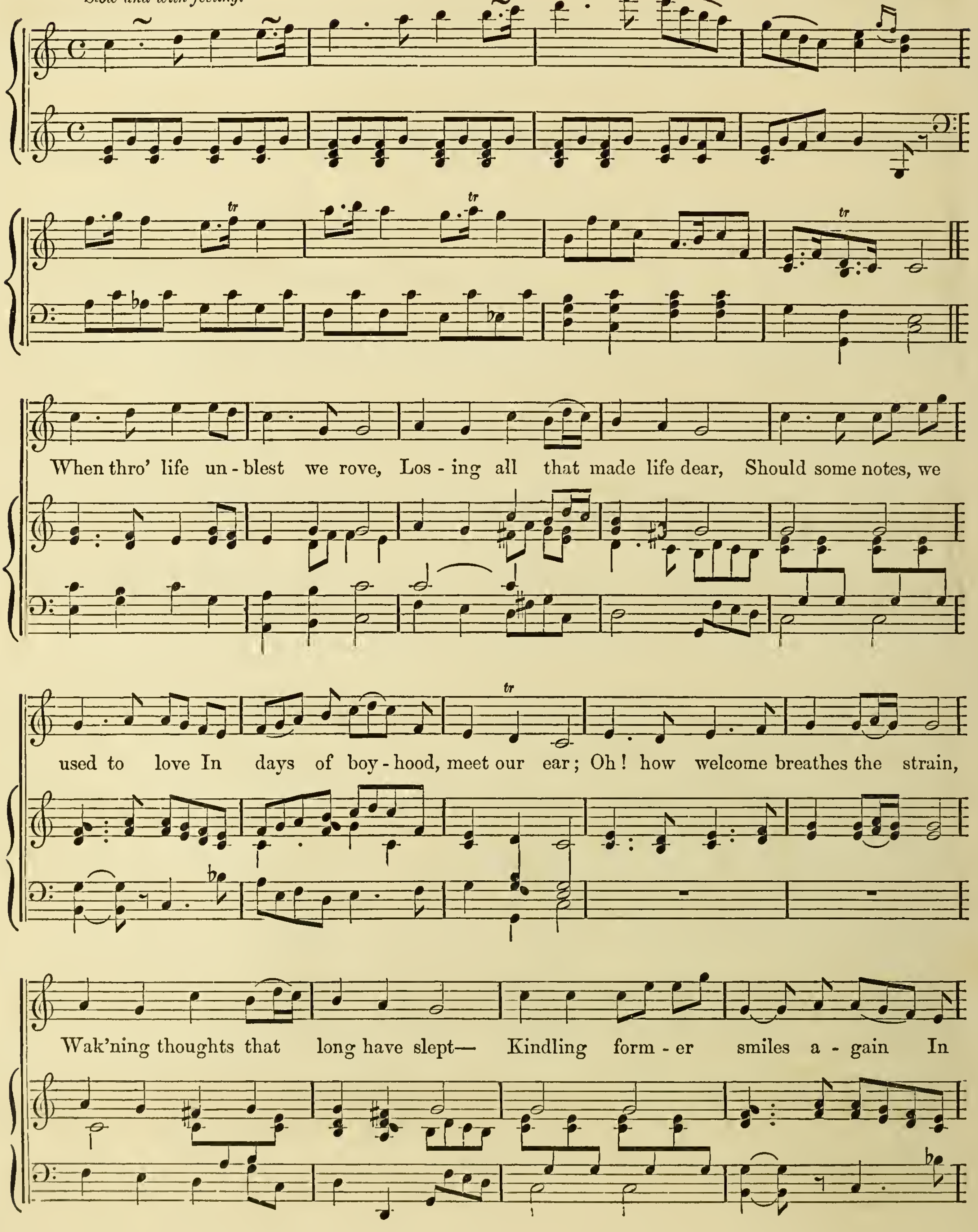

mild, my art - less No - ra Crei - na! Wit, tho' bright, Has not the light That
warms your eyes, my No - ra Crei - na!
espress.

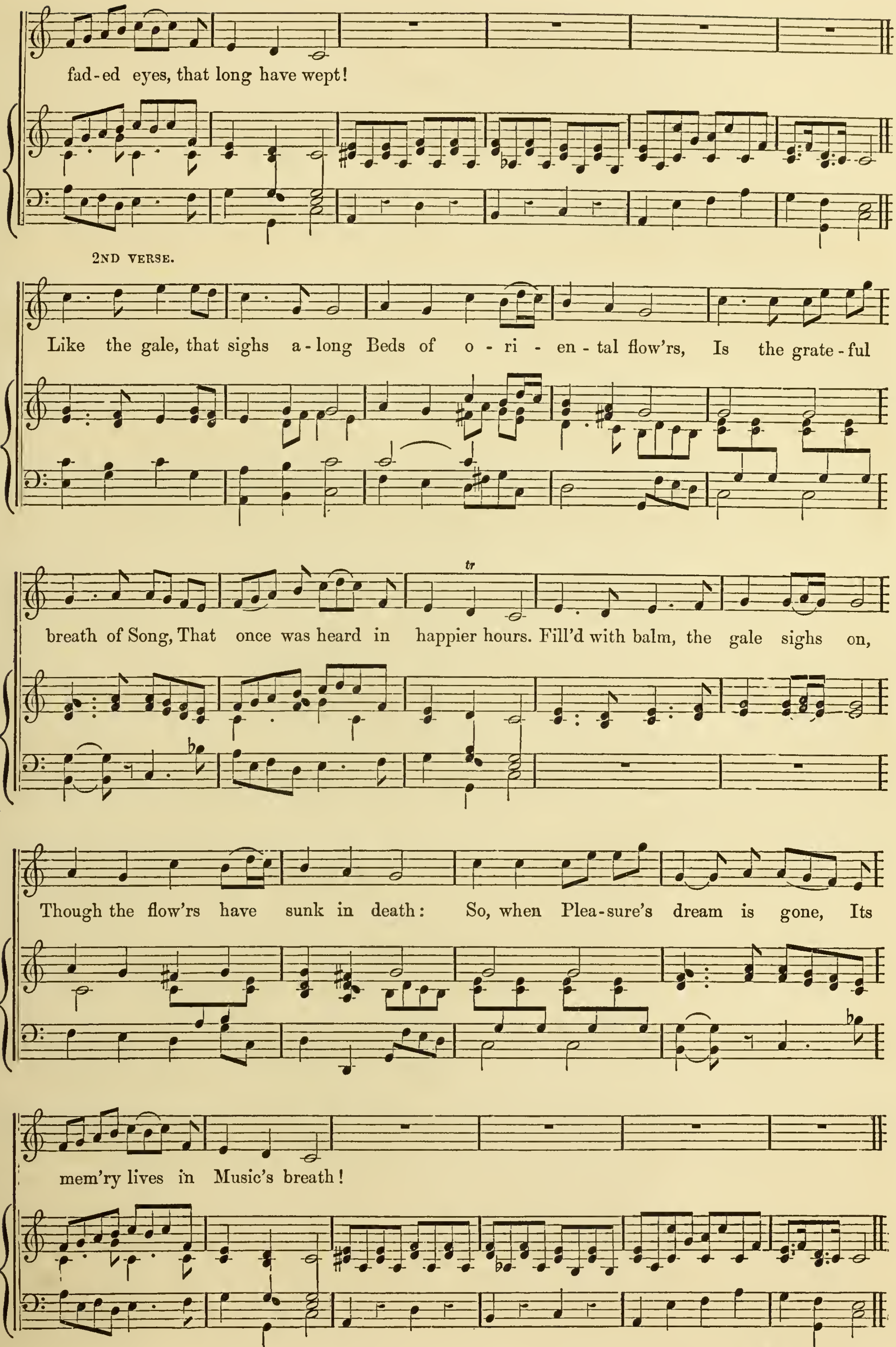
ON MUSIC.

WHEN THROUGH LIFE UNBLEST WE ROVE.

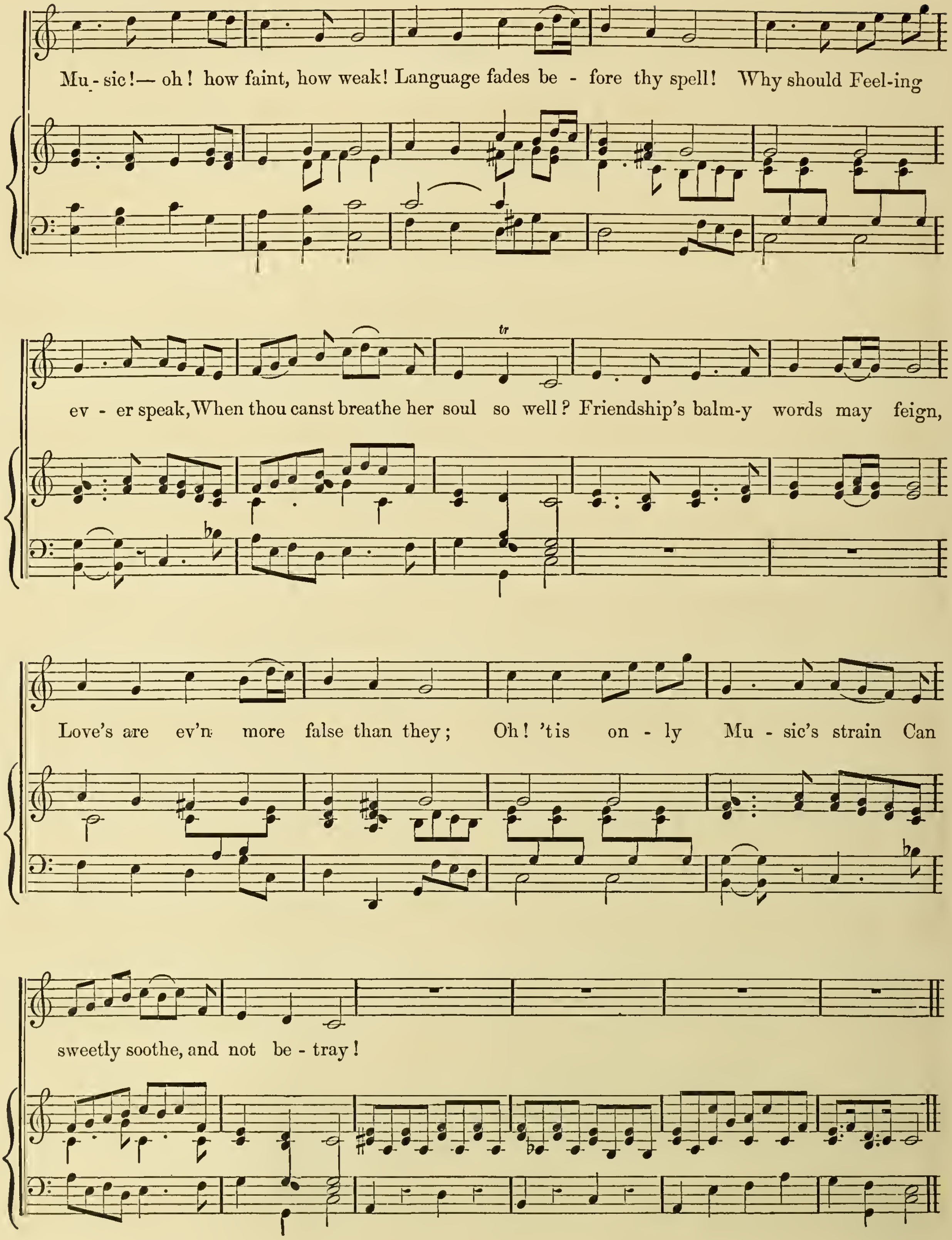
Slow and with feeling.

AIR—BANKS OF BANNA.


tr
tr
tr
tr
When thro' life un-blest we rove, Los-ing all that made life dear, Should some notes, we
used to love In days of boy-hood, meet our ear; Oh! how welcome breathes the strain,
Wak'ning thoughts that long have slept— Kindling form-er smiles a-gain In

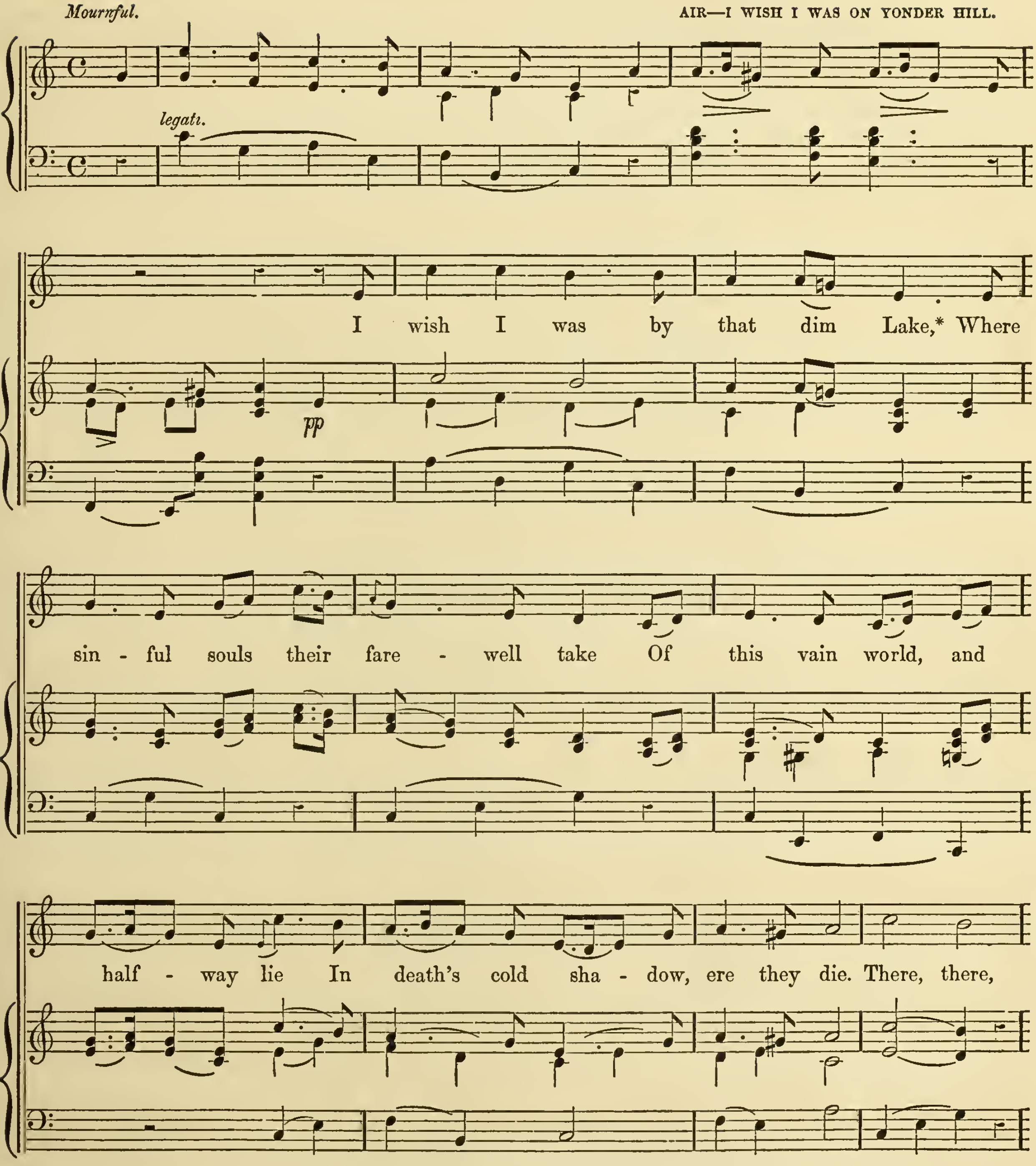

fad-ed eyes, that long have wept!
2ND VERSE.
Like the gale, that sighs a-long Beds of o-ri-en-tal flow'rs, Is the grate-ful
tr
breath of Song, That once was heard in happier hours. Fill'd with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flow'rs have sunk in death: So, when Plea-sure's dream is gone, Its
mem'ry lives in Music's breath!

3RD VERSE.


Mu - sic!— oh! how faint, how weak! Language fades be - fore thy spell! Why should Feel-ing
ev - er speak, When thou canst breathe her soul so well? Friendship's balm-y words may feign,
tr
Love's are ev'n more false than they; Oh! 'tis on - ly Mu - sic's strain Can
sweetly soothe, and not be - tray!

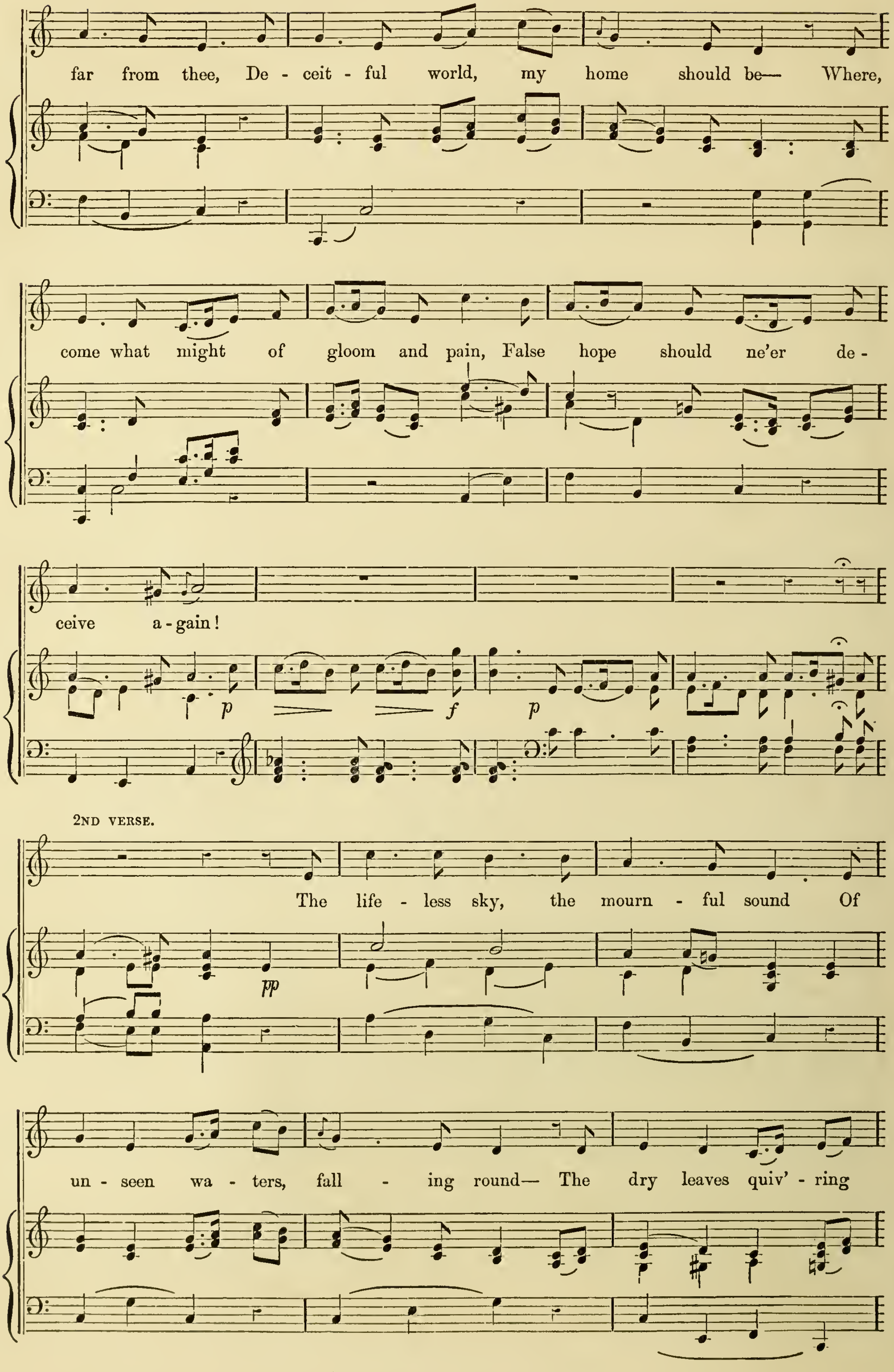
I WISH I WAS BY THAT DIM LAKE.

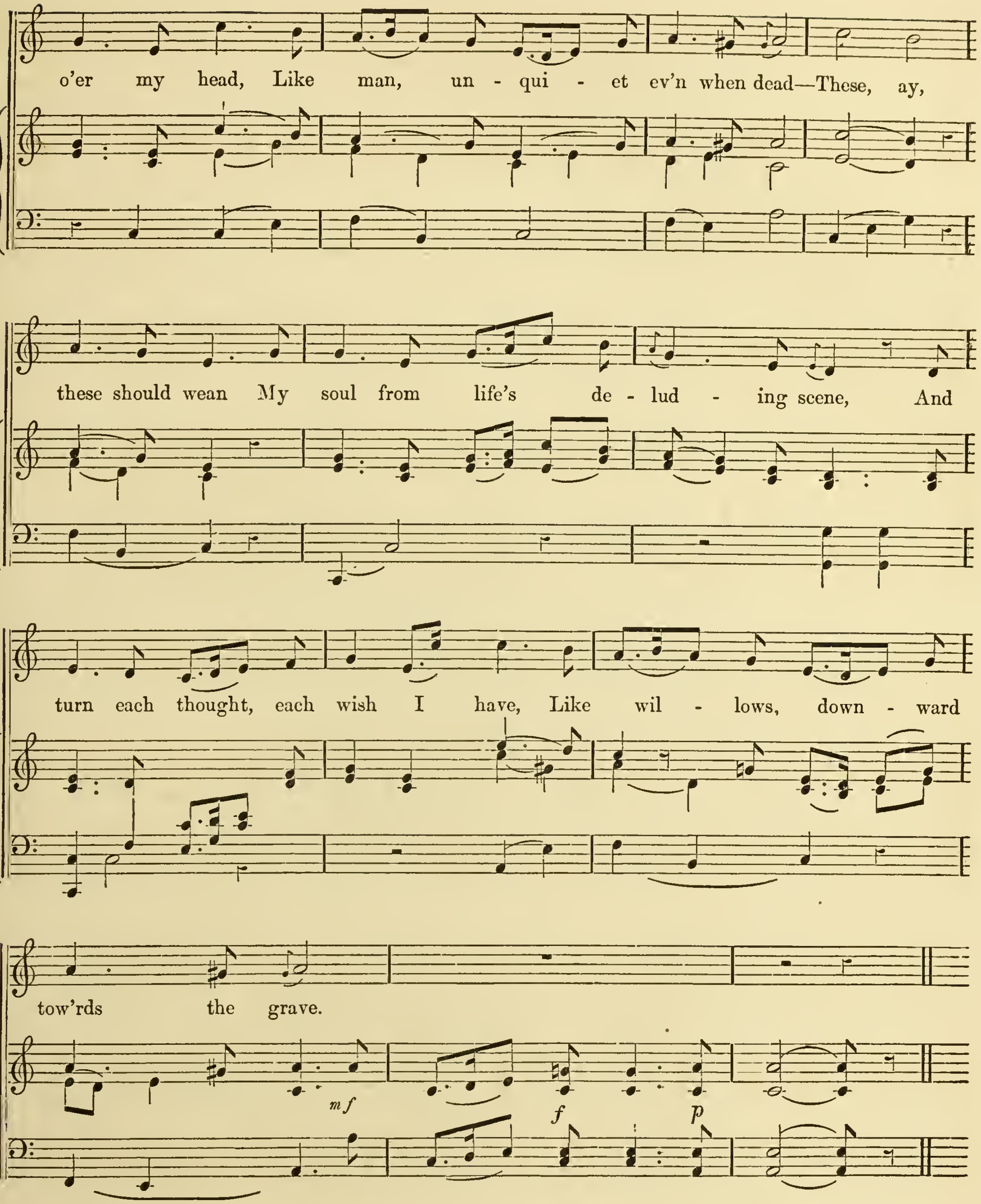
Mournful. AIR—I WISH I WAS ON YONDER HILL.


legati.
pp
I wish I was by that dim Lake,* Where
sin - ful souls their fare - well take Of this vain world, and
half - way lie In death's cold sha - dow, ere they die. There, there,

---

* These verses are meant to allude to that ancient haunt of superstition, called Patrick's Purgatory. " In the midst of these gloomy regions of Donegall (says Dr. Campbell) lay a Lake, which was to become the mystic theatre of this fabled and intermediate state. In the lake were several islands; but one of them was dignified with that called the Mouth of Purgatory, which, during the dark ages, attracted the notice of all Christendom, and was the resort of penitents and pilgrims, from almost every country in Europe." " It was," as the same writer tells us, " one of the most dismal and dreary spots in the North, almost inaccessible, through deep glens and rugged mountains, frightful with impending rocks, and the hollow murmurs of the western winds in dark caverns, peopled only with such fantastic beings as the mind, however gay, is from strange association wont to appropriate to such gloomy scenes."—*Strictures on the Ecclesiastical and Literary History of Ireland.*


far from thee, De - ceit - ful world, my home should be— Where,
come what might of gloom and pain, False hope should ne'er de -
ceive a - gain!
p
f
p
2ND VERSE.
The life - less sky, the mourn - ful sound Of
pp
un - seen wa - ters, fall - ing round— The dry leaves quiv' - ring


o'er my head, Like man, un - qui - et ev'n when dead—These, ay,
these should wean My soul from life's de - lud - ing scene, And
turn each thought, each wish I have, Like wil - lows, down - ward
tow'rds the grave.
mf
f
p

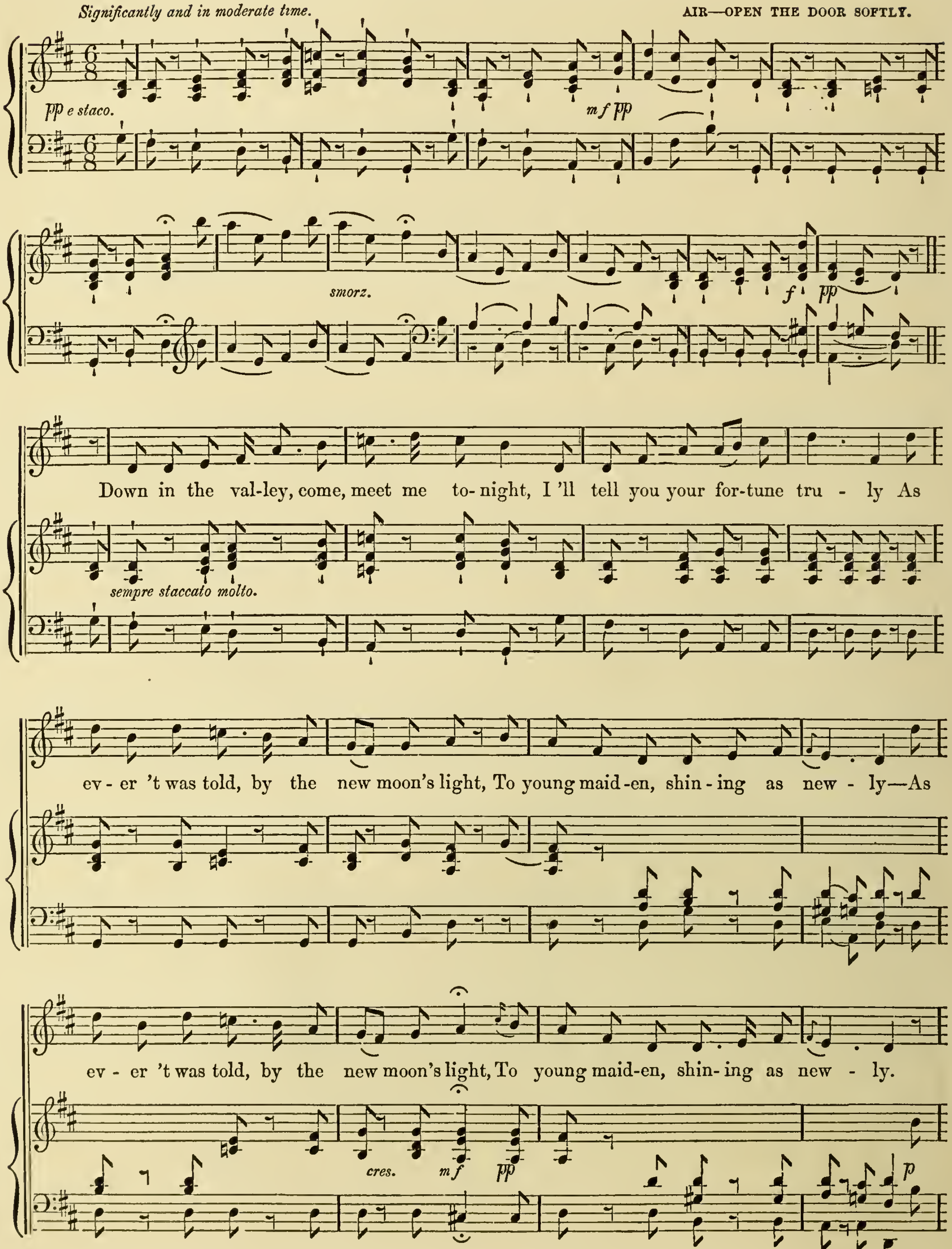
As they, who to their couch at night
Would welcome sleep, first quench the light,
So must the hopes, that keep this breast
Awake, be quench'd, ere it can rest.
Cold, cold, my heart must grow,
Unchanged by either joy or woe,
Like freezing founts, where all that 's thrown
Within their current turns to stone.

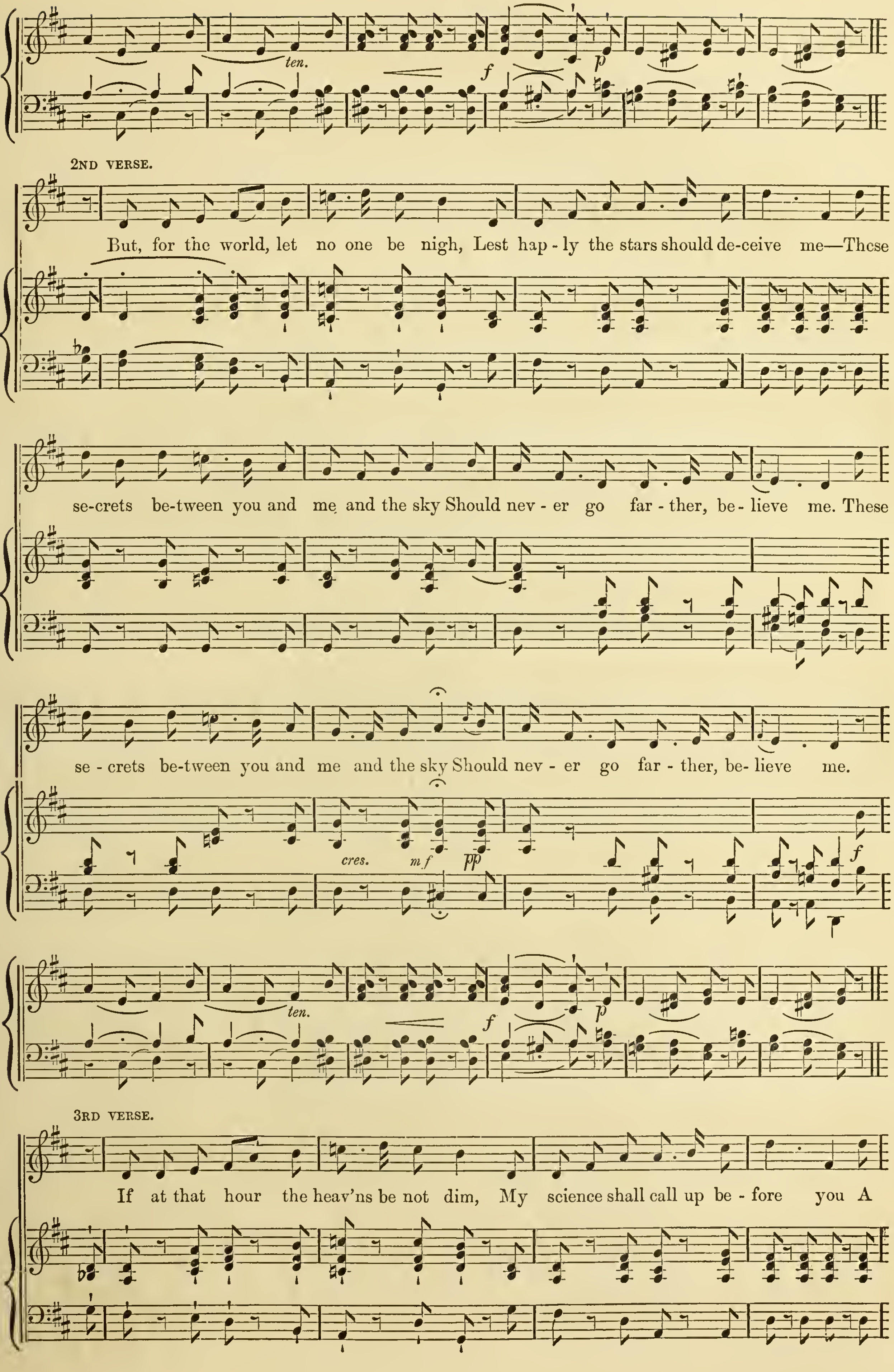
THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

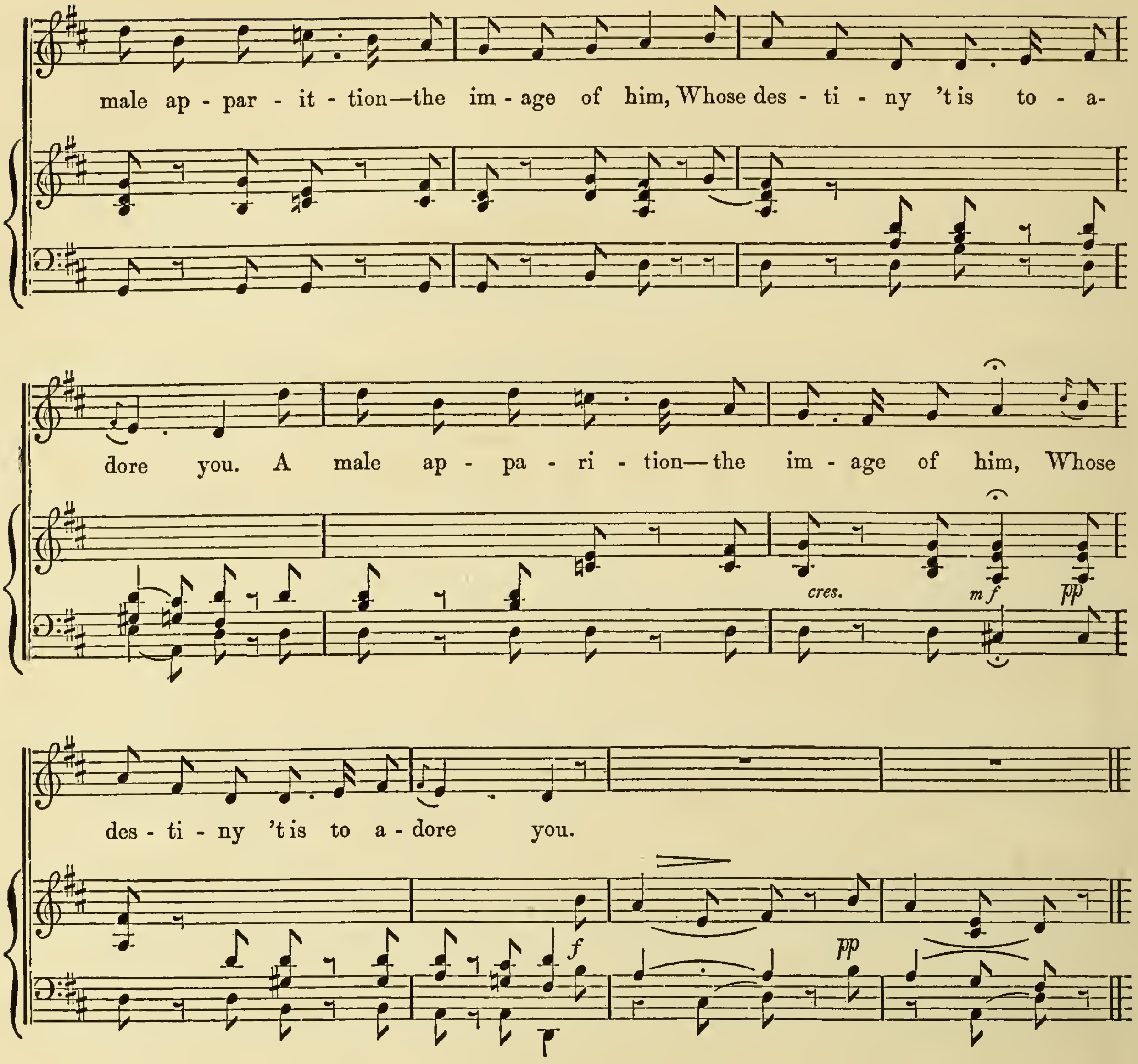
DOWN IN THE VALLEY, COME MEET ME TO-NIGHT.

Significantly and in moderate time.

AIR—OPEN THE DOOR SOFTLY.


pp e staco.
mf pp
smorz.
f pp
sempre staccato molto.
Down in the val-ley, come, meet me to-night, I 'll tell you your for-tune tru - ly As
ev - er 't was told, by the new moon's light, To young maid-en, shin-ing as new - ly—As
ev - er 't was told, by the new moon's light, To young maid-en, shin-ing as new - ly.
cres. mf pp
p


ten.
f
p
2ND VERSE.
But, for the world, let no one be nigh, Lest hap - ly the stars should de-ceive me—These
se-crets be-tween you and me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be- lieve me. These
se - crets be-tween you and me and the sky Should nev - er go far - ther, be- lieve me.
cres.
mf
pp
f
ten.
f
p
3RD VERSE.
If at that hour the heav'ns be not dim, My science shall call up be - fore you A


male ap - par - it - tion—the im - age of him, Whose des - ti - ny 'tis to - a-
dore you. A male ap - pa - ri - tion—the im - age of him, Whose
des - ti - ny 'tis to a - dore you.
cres.
mf
pp
f
pp

IV.

Then to the phantom be thou but kind,
  And round you so fondly he'll hover,
You'll hardly, my dear, any difference find
  'Twixt him and a true living lover.

V.

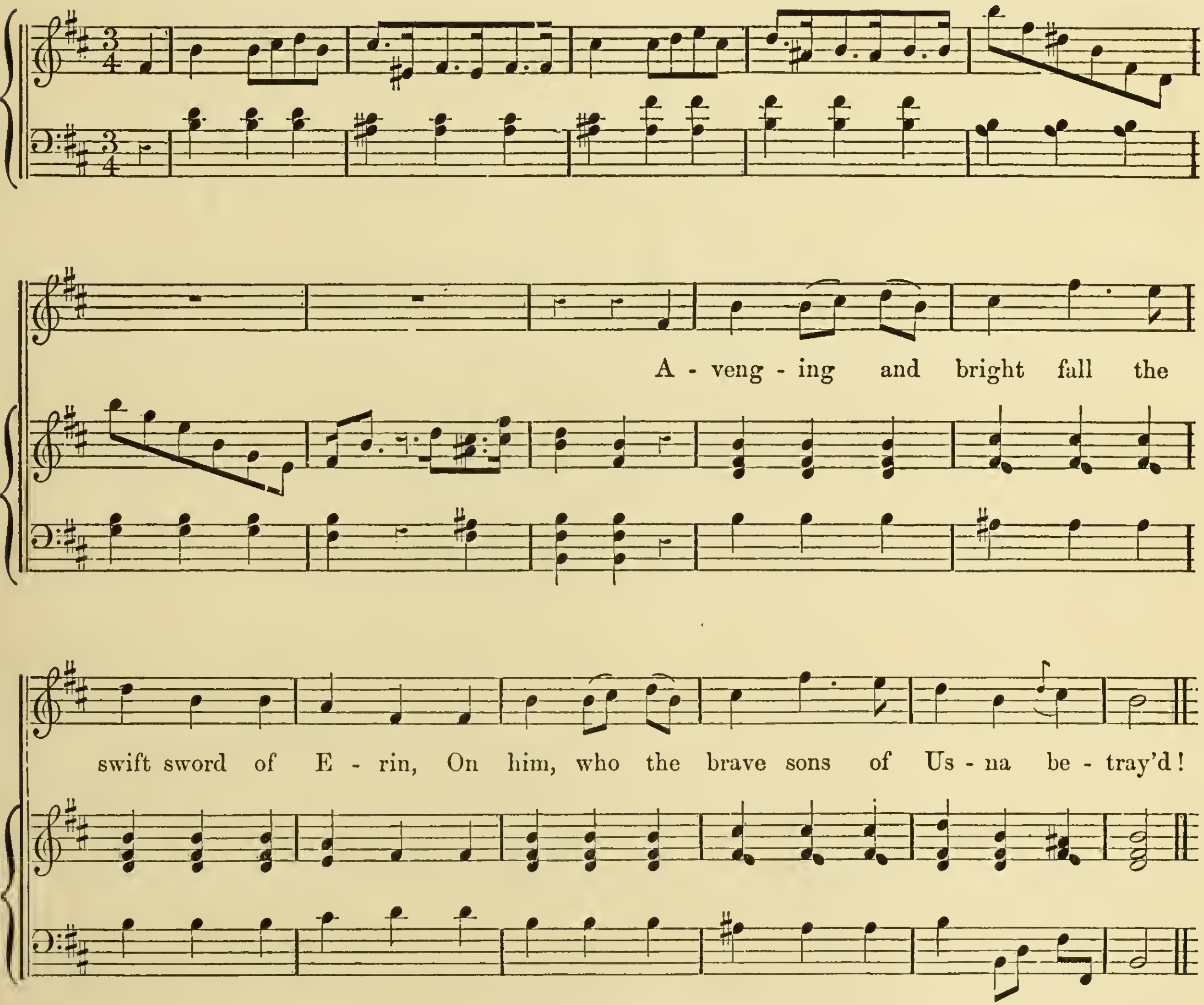
Down at your feet, in the pale moon-light,
  He'll kneel, with a warmth of emotion—
An ardour, of which such an innocent sprite
  You'd scarcely believe had a notion.

VI.

What other thoughts and events may arise,
  As in destiny's book I've not seen them,
Must only be left to the stars and your eyes
  To settle, ere morning, between them.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT.

Boldly AIR—CROOGHAN A VENEE.*



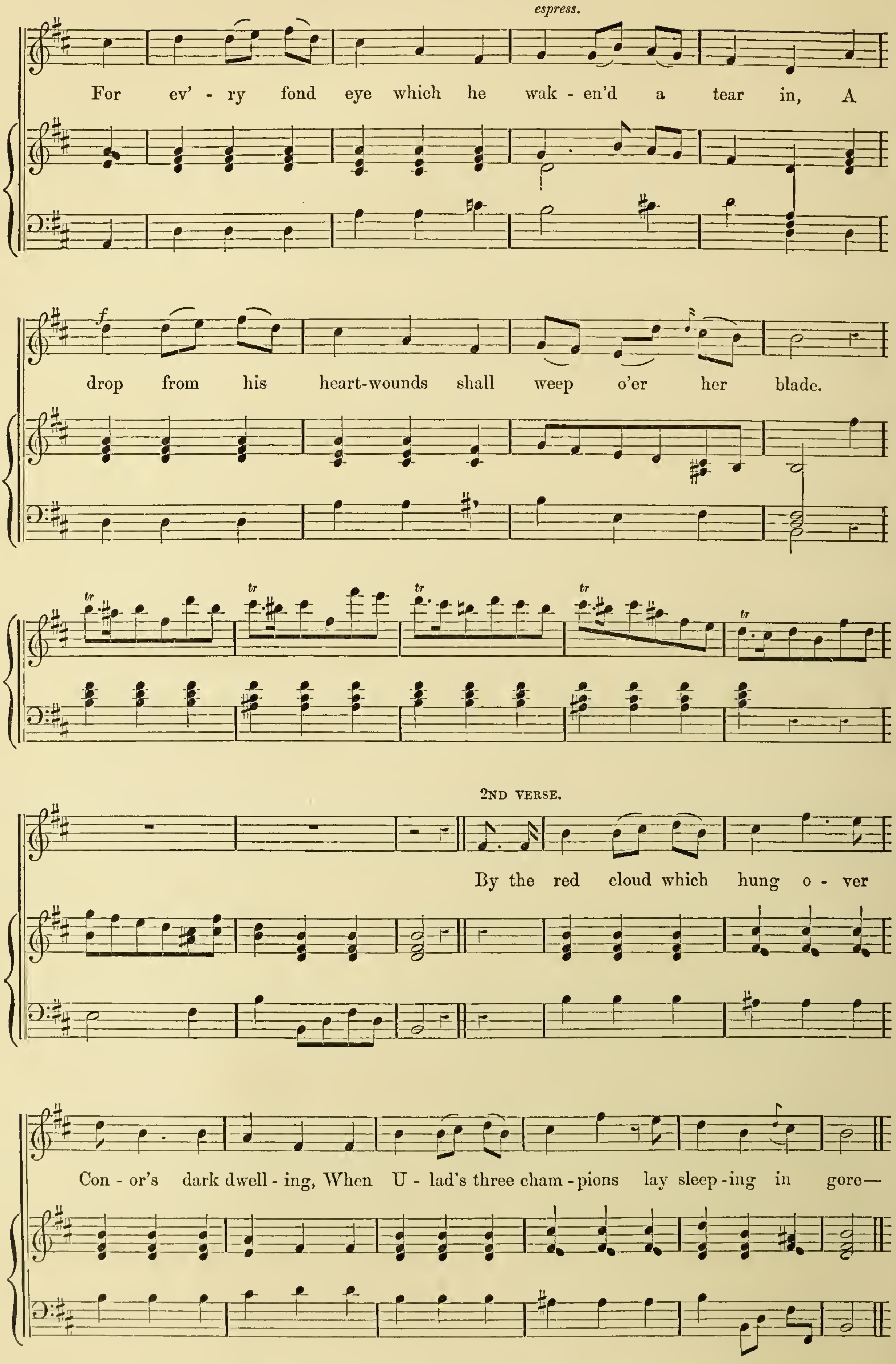
A - veng - ing and bright fall the
swift sword of E - rin, On him, who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!

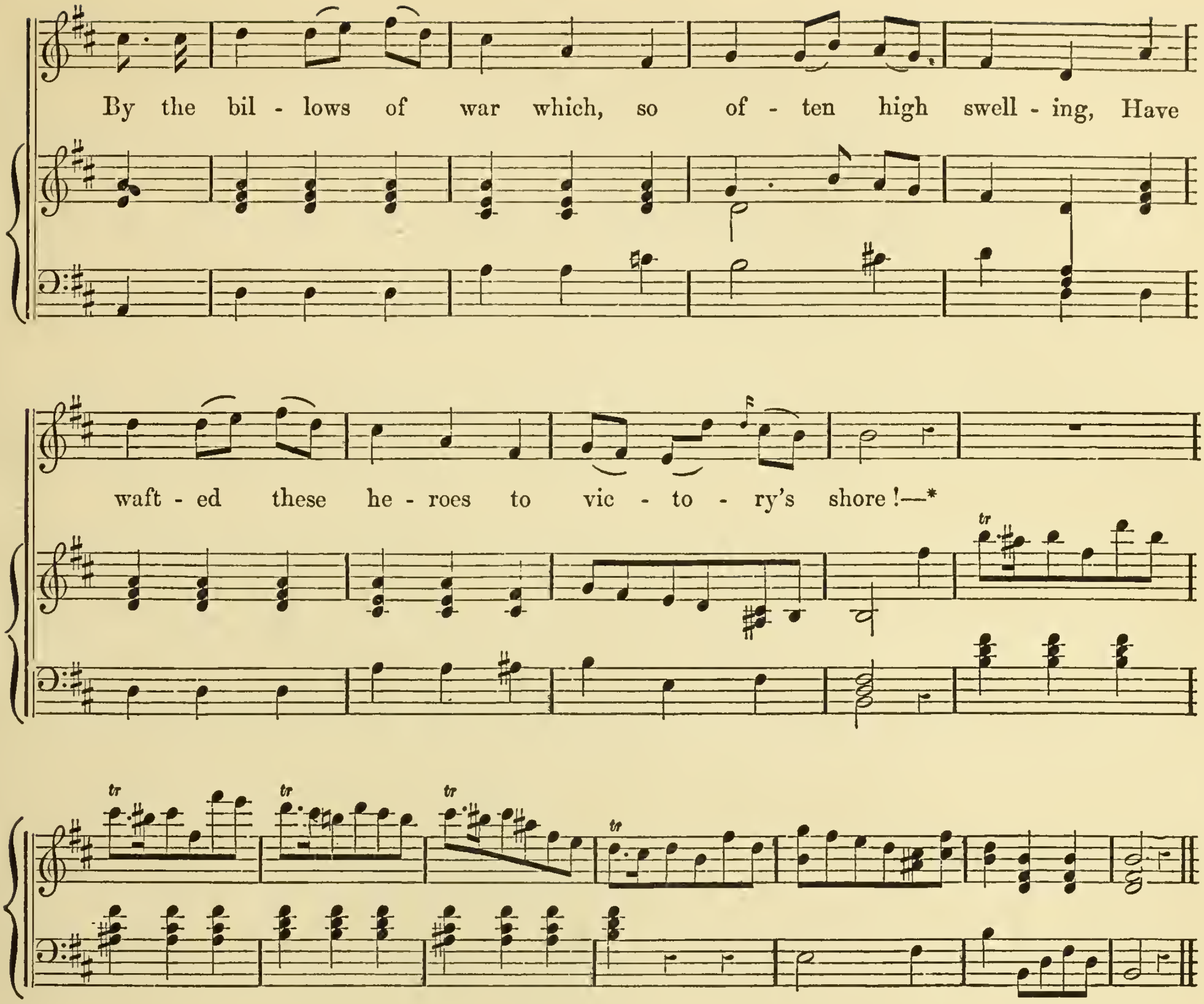
---

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàn na Fèine,* i. e., the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool,* so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called " Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN (see Vol. I. of Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin), and upon which it appears that the " Darthula " of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. " This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, ' The death of the Children of Touran,' ' The death of the Children of Lear ' (both regarding Tuatha de Danans), and this, ' The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story."—It will be recollected, that, at page 54 of these Melodies, there is a Ballad upon the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: " Silent, O Moyle ! " &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'FLANAGAN and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a very lasting reproach upon our nationality, if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement which they merit.


espress.
For ev' - ry fond eye which he wak - en'd a tear in, A
f
drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
tr
2nd verse.
By the red cloud which hung o - ver
Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When U - lad's three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore—


By the bil - lows of war which, so of - ten high swell - ing, Have
waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!—*
tr
tr
tr
tr
tr

III.

We swear to revenge them!—no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head!

IV.

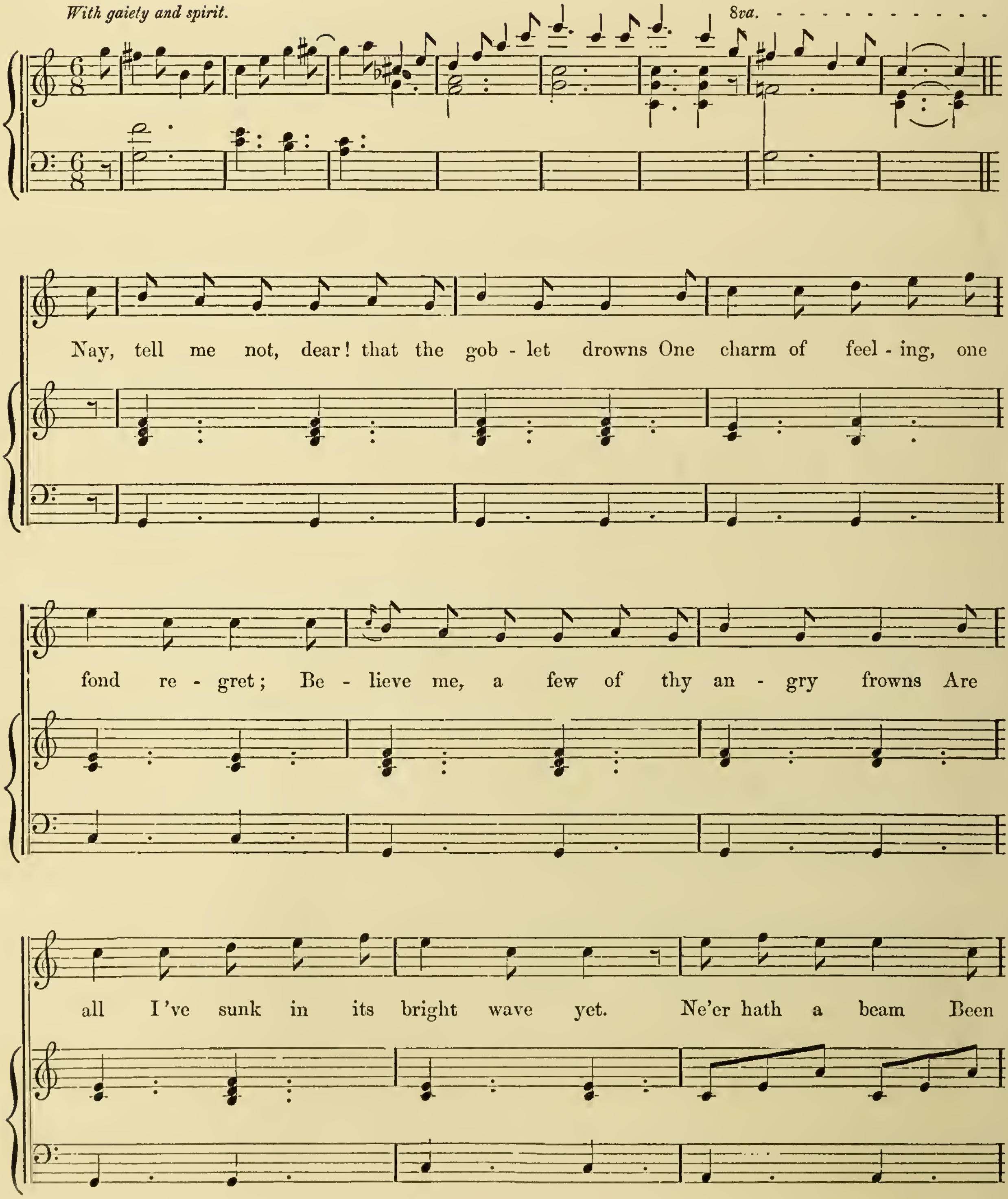
Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes and affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

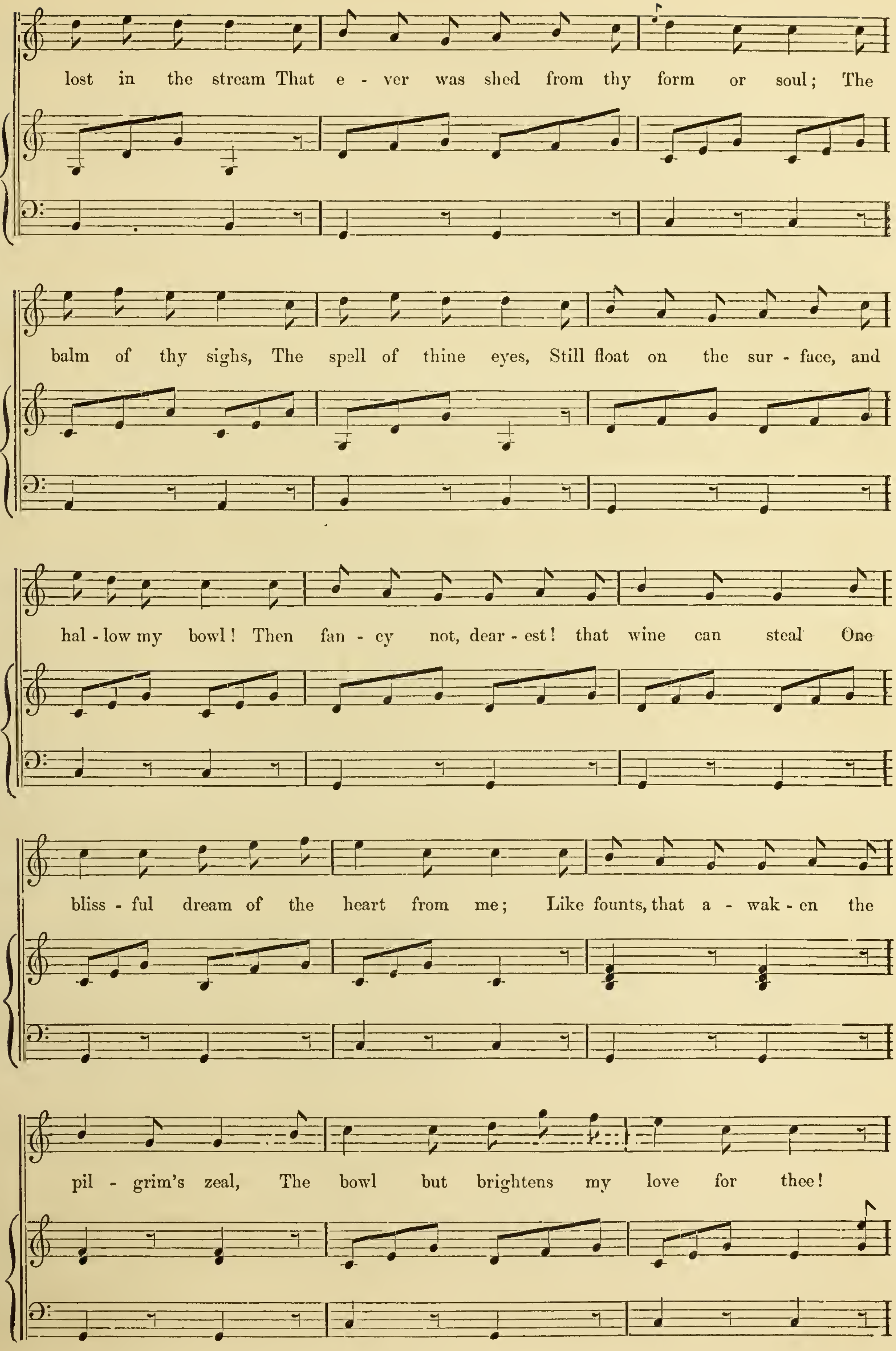
---

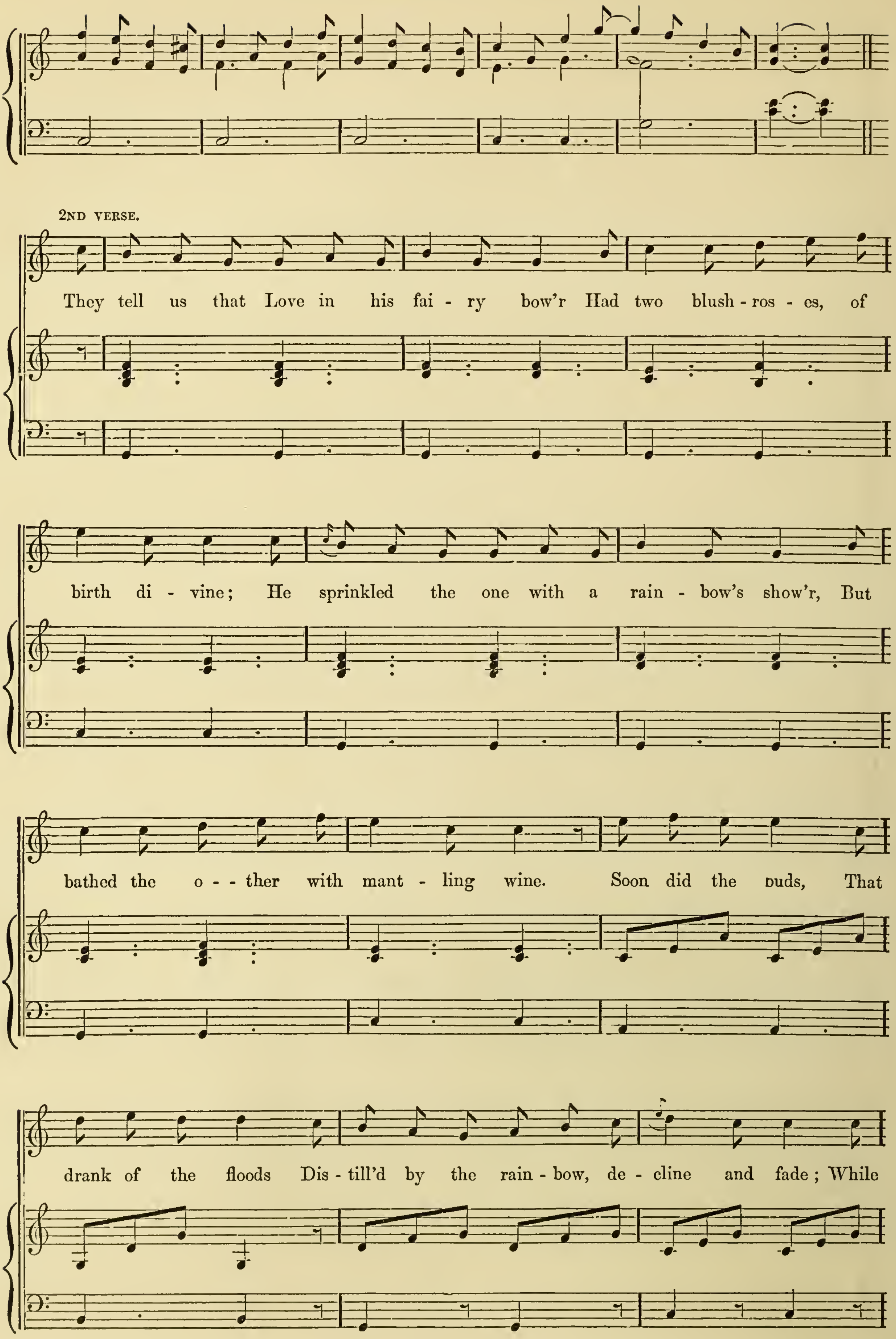
* "Oh Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." *Deirdri's Song.* Ulad, Ulster.

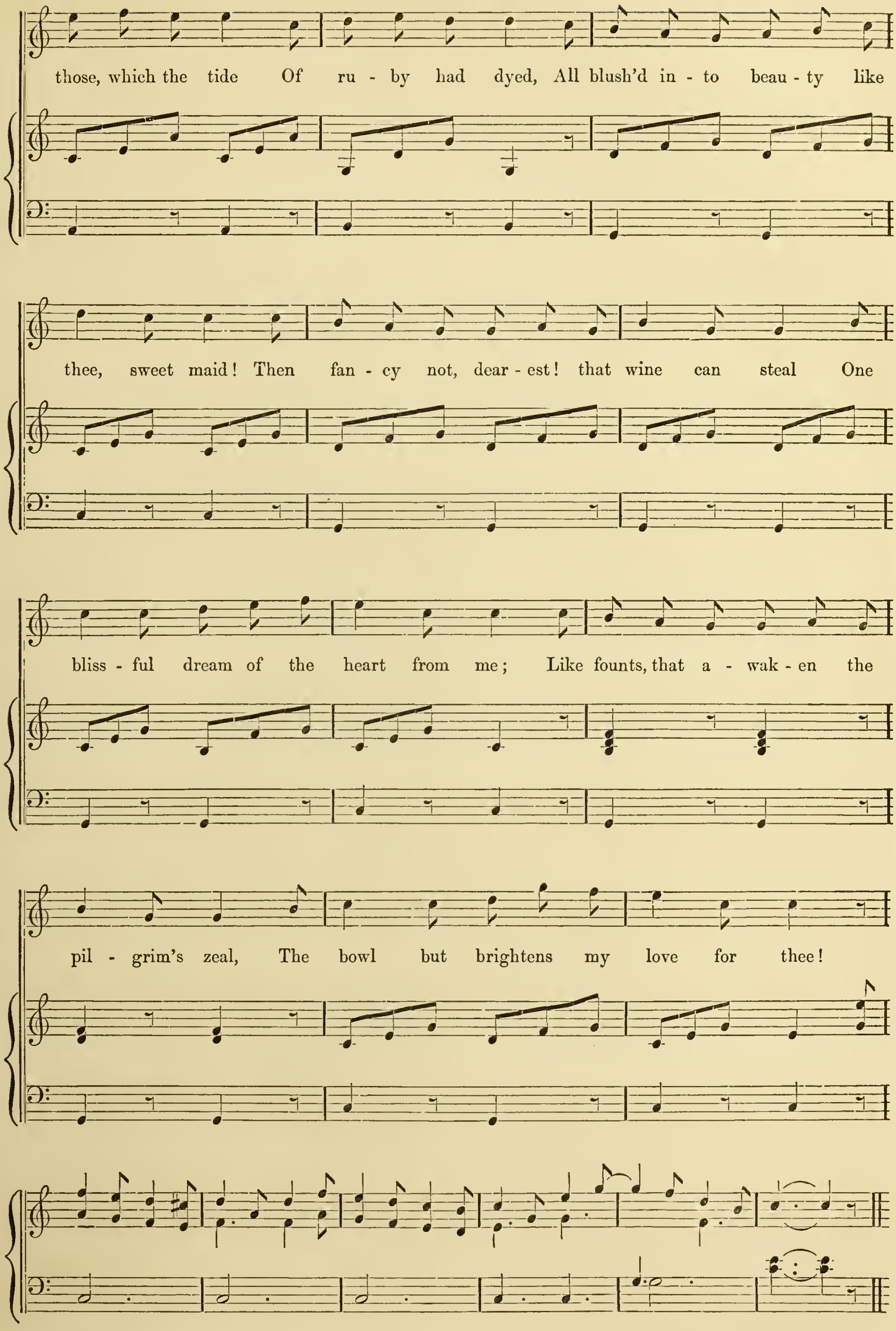
NAY, TELL ME NOT.

AIR—DENNIS, DON'T BE THREATENING.


With gaiety and spirit.
8va.
Nay, tell me not, dear! that the gob - let drowns One charm of feel - ing, one
fond re - gret; Be - lieve me, a few of thy an - gry frowns Are
all I've sunk in its bright wave yet. Ne'er hath a beam Been

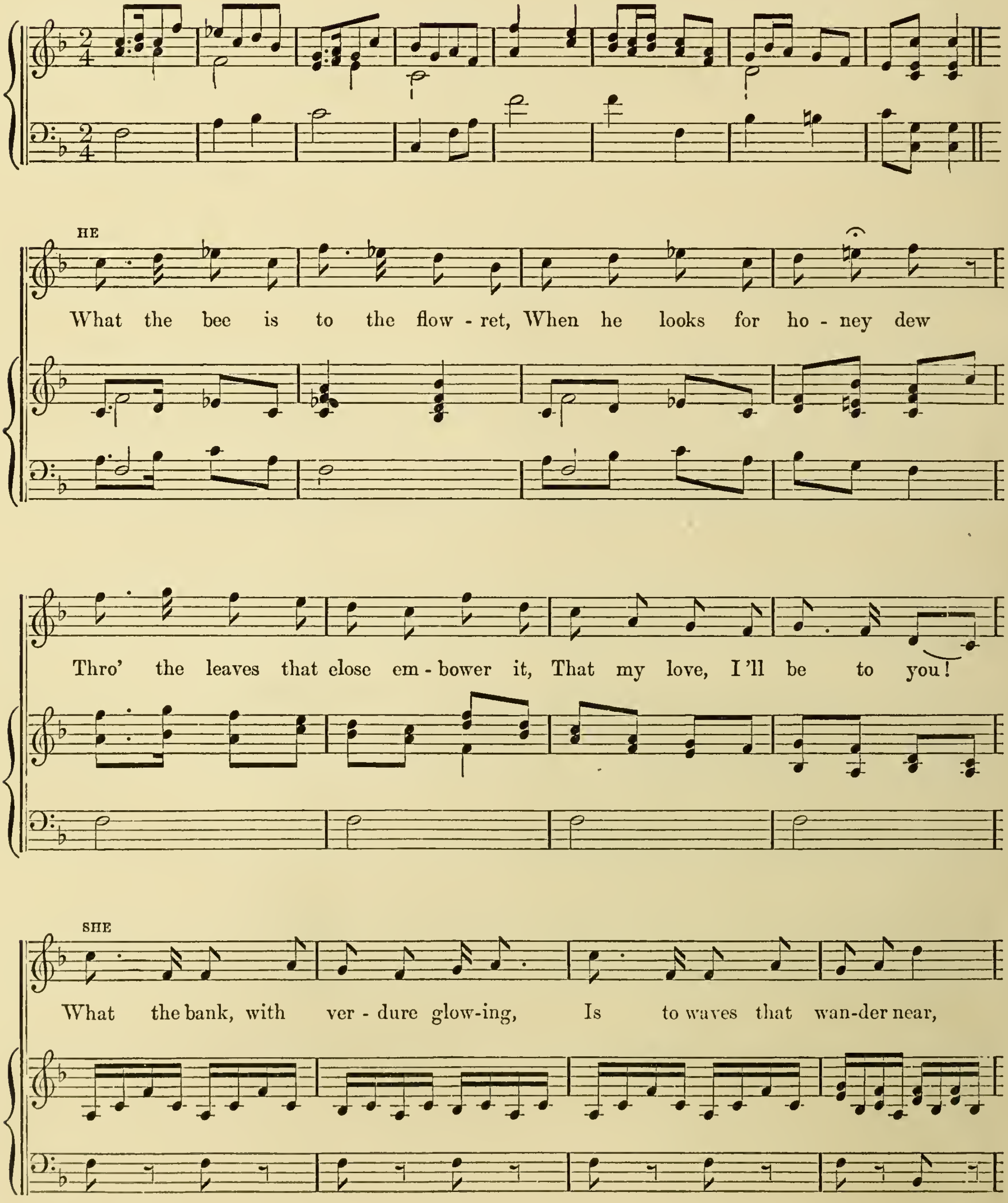

lost in the stream That e - ver was shed from thy form or soul; The
balm of thy sighs, The spell of thine eyes, Still float on the sur - face, and
hal - low my bowl! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One
bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a - wak - en the
pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

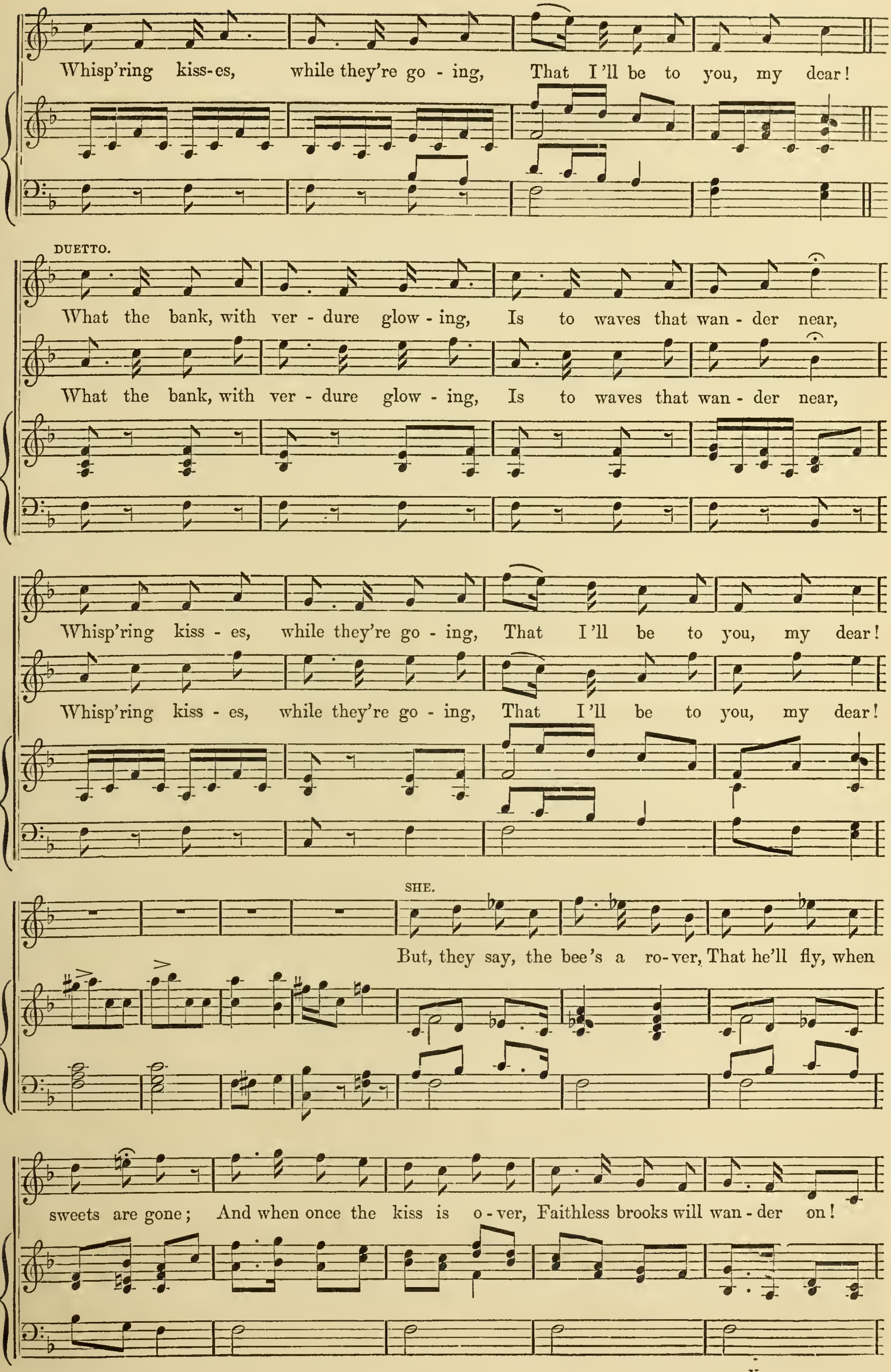

2ND VERSE.
They tell us that Love in his fai - ry bow'r Had two blush - ros - es, of
birth di - vine; He sprinkled the one with a rain - bow's show'r, But
bathed the o - - ther with mant - ling wine. Soon did the buds, That
drank of the floods Dis - till'd by the rain - bow, de - cline and fade; While

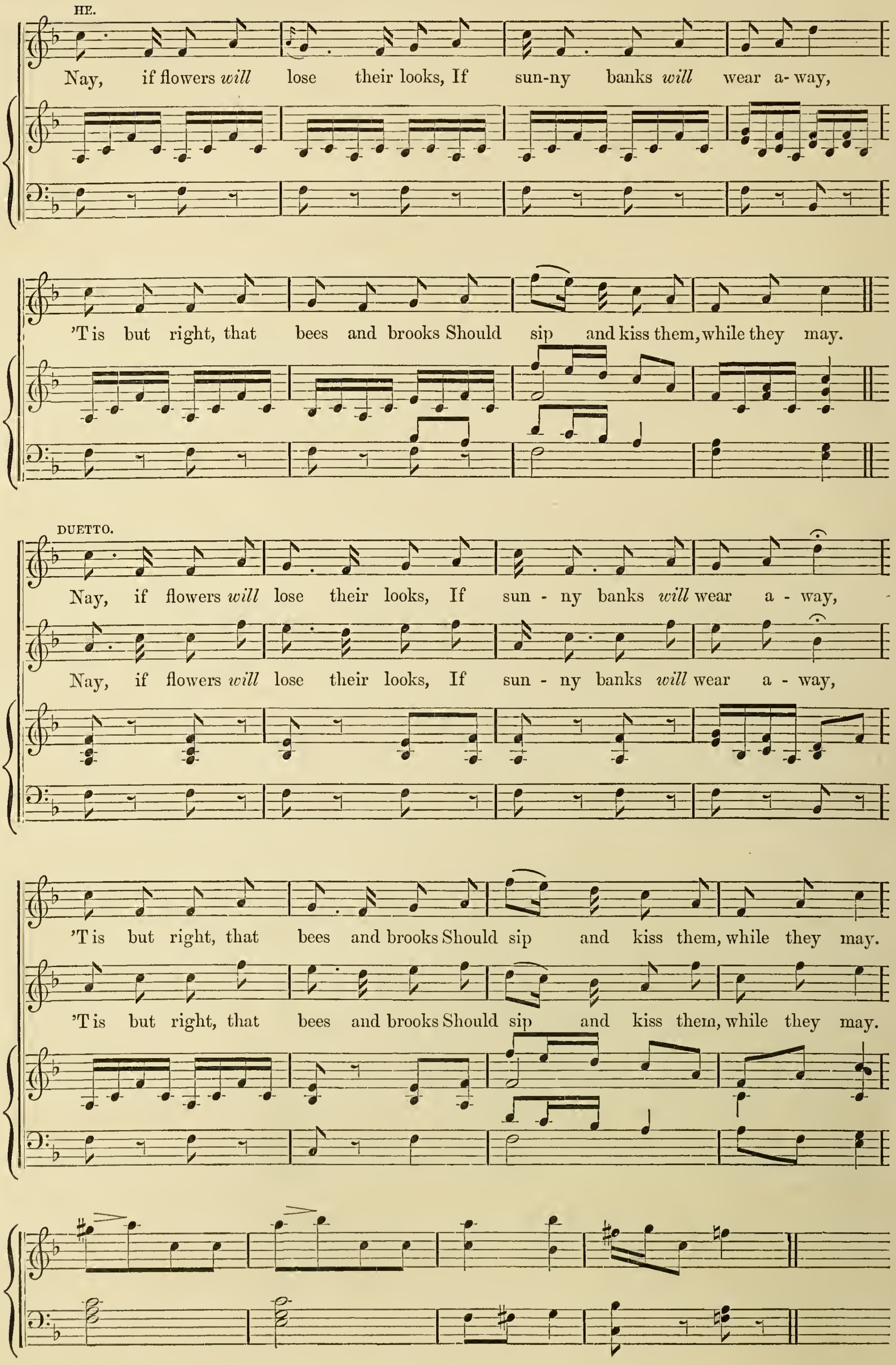

those, which the tide Of ru - by had dyed, All blush'd in - to beau - ty like
thee, sweet maid! Then fan - cy not, dear - est! that wine can steal One
bliss - ful dream of the heart from me; Like founts, that a - wak - en the
pil - grim's zeal, The bowl but brightens my love for thee!

WHAT THE BEE IS TO THE FLOWRET.

Playfully. AIR—THE YELLOW HORSE.


HE
What the bee is to the flow - ret, When he looks for ho - ney dew
Thro' the leaves that close em - bower it, That my love, I'll be to you!
SHE
What the bank, with ver - dure glow-ing, Is to waves that wan-der near,


Whisp'ring kiss-es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!
DUETTO.
What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that wan - der near,
What the bank, with ver - dure glow - ing, Is to waves that wan - der near,
Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!
Whisp'ring kiss - es, while they're go - ing, That I'll be to you, my dear!
SHE.
But, they say, the bee's a ro-ver, That he'll fly, when
sweets are gone; And when once the kiss is o - ver, Faithless brooks will wan - der on!

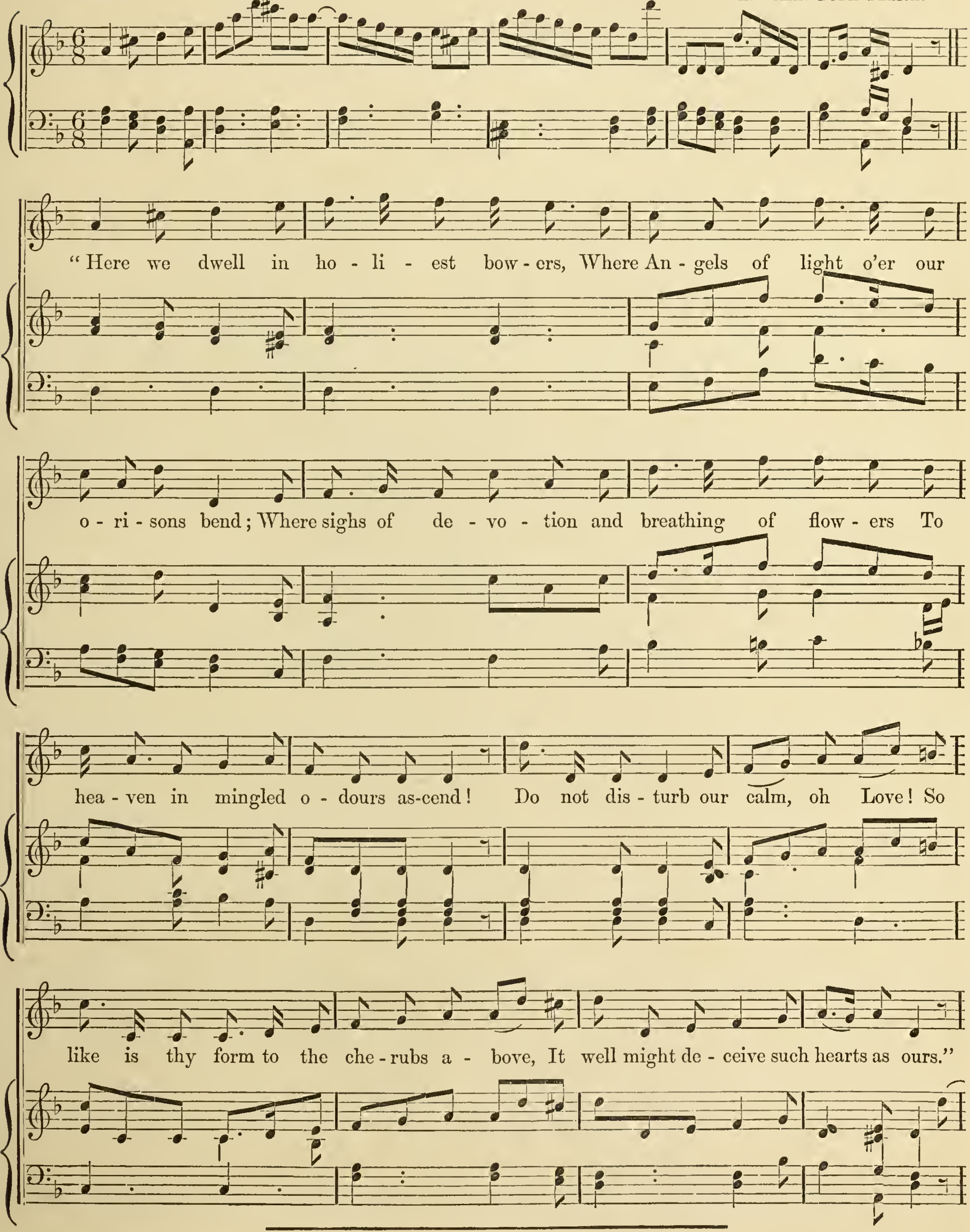

HE.
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun-ny banks *will* wear a-way,
'T is but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
DUETTO.
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way,
Nay, if flowers *will* lose their looks, If sun - ny banks *will* wear a - way,
'T is but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.
'T is but right, that bees and brooks Should sip and kiss them, while they may.

LOVE AND THE NOVICE.

HERE WE DWELL IN HOLIEST BOWERS.

Smoothly and in moderate time.

AIR—CEAN DUBH DELISH.*


" Here we dwell in ho - li - est bow - ers, Where An - gels of light o'er our
o - ri - sons bend; Where sighs of de - vo - tion and breathing of flow - ers To
hea - ven in mingled o - dours as-cend! Do not dis - turb our calm, oh Love! So
like is thy form to the che - rubs a - bove, It well might de - ceive such hearts as ours."

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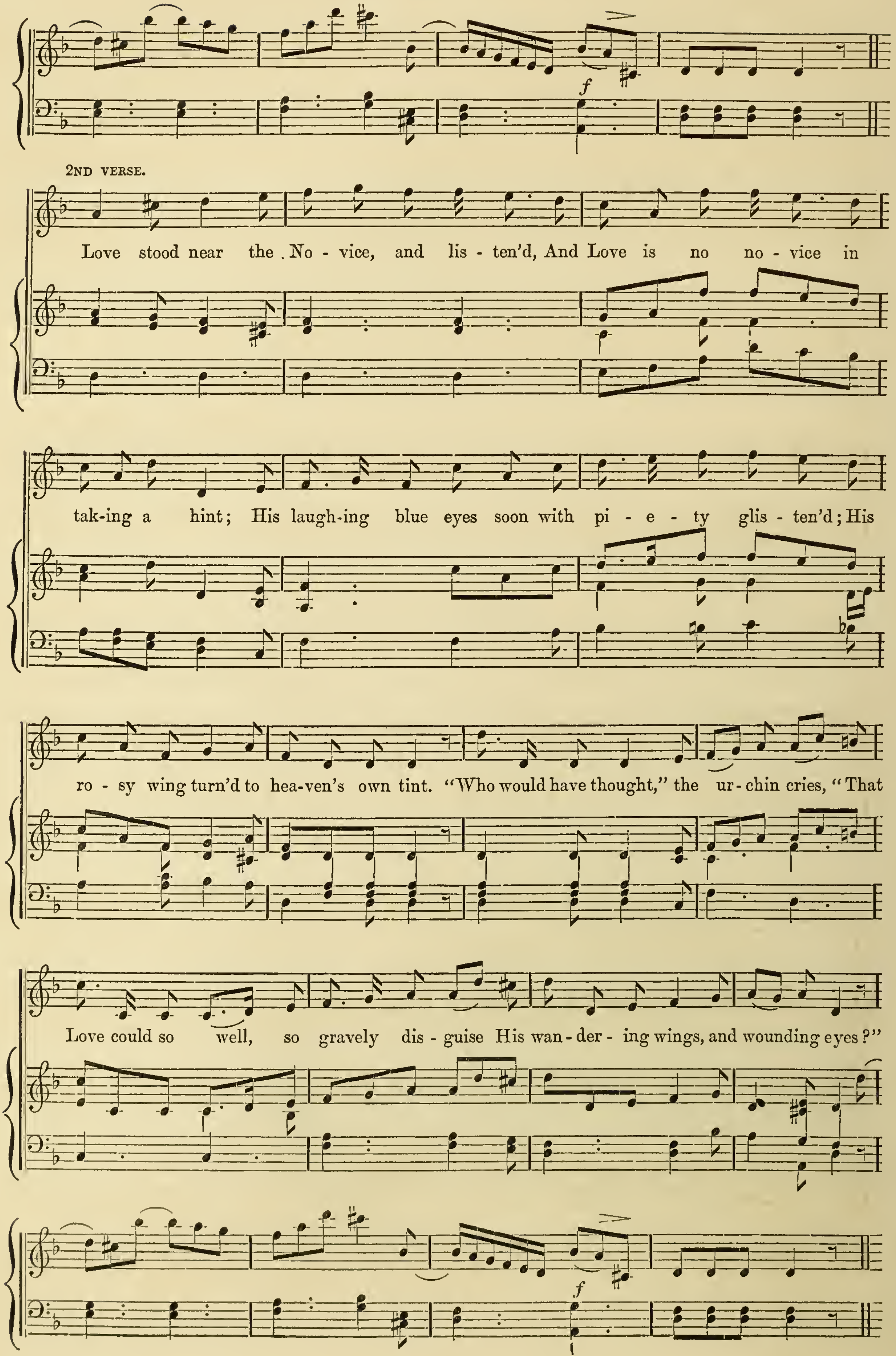
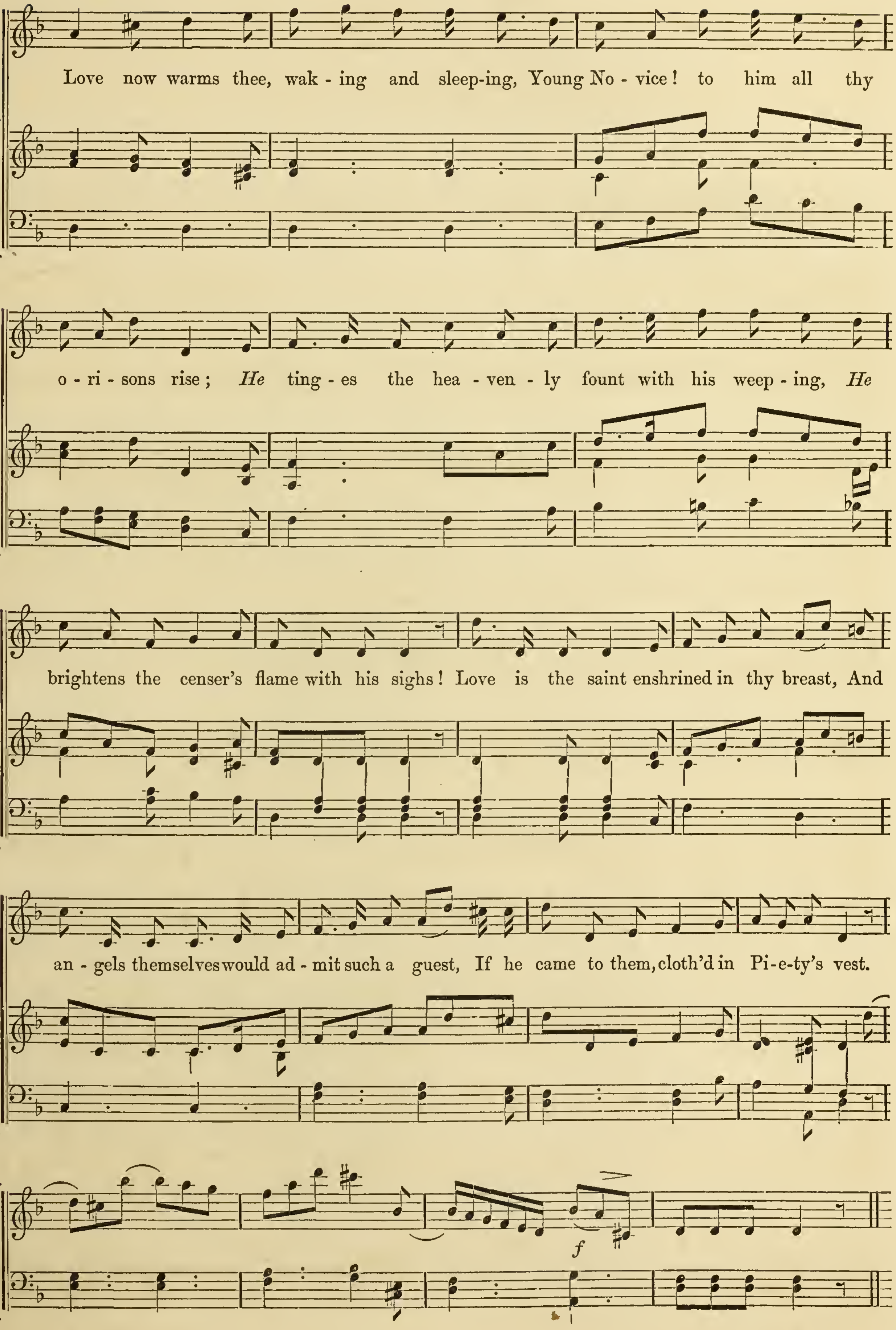
* We have taken the liberty of omitting a part of this Air, which appeared to us to wander rather unmanageably out of the compass of the voice.


2ND VERSE.
Love stood near the No - vice, and lis - ten'd, And Love is no no - vice in
tak-ing a hint; His laugh-ing blue eyes soon with pi - e - ty glis - ten'd; His
ro - sy wing turn'd to hea-ven's own tint. "Who would have thought," the ur-chin cries, "That
Love could so well, so gravely dis - guise His wan-der - ing wings, and wounding eyes?"
f

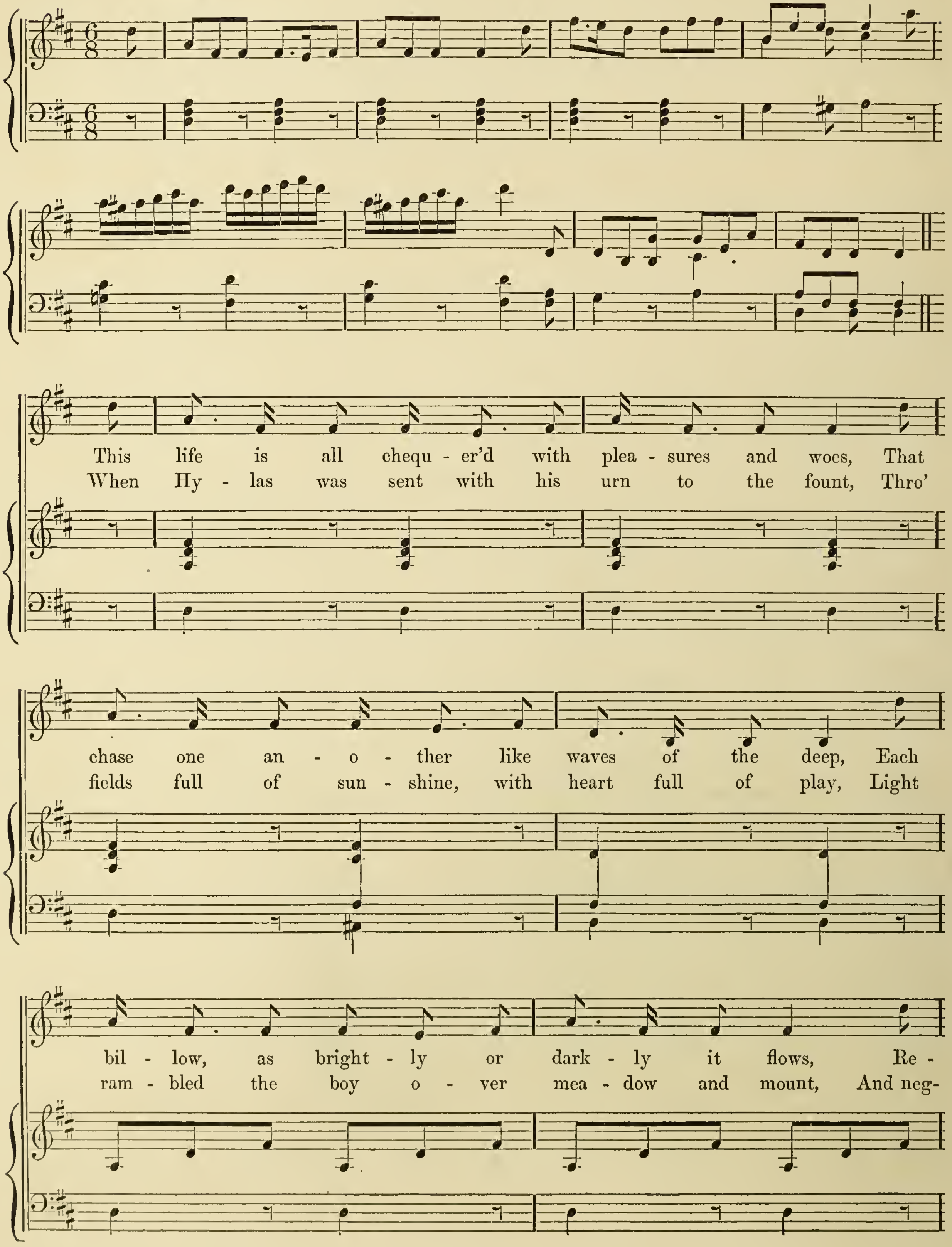
3RD VERSE.

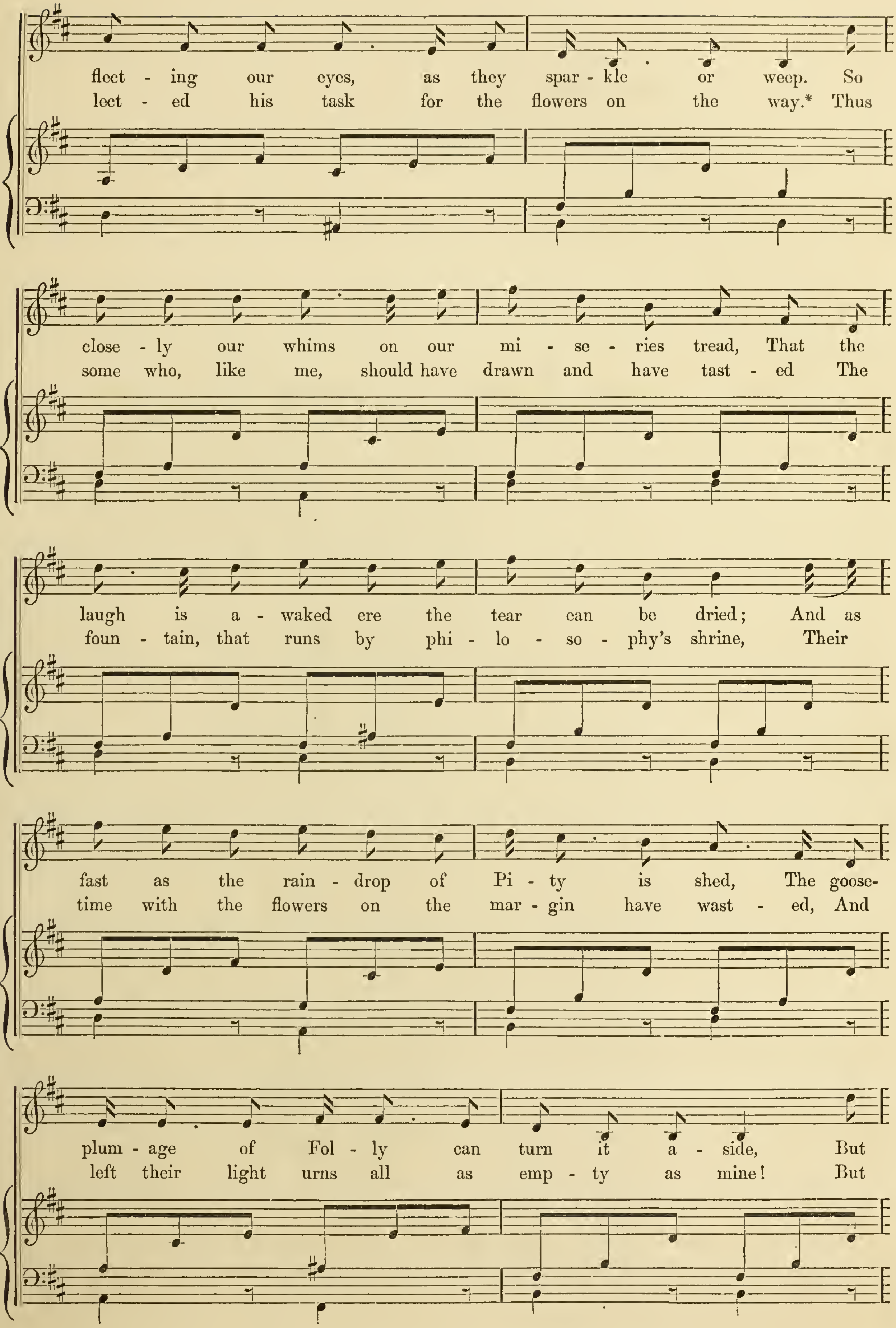

Love now warms thee, wak - ing and sleep-ing, Young No - vice! to him all thy
o - ri - sons rise; He ting - es the hea - ven - ly fount with his weep - ing, He
brightens the censer's flame with his sighs! Love is the saint enshrined in thy breast, And
an - gels themselves would ad - mit such a guest, If he came to them, cloth'd in Pi-e-ty's vest.
f

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED.

With feeling and gaiety.

AIR—THE BUNCH OF GREEN RUSHES THAT GREW AT THE BRIM.


This life is all chequ - er'd with plea - sures and woes, That
When Hy - las was sent with his urn to the fount, Thro'
chase one an - o - ther like waves of the deep, Each
fields full of sun - shine, with heart full of play, Light
bil - low, as bright - ly or dark - ly it flows, Re -
ram - bled the boy o - ver mea - dow and mount, And neg-


fleet - ing our eyes, as they spar - kle or weep. So
lect - ed his task for the flowers on the way.* Thus
close - ly our whims on our mi - se - ries tread, That the
some who, like me, should have drawn and have tast - ed The
laugh is a - waked ere the tear can be dried; And as
foun - tain, that runs by phi - lo - so - phy's shrine, Their
fast as the rain - drop of Pi - ty is shed, The goose-
time with the flowers on the mar - gin have wast - ed, And
plum - age of Fol - ly can turn it a - side, But
left their light urns all as emp - ty as mine! But

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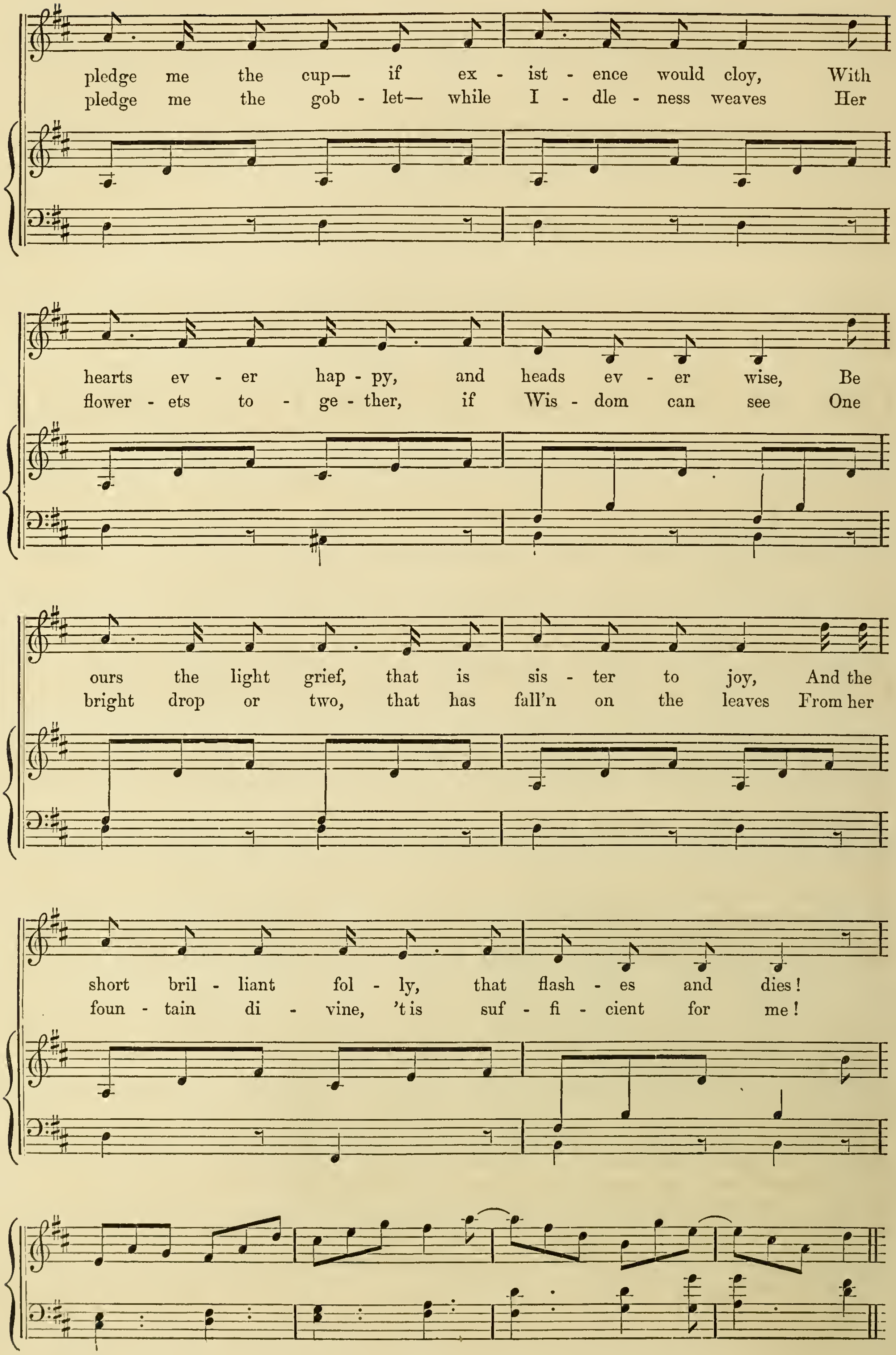
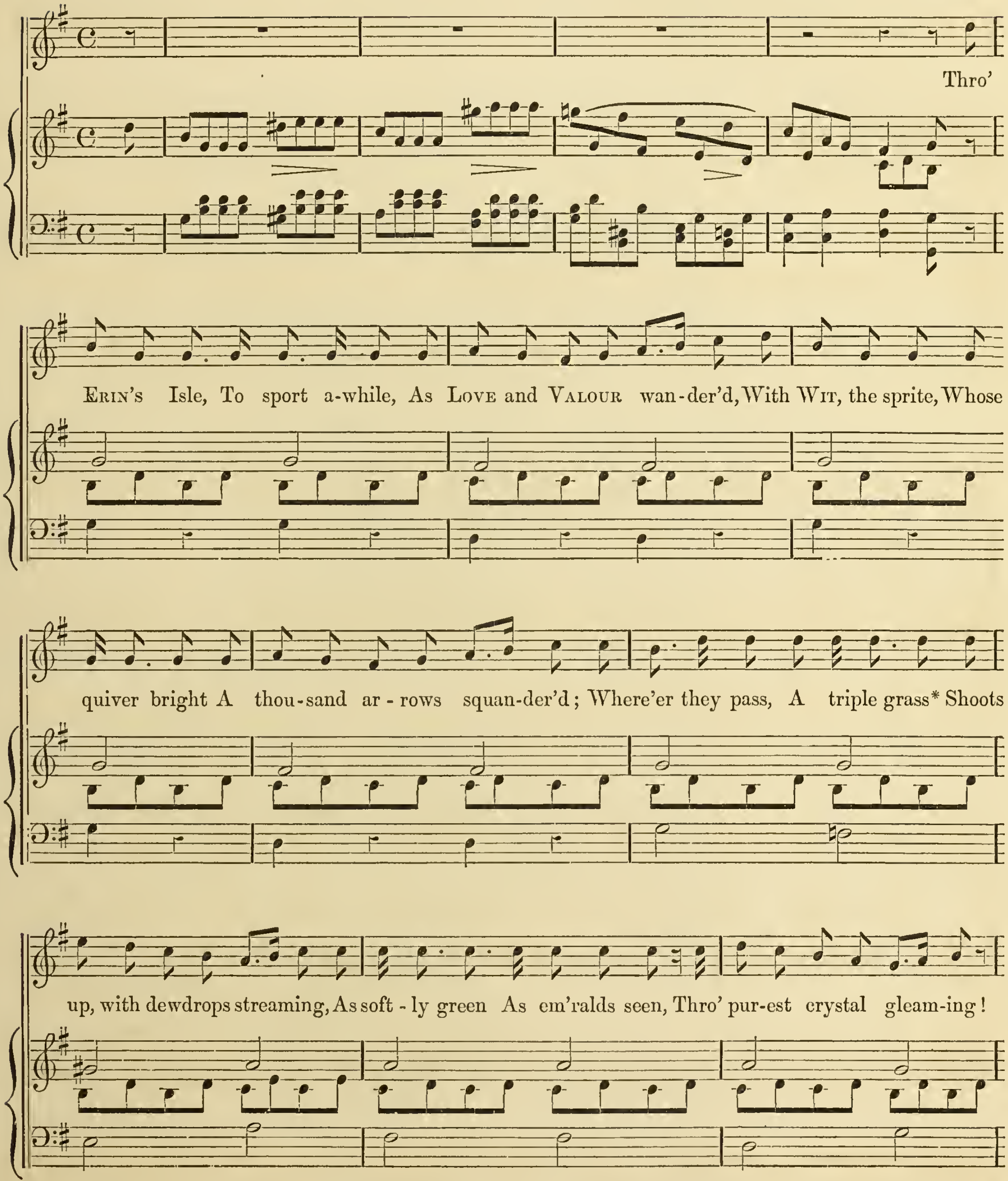
* Proposito florem prætulit officio.—Propert. *Lib. I. Eleg.* 20


pledge me the cup— if ex - ist - ence would cloy, With
pledge me the gob - let— while I - dle - ness weaves Her
hearts ev - er hap - py, and heads ev - er wise, Be
flower - ets to - ge - ther, if Wis - dom can see One
ours the light grief, that is sis - ter to joy, And the
bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves From her
short bril - liant fol - ly, that flash - es and dies!
foun - tain di - vine, 'tis suf - fi - cient for me!

OH THE SHAMROCK!

In moderate time.

AIR—ALLEY CROKER.


Thro'
Erin's Isle, To sport a-while, As Love and Valour wan-der'd, With Wit, the sprite, Whose
quiver bright A thou-sand ar-rows squan-der'd; Where'er they pass, A triple grass* Shoots
up, with dewdrops streaming, As soft-ly green As em'ralds seen, Thro' pur-est crystal gleam-ing!

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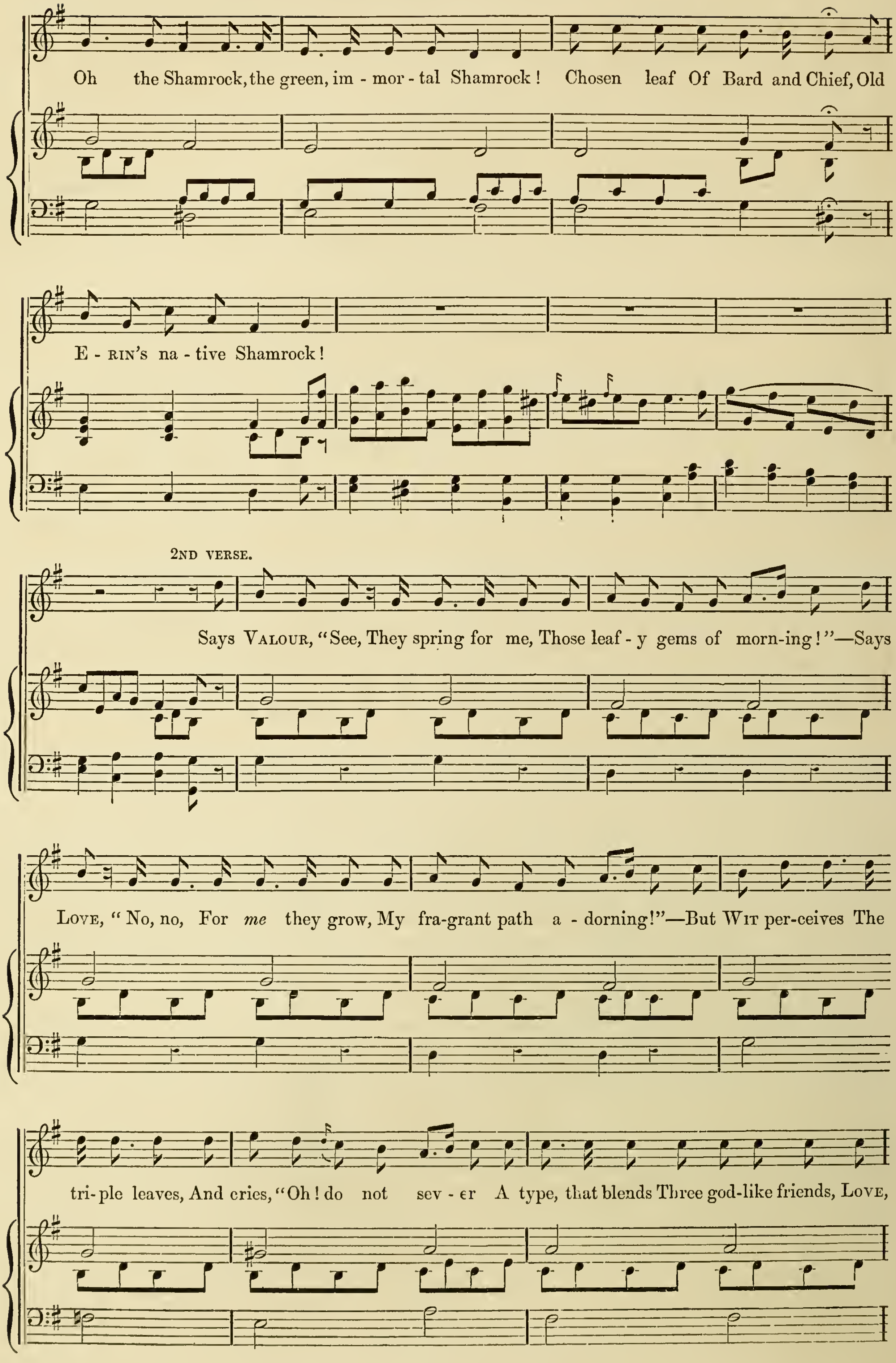
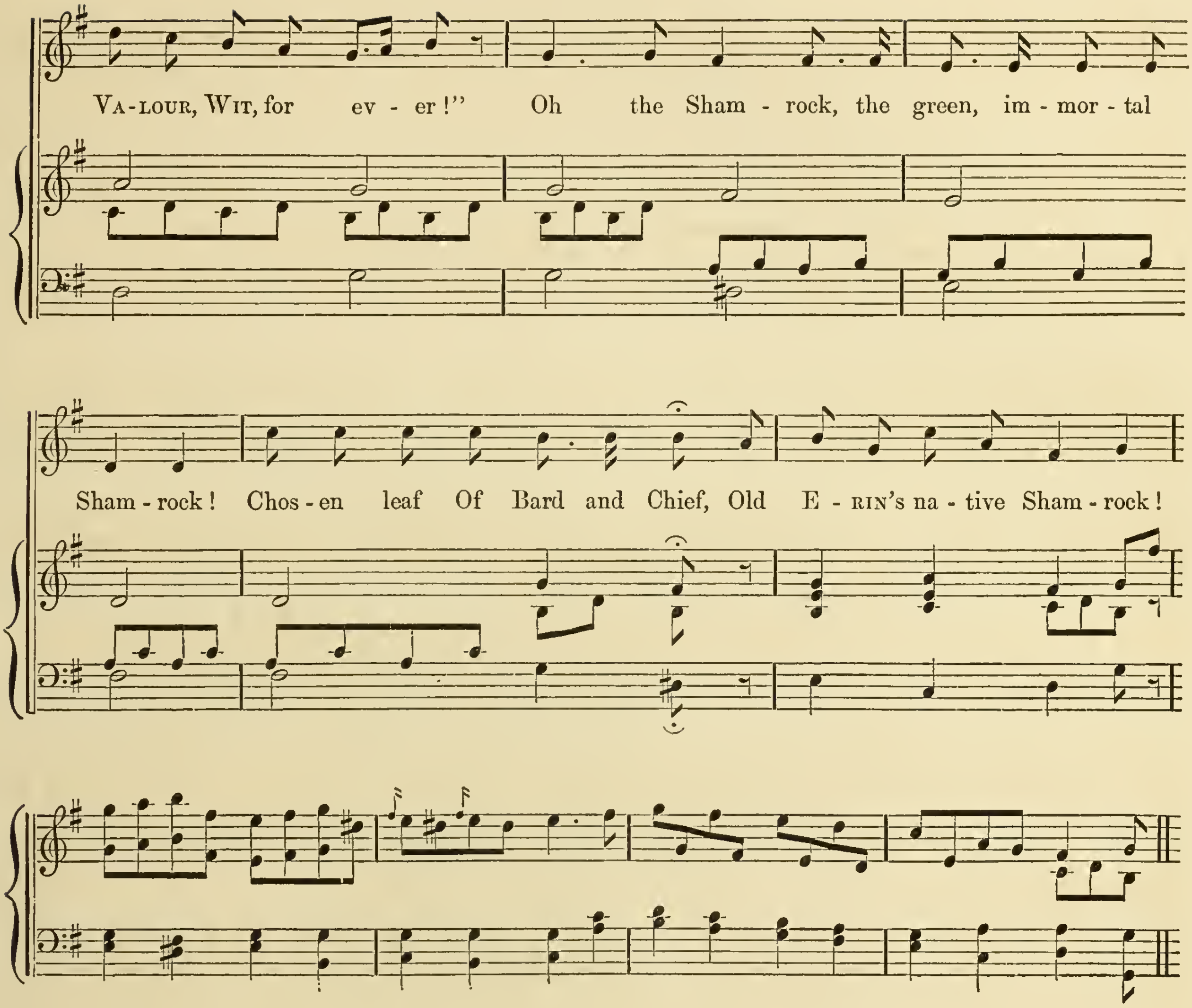
* Saint Patrick is said to have made use of that species of the trefoil, to which in Ireland we give the name of Shamrock, in explaining the doctrine of the Trinity to the pagan Irish. I do not know if there be any other reason for our adoption of this plant as a national emblem. Hope, among the ancients, was sometimes represented as a beautiful child, "standing upon tip-toes, and a trefoil or three-coloured grass in her hand."


Oh the Shamrock, the green, im - mor - tal Shamrock! Chosen leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old
E - RIN's na - tive Shamrock!
2ND VERSE.
Says VALOUR, "See, They spring for me, Those leaf - y gems of morn-ing!"—Says
LOVE, "No, no, For *me* they grow, My fra-grant path a - dorning!"—But WIT per-ceives The
tri-ple leaves, And cries, "Oh! do not sev - er A type, that blends Three god-like friends, LOVE,

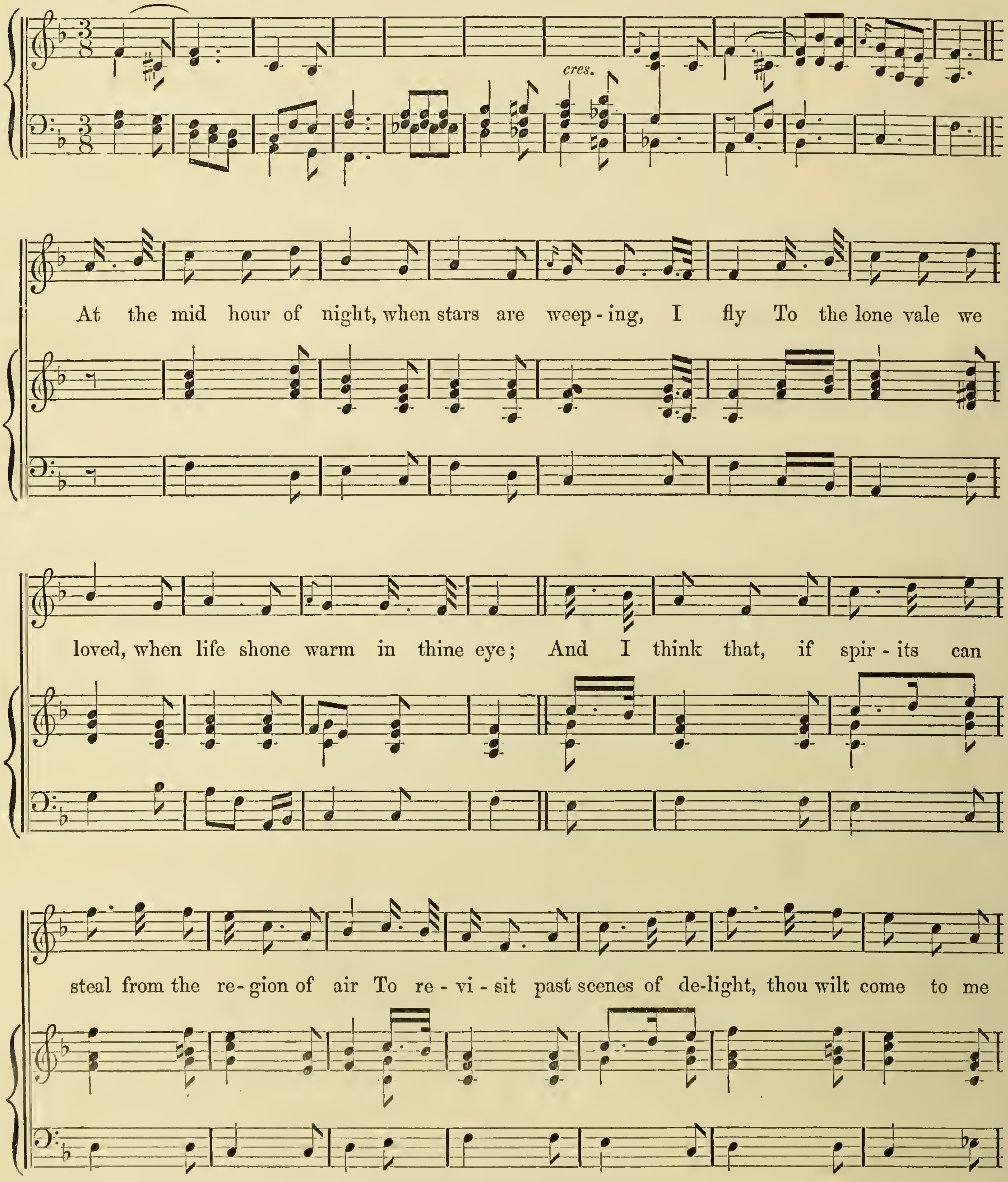

Va-lour, Wit, for ev - er!" Oh the Sham - rock, the green, im - mor - tal
Sham - rock! Chos - en leaf Of Bard and Chief, Old E - rin's na - tive Sham - rock!

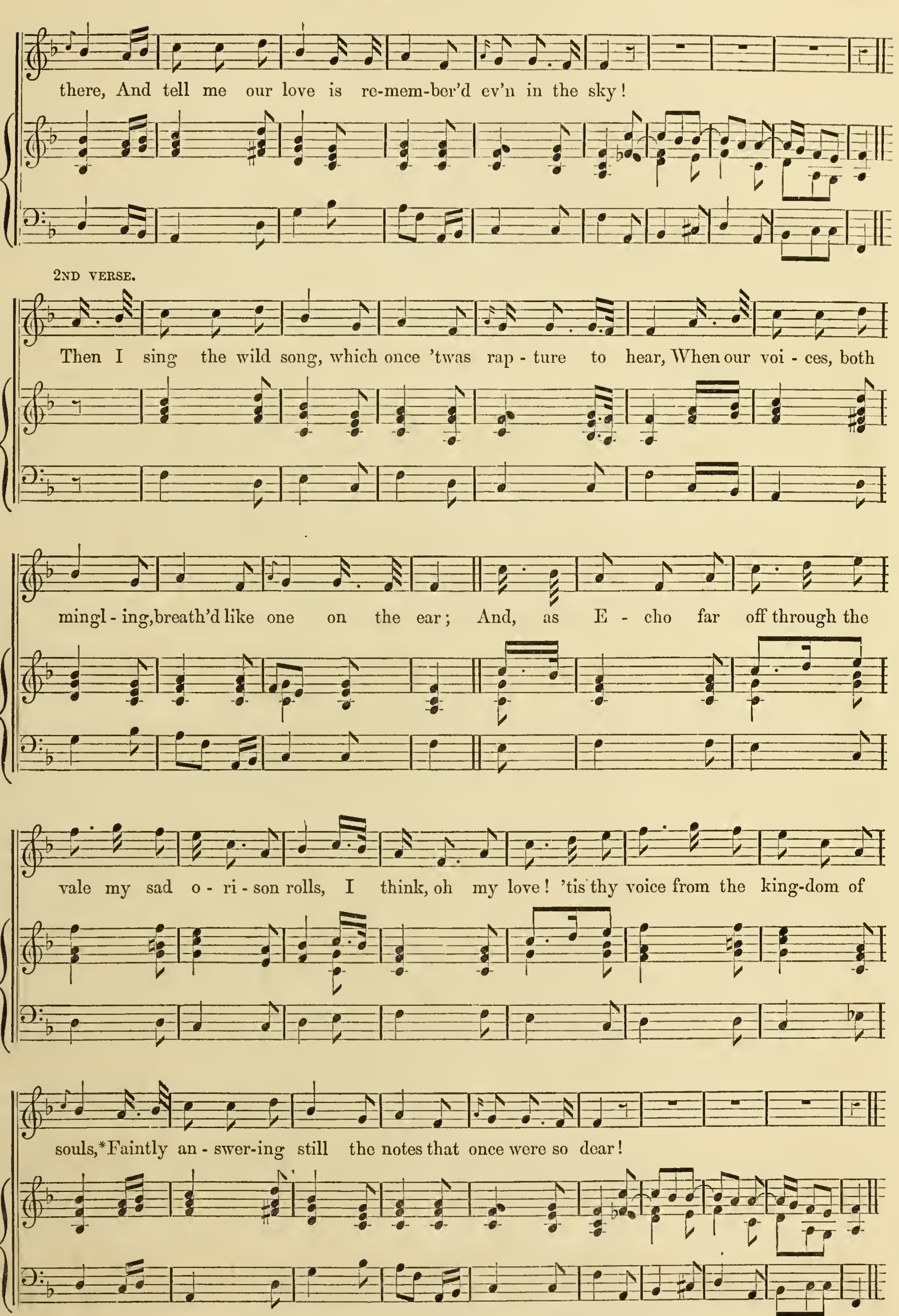
III.

So firmly fond
May last the bond
They wove that morn together,
And ne'er may fall
One drop of gall
On Wit's celestial feather!
May Love, as twine
His flowers divine,
Of thorny falsehood weed 'em!
May Valour ne'er
His standard rear
Against the cause of Freedom!
Oh the Shamrock, the green, immortal Shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of Bard and Chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT.

Slow, and with melancholy expression. AIR—MOLLY, MY DEAR.


cres.
At the mid hour of night, when stars are weep - ing, I fly To the lone vale we
loved, when life shone warm in thine eye; And I think that, if spir - its can
steal from the re- gion of air To re - vi - sit past scenes of de-light, thou wilt come to me


there, And tell me our love is re-mem-ber'd ev'n in the sky!
2ND VERSE.
Then I sing the wild song, which once 'twas rap - ture to hear, When our voi - ces, both
mingl - ing, breath'd like one on the ear; And, as E - cho far off through the
vale my sad o - ri - son rolls, I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the king-dom of
souls,*Faintly an - swer-ing still the notes that once were so dear!

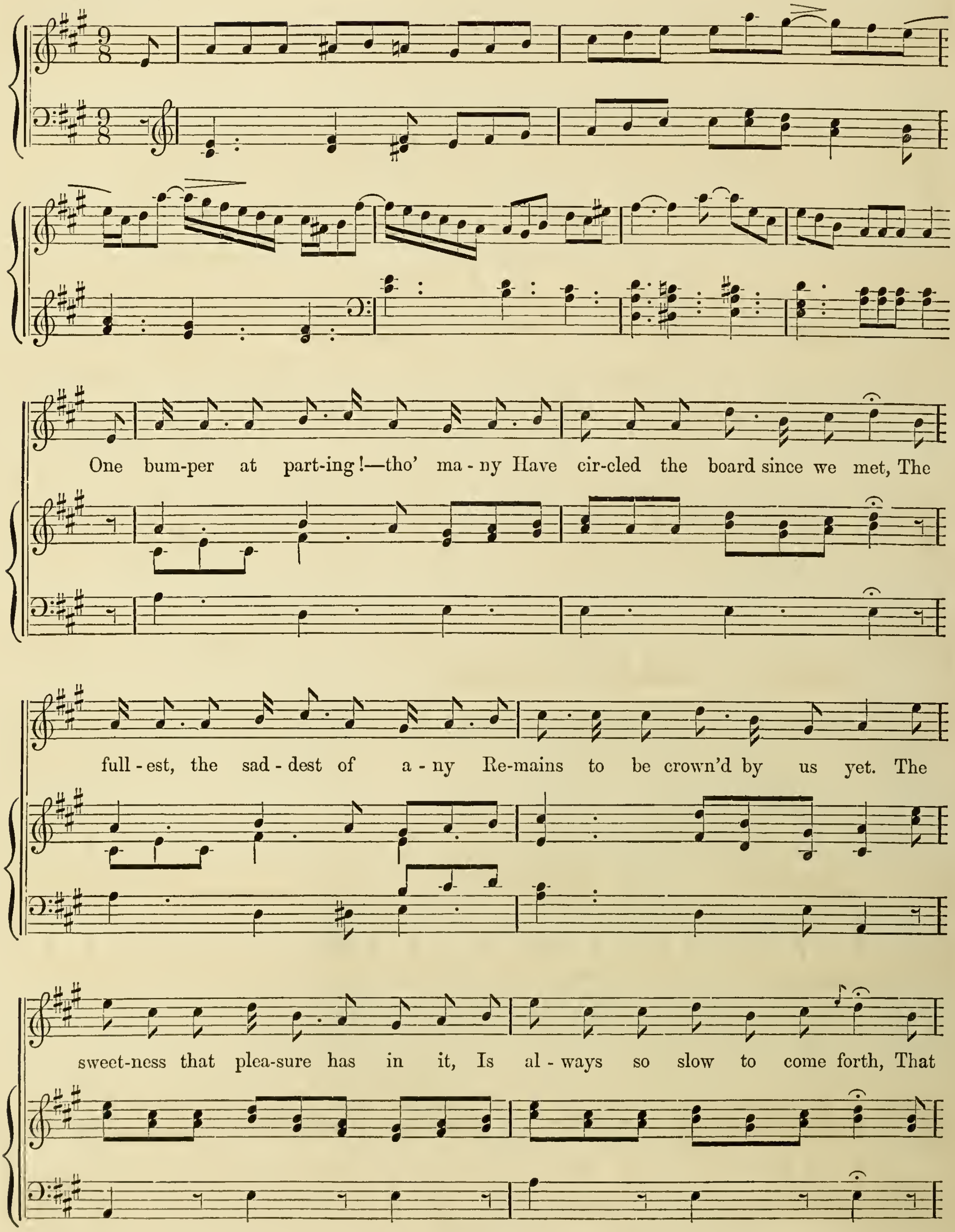
---

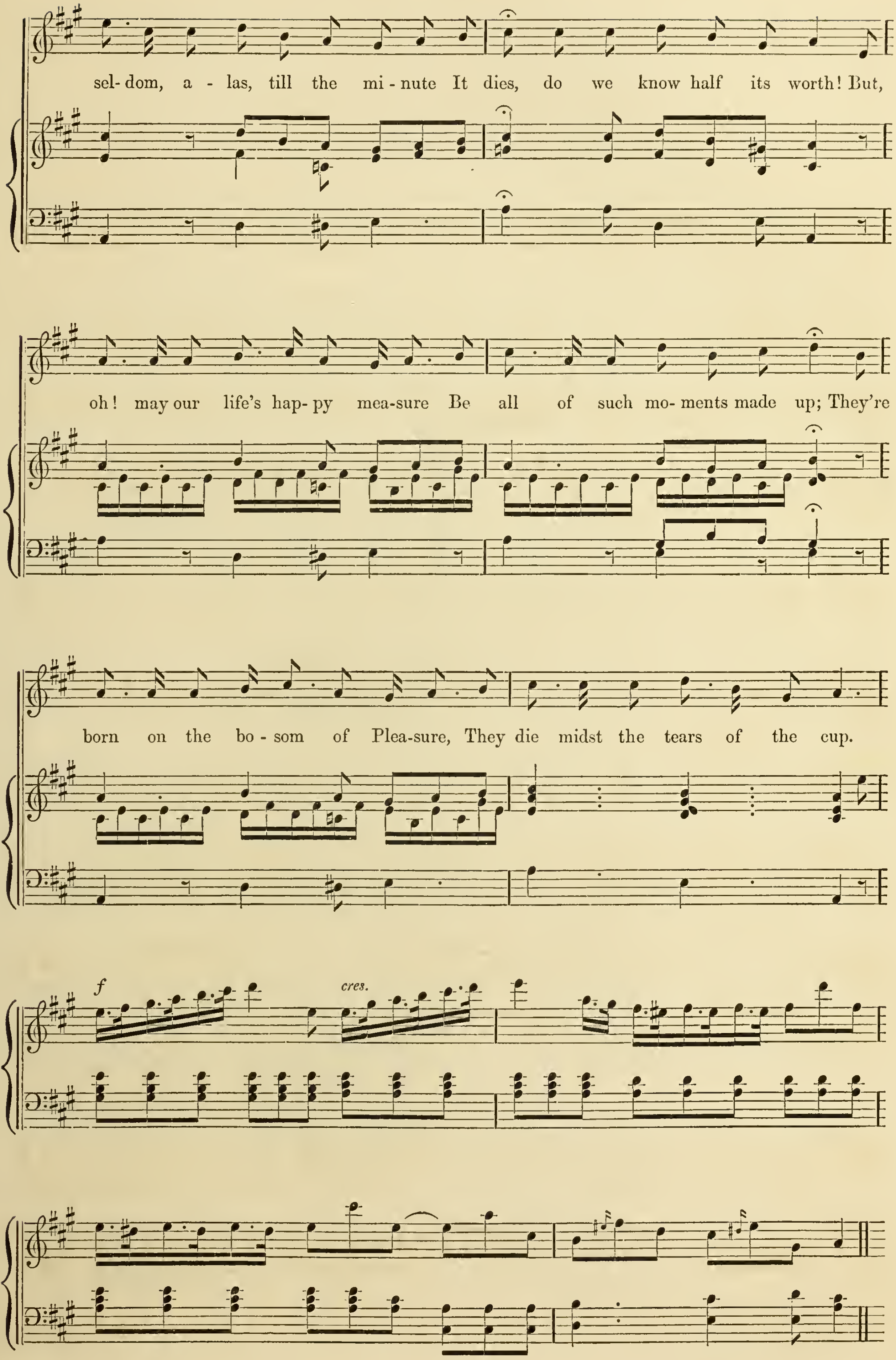
* "There are countries," says MONTAIGNE, "where they believe the souls of the happy live in all manner of liberty, in delightful fields, and that it is those souls repeating the words we utter, which we call Echo."

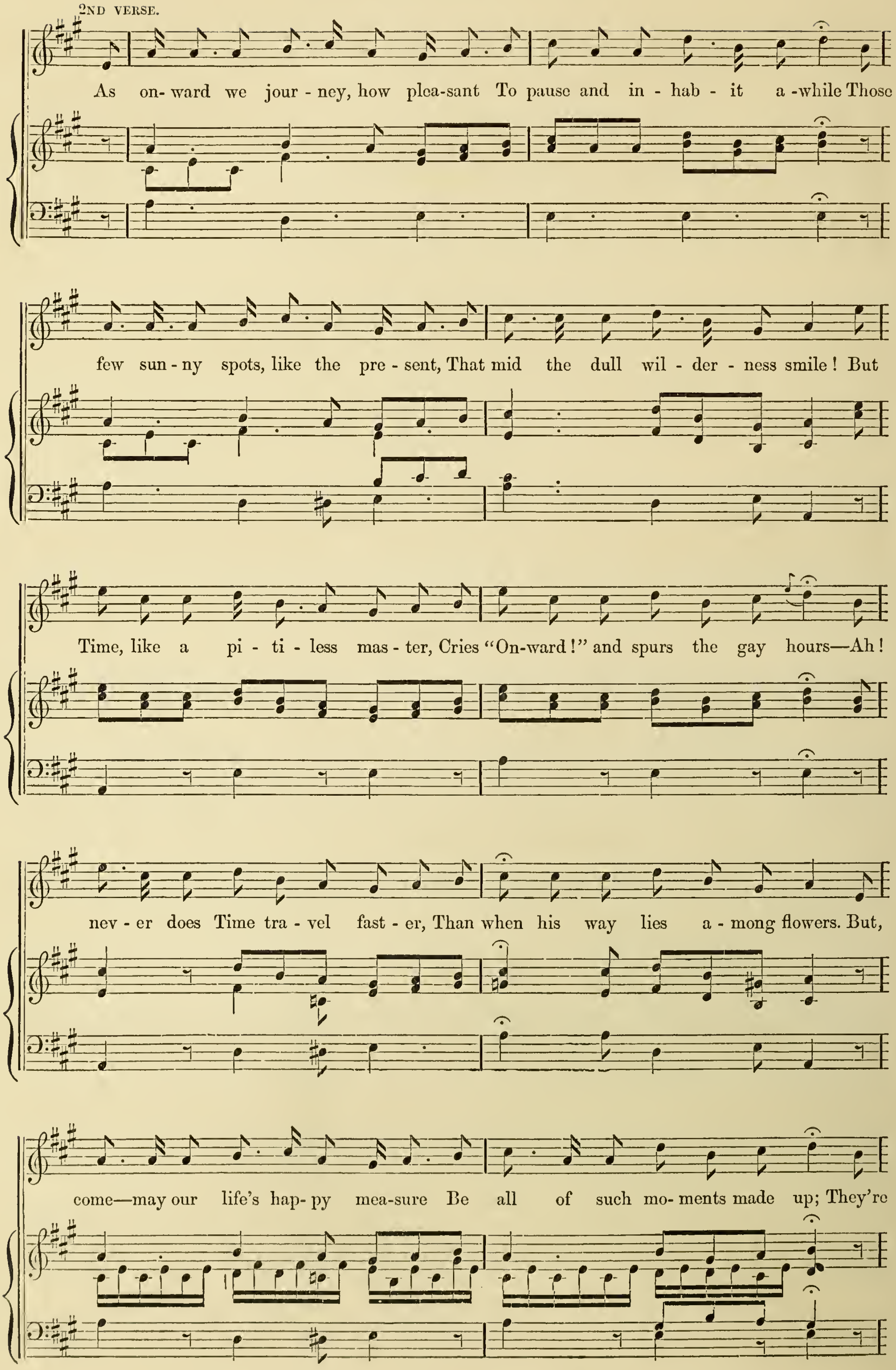
ONE BUMPER AT PARTING.

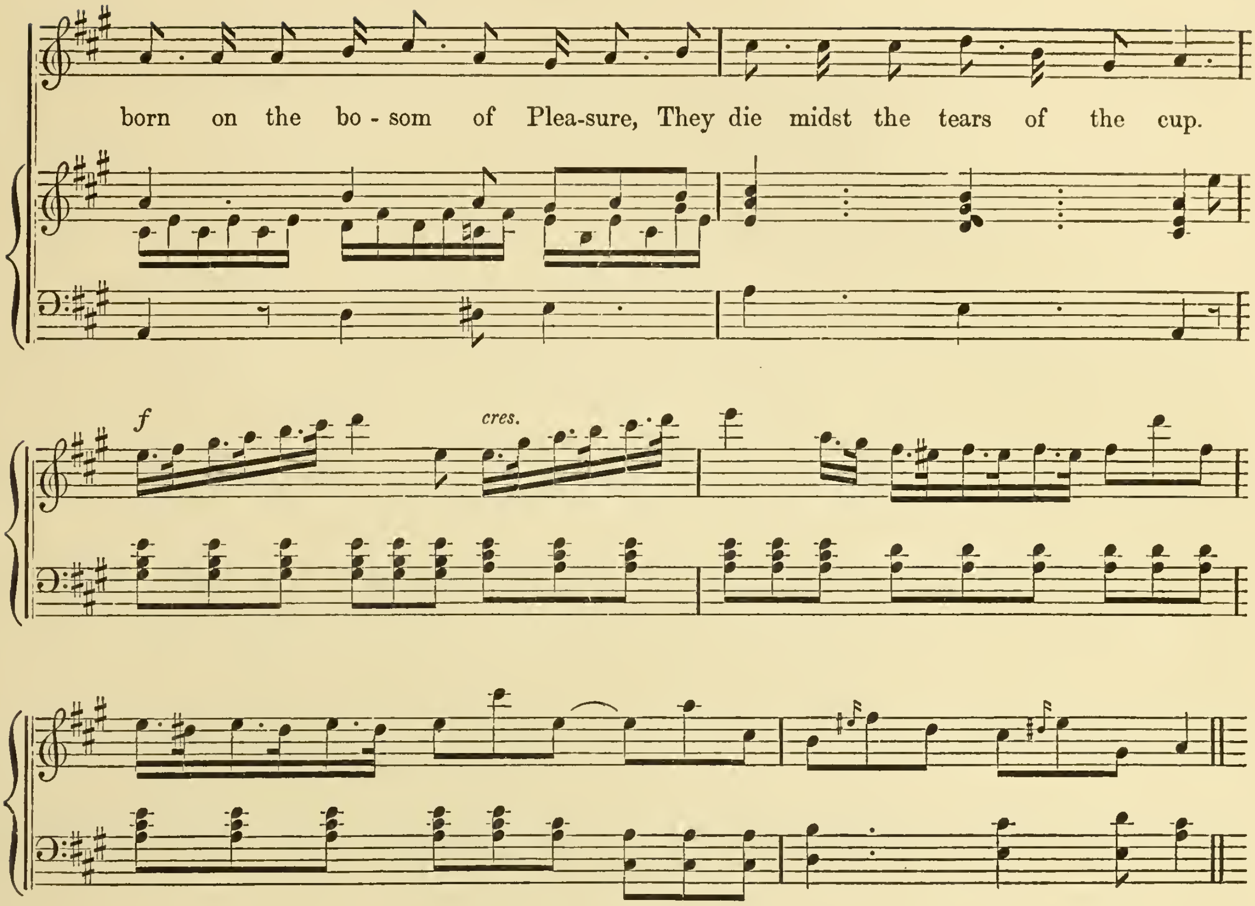
With animation.

AIR—MOLL ROE IN THE MORNING.


One bum-per at part-ing!—tho' ma-ny Have cir-cled the board since we met, The
full-est, the sad-dest of a-ny Re-mains to be crown'd by us yet. The
sweet-ness that plea-sure has in it, Is al-ways so slow to come forth, That


sel- dom, a - las, till the mi - nute It dies, do we know half its worth! But,
oh! may our life's hap- py mea-sure Be all of such mo- ments made up; They're
born on the bo - som of Plea-sure, They die midst the tears of the cup.
f
cres.


2nd verse.
As on-ward we jour-ney, how plea-sant To pause and in-hab-it a-while Those
few sun-ny spots, like the pre-sent, That mid the dull wil-der-ness smile! But
Time, like a pi-ti-less mas-ter, Cries "On-ward!" and spurs the gay hours—Ah!
nev-er does Time tra-vel fast-er, Than when his way lies a-mong flowers. But,
come—may our life's hap-py mea-sure Be all of such mo-ments made up; They're

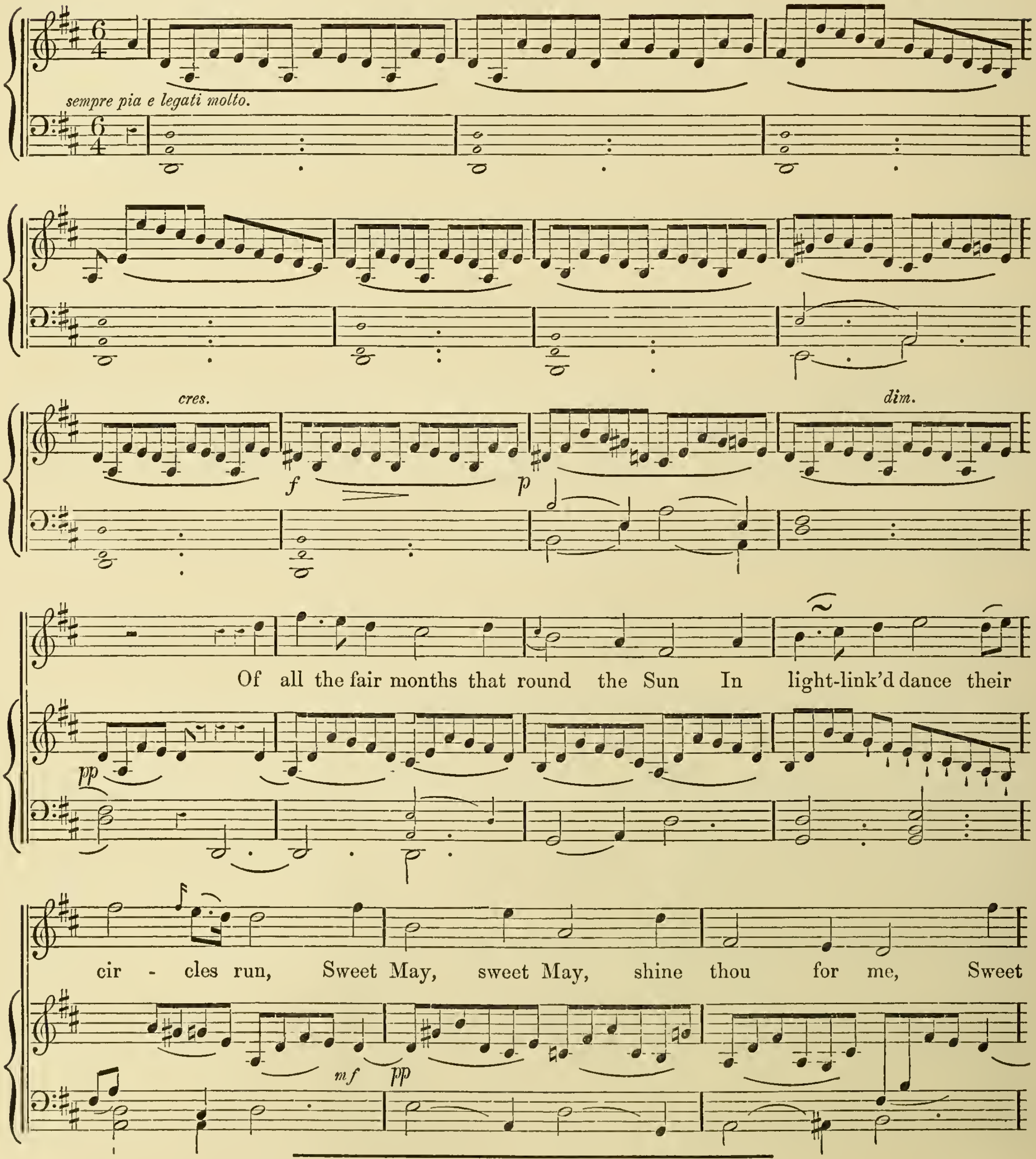

born on the bo - som of Plea-sure, They die midst the tears of the cup.
f
cres.

How brilliant the sun look'd in sinking!
The waters beneath him how bright!
Oh! trust me, the farewell of drinking
Should be like the farewell of light.
You saw how he finish'd, by darting
His beam o'er a deep billow's brim—
So fill up, let 's shine at our parting,
In full liquid glory like him.
And, oh! may our life's happy measure
Of moments like this be made up;
'T was born on the bosom of Pleasure,
It dies mid the tears of the cup!

SONG OF O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.*

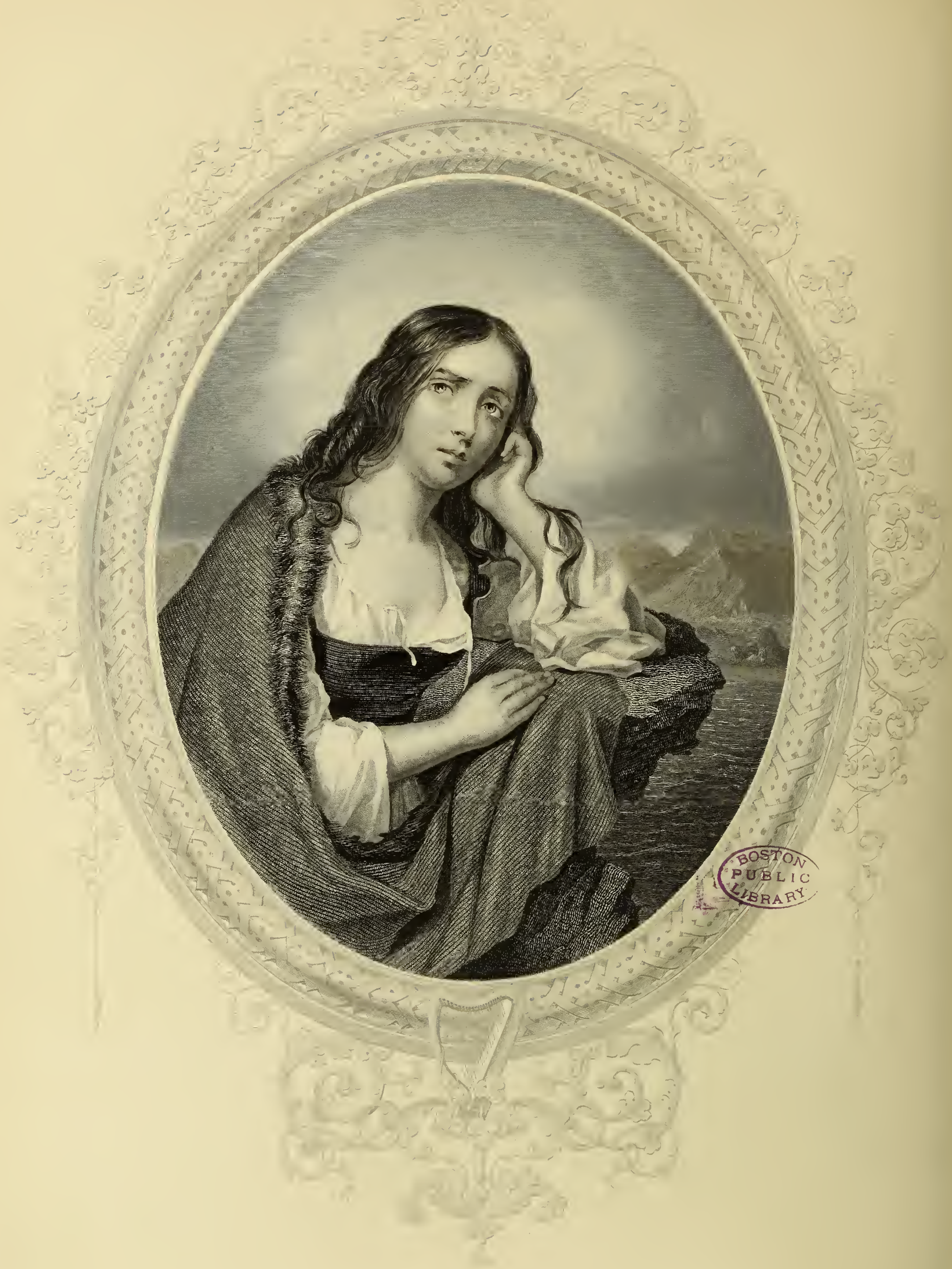
OF ALL THE FAIR MONTHS, THAT ROUND THE SUN.

Smoothly and in moderate time. AIR—THE LITTLE AND GREAT MOUNTAIN.


sempre pia e legati molto.
cres.
f
p
dim.
pp
Of all the fair months that round the Sun In light-link'd dance their
cir - cles run, Sweet May, sweet May, shine thou for me, Sweet
mf
pp

---

* The particulars of the tradition respecting O'Donohue and his White Horse may be found in Mr. Weld's Account of Killarney, or, more fully detailed, in Derrick's Letters. For many years after his death, the spirit of this hero is supposed to have been seen, on the morning of May-day, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse, to the sound of sweet unearthly music, and preceded by groups of youths and maidens, who flung wreaths of delicate spring-flowers in his path. Among other stories connected with this Legend of the Lakes, it is said that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with the idea of this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herself in love with him, and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May-morning, threw herself into the Lake.



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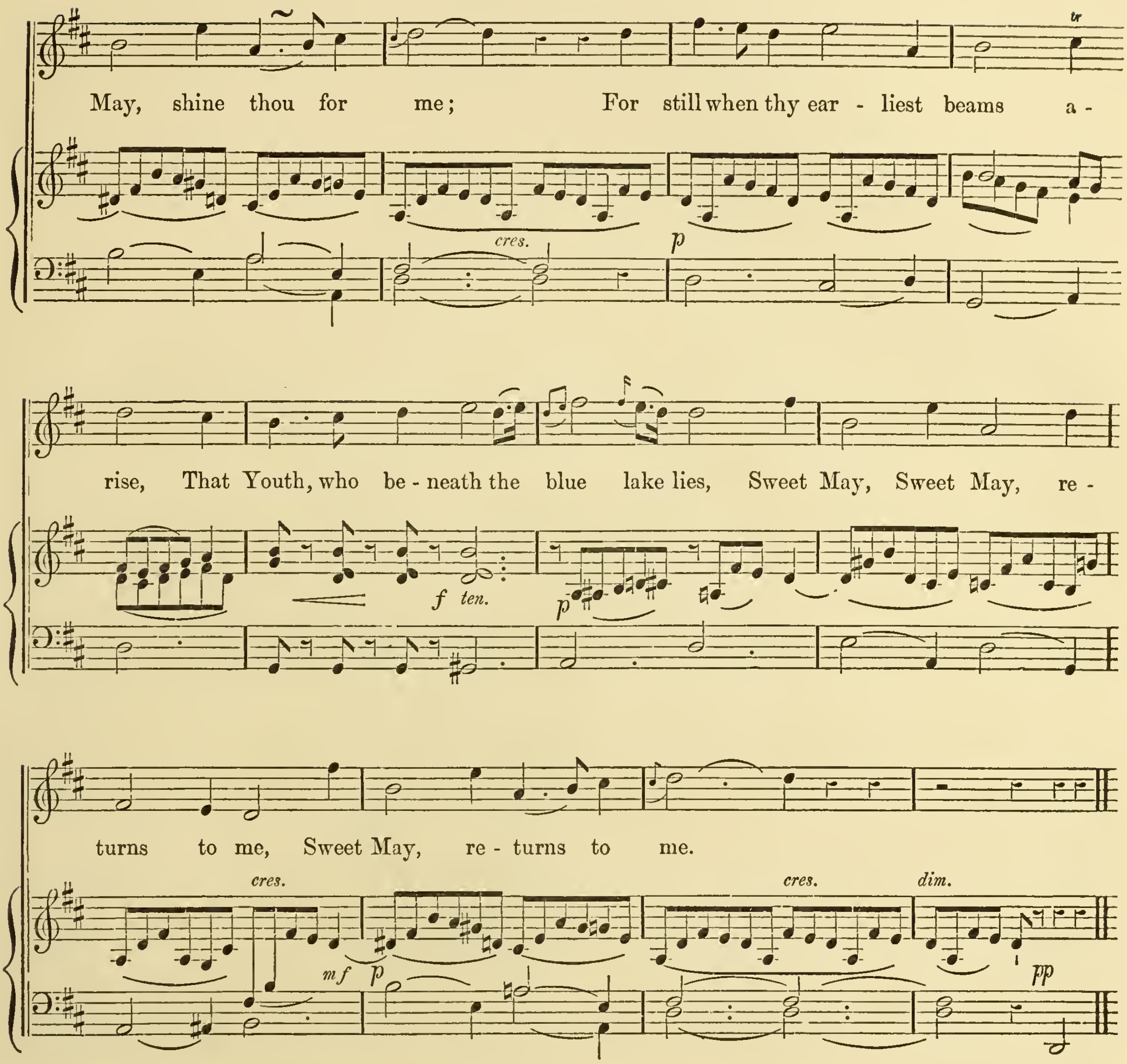

May, shine thou for me; For still when thy ear - liest beams a -
cres.
p
rise, That Youth, who be - neath the blue lake lies, Sweet May, Sweet May, re -
f ten.
p
turns to me, Sweet May, re - turns to me.
cres.
mf p
cres.
dim.
pp

II.

Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair Lake, fair Lake, thou 'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim,
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, who dwells, bright Lake, in thee.

III.

Of all the proud steeds, that ever bore
Young plumed Chiefs on sea or shore,
White Steed, white Steed, most joy to thee,
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my love, my chief, to me.

IV.

While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane* curls,
Fair Steed, fair Steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Fair Steed, around my love and thee.

V.

Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love, I 'll die for thee.

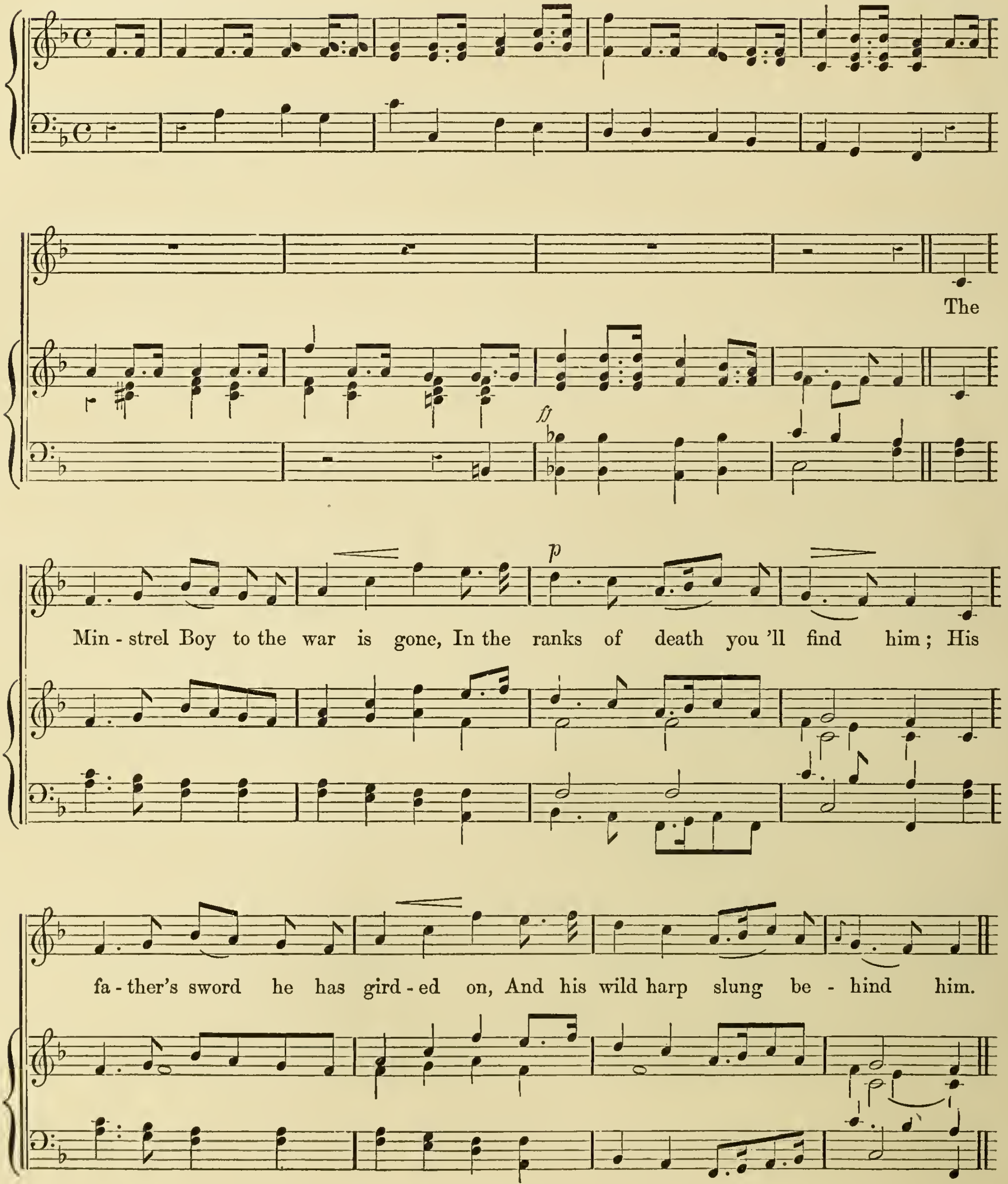
---

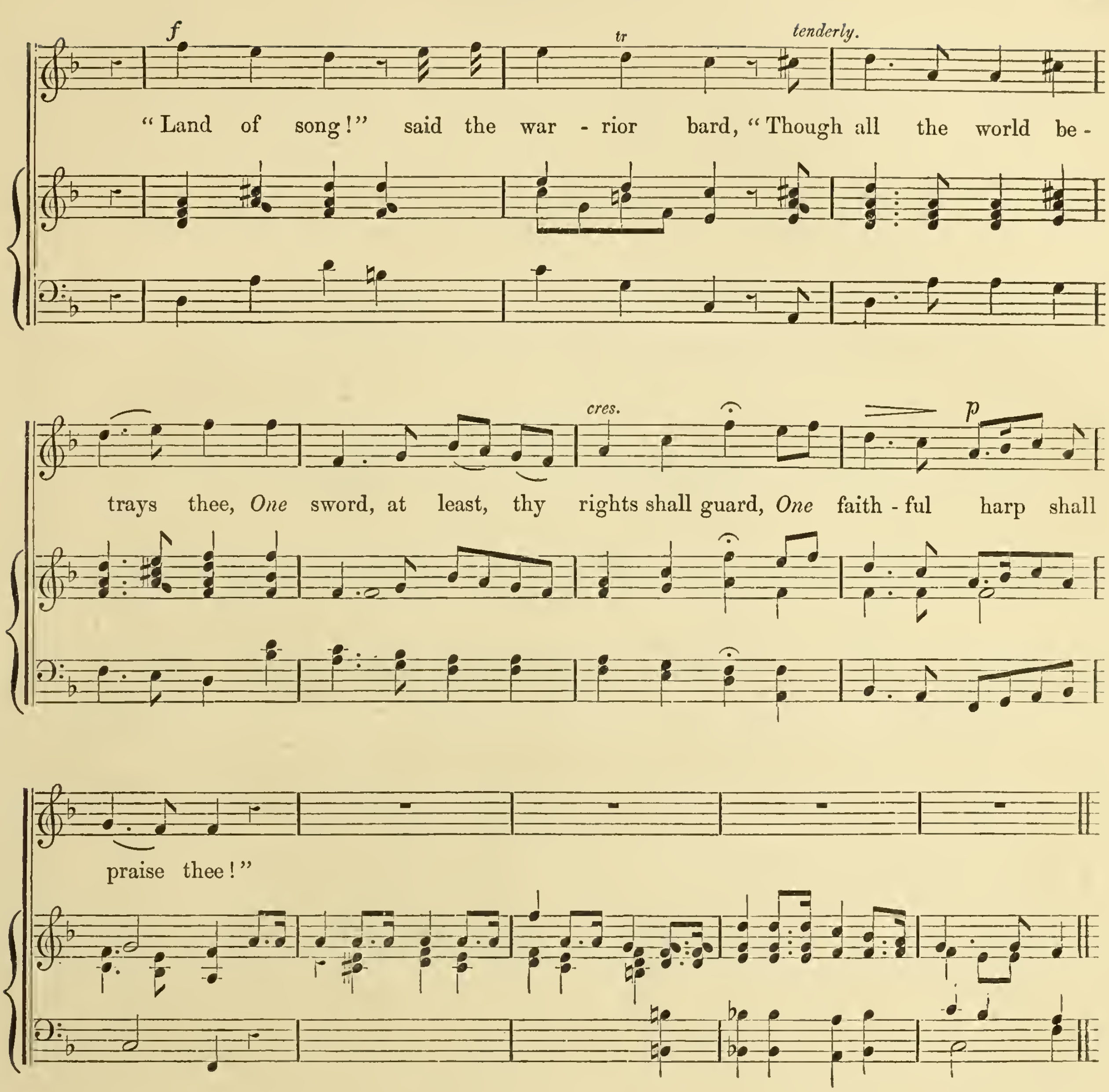
* The boatmen at Killarney call those waves which come on a windy day, crested with foam, "O'Donohue's white horses."

THE MINSTREL BOY.

With strength and spirit.

AIR—THE MOREEN.

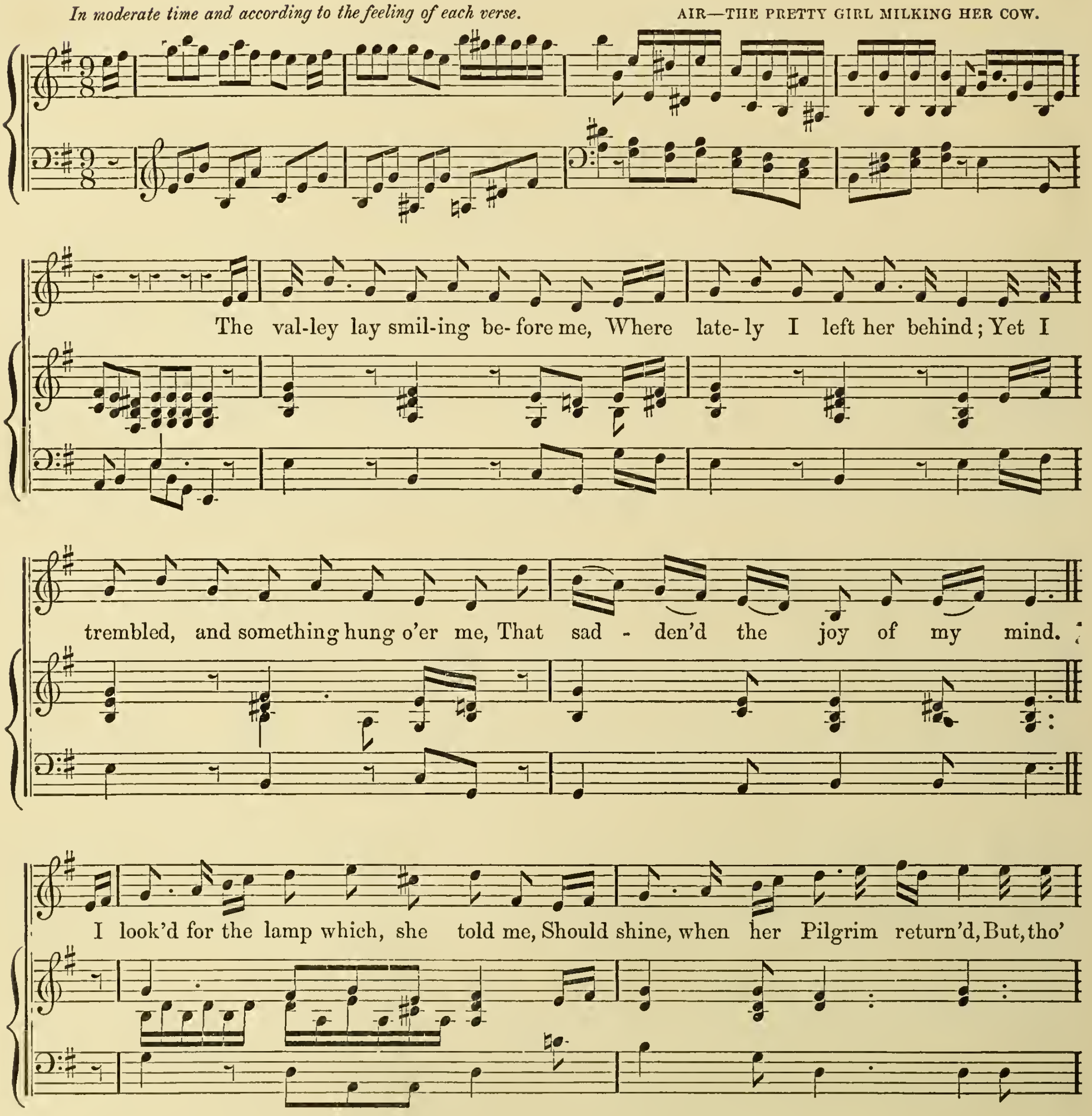

ff
p
The
Min - strel Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you 'll find him; His
fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him.


f
tr
tenderly.
"Land of song!" said the war - rior bard, "Though all the world be -
trays thee, One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith - ful harp shall
cres.
p
praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
"Thou soul of love and bravery!
"Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
"They shall never sound in slavery."

THE SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI.*

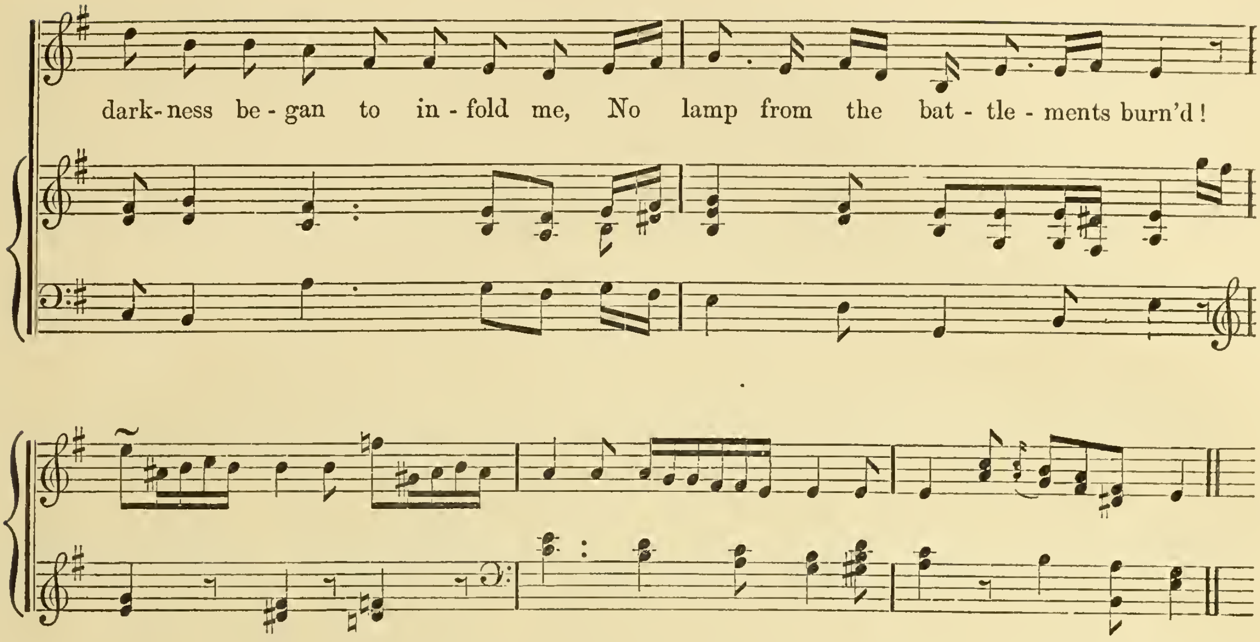
THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME.


In moderate time and according to the feeling of each verse.
AIR—THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW.
The val-ley lay smil-ing be-fore me, Where late-ly I left her behind; Yet I
trembled, and something hung o'er me, That sad - den'd the joy of my mind.
I look'd for the lamp which, she told me, Should shine, when her Pilgrim return'd, But, tho'

---

* These stanzas are founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland; if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving us. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns."—The monarch Roderick espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

"Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find him in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischiefs in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antoninus, and by the destruction of Troy."


dark- ness be - gan to in - fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd !

II.

I flew to her chamber—'t was lonely
As if the loved tenant lay dead—
Ah, would it were death, and death only !
But no—the young false one had fled.
And *there* hung the lute, that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand, that had waked it so often,
Now throbb'd to my proud rival's kiss !

III.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When Breffni's good sword would have sought
That man, through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought!*
While now—oh ! degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fall'n is thy fame !
And, through ages of bondage and slaughter,
Thy country shall bleed for thy shame.

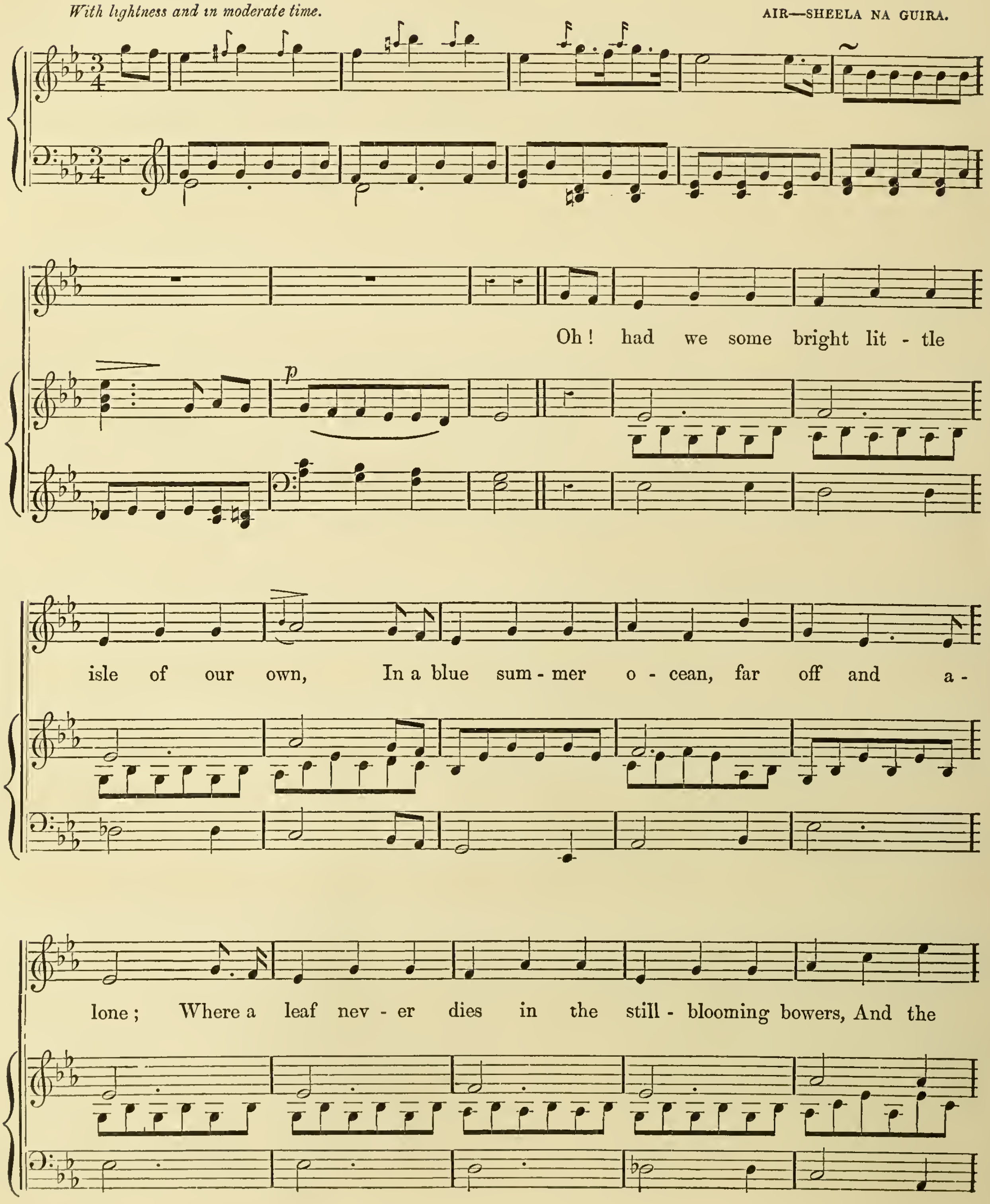
IV.

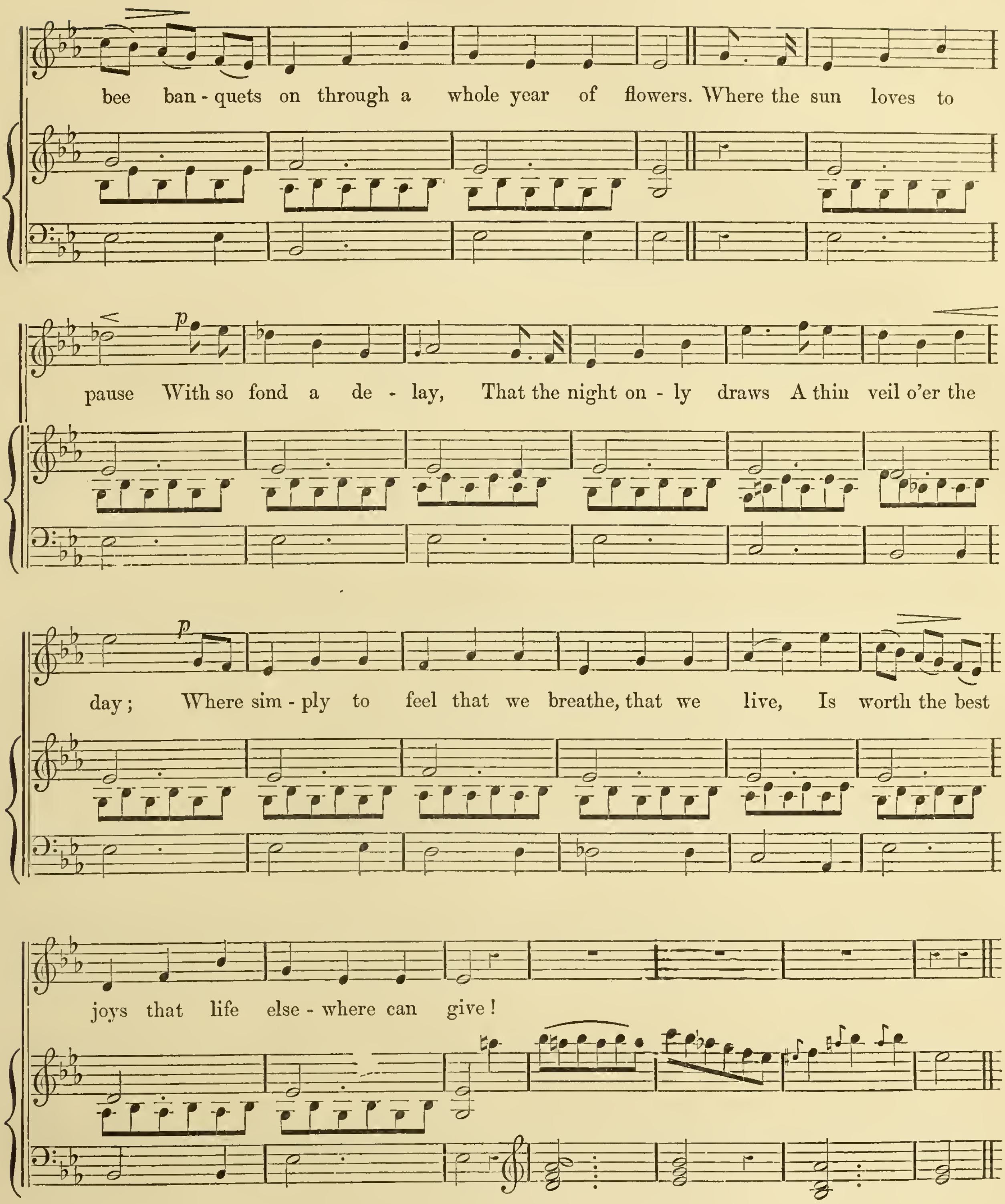
Already, the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane !
They come to divide—to dishonour—
And tyrants they long will remain !
But onward !—the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh ev'ry brand to the hilt ;
On *our* side is Virtue and Erin,
On *theirs* is the Saxon and Guilt.

OH! HAD WE SOME BRIGHT LITTLE ISLE.

With lightness and in moderate time.

AIR—SHEELA NA GUIRA.


p
Oh! had we some bright lit - tle
isle of our own, In a blue sum - mer o - cean, far off and a -
lone; Where a leaf nev - er dies in the still - blooming bowers, And the

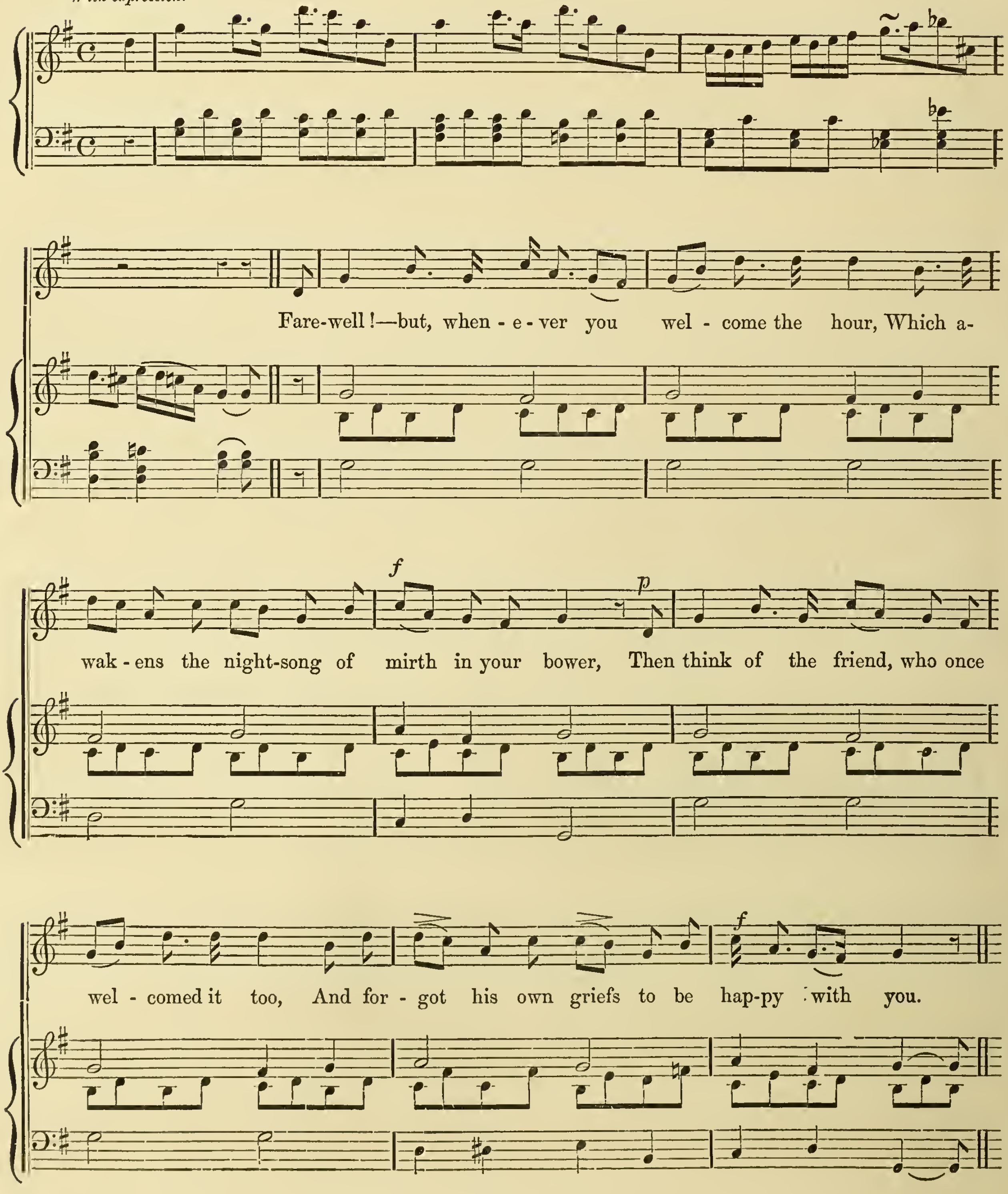

bee ban - quets on through a whole year of flowers. Where the sun loves to
pause With so fond a de - lay, That the night on - ly draws A thin veil o'er the
p
day; Where sim - ply to feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth the best
p
joys that life else - where can give!

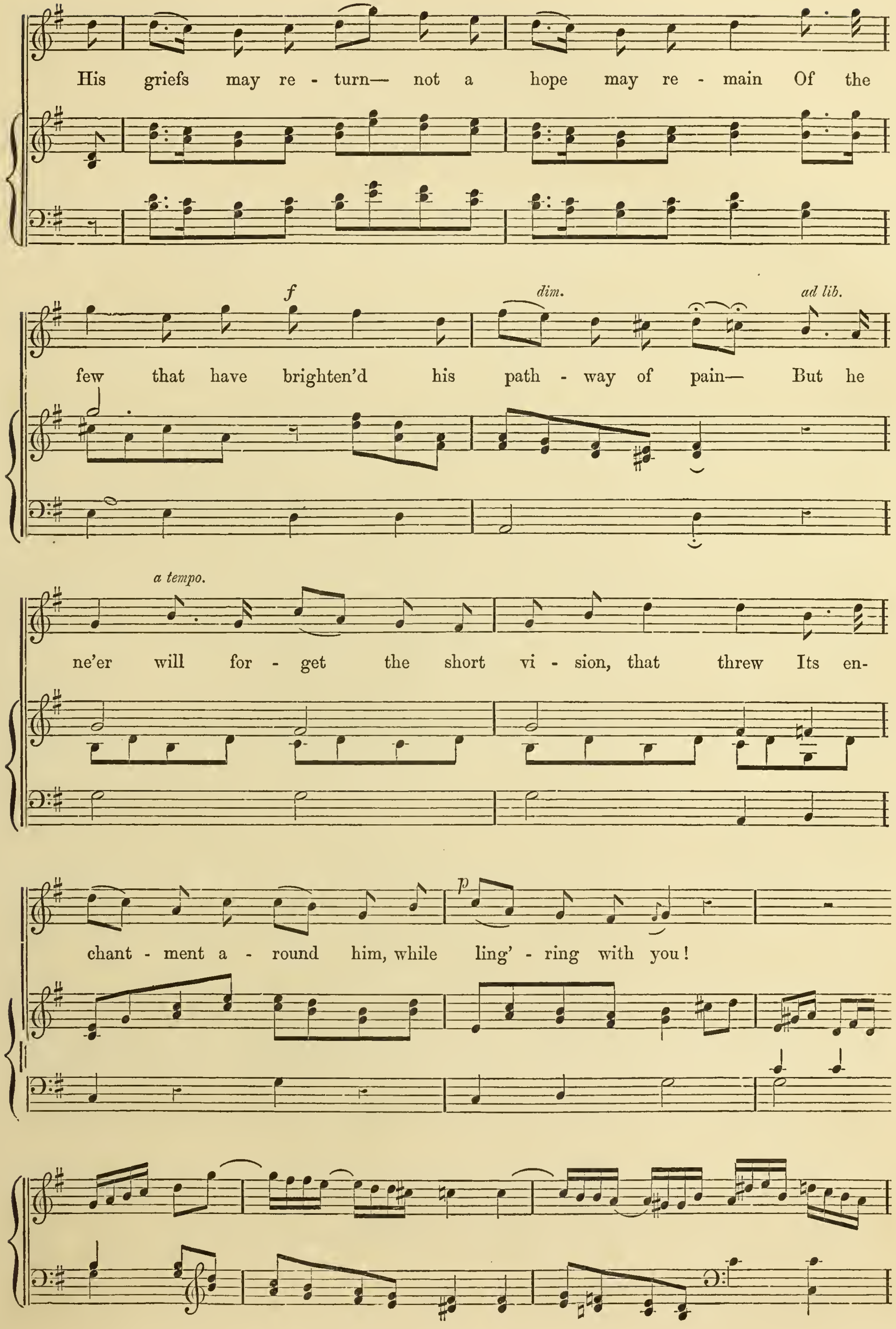
There, with souls ever ardent and pure as the clime,
We should love, as they loved in the first golden time;
The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts, and make all summer there!
With affection as free
From decline as the bowers;
And with Hope, like the bee,
Living always on flowers;
Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the night!

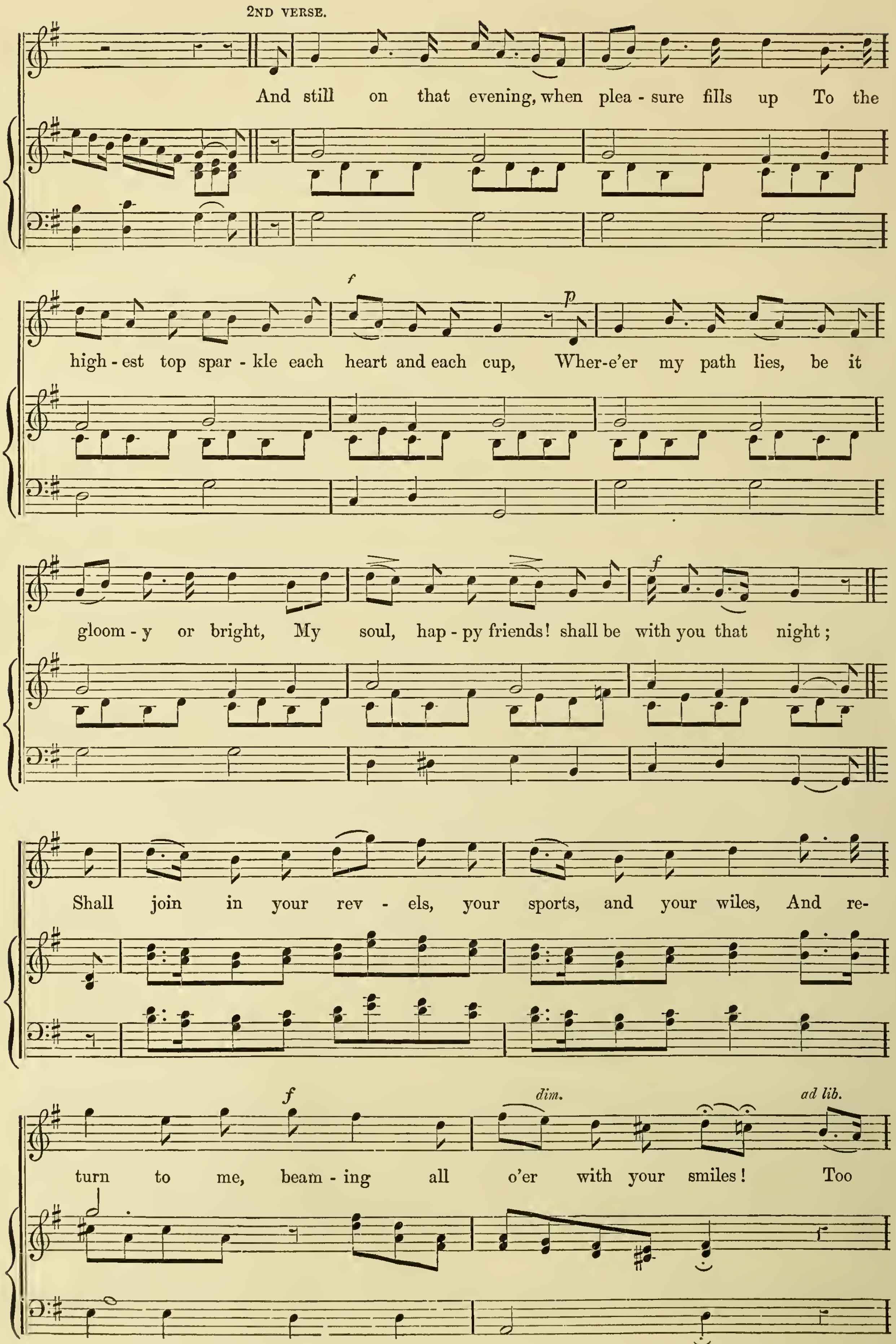
FAREWELL! BUT, WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR.

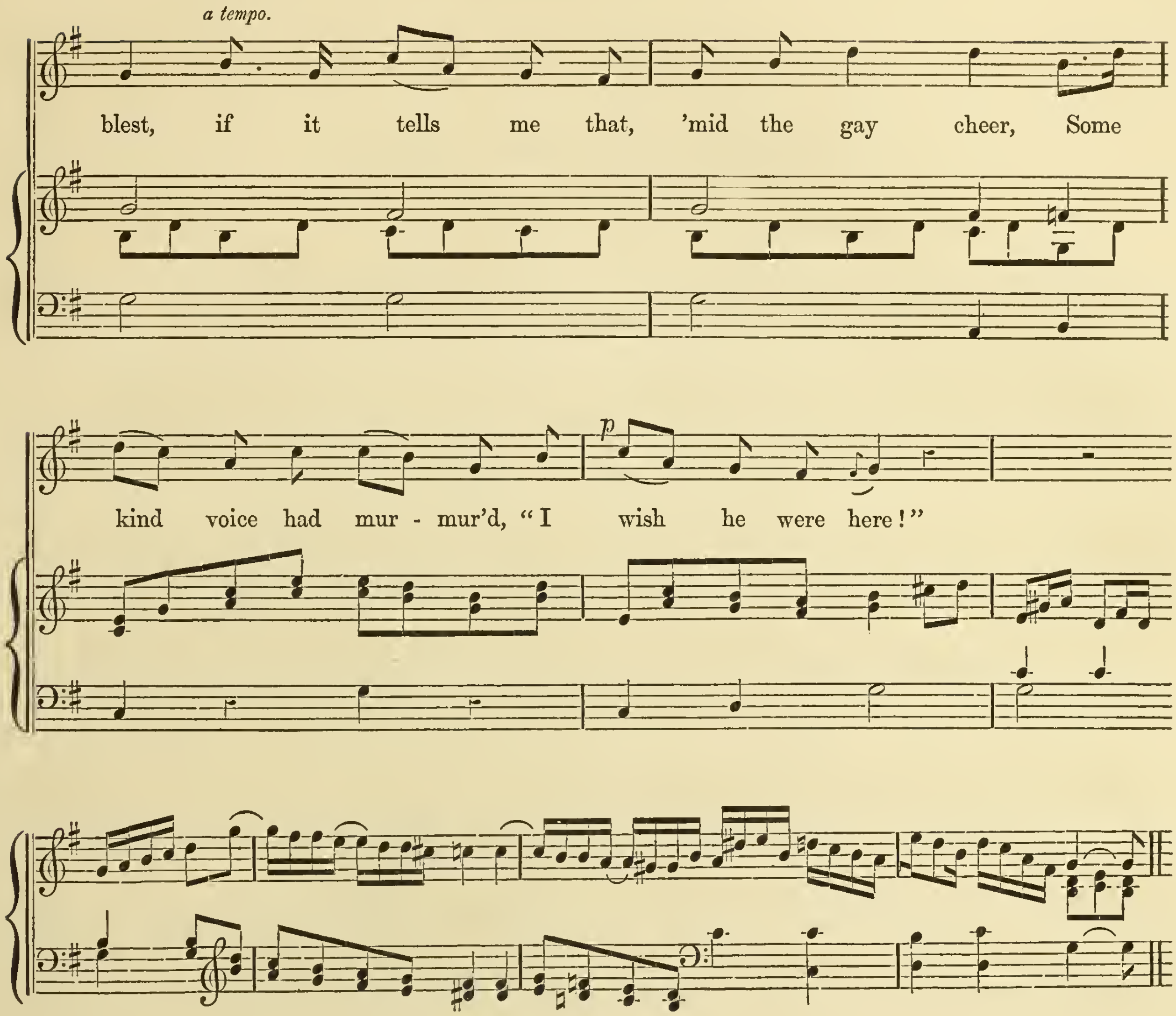
With expression.

AIR—MOLL ROONE.


f
p
f
Fare-well!—but, when-e-ver you wel-come the hour, Which a-
wak-ens the night-song of mirth in your bower, Then think of the friend, who once
wel-comed it too, And for-got his own griefs to be hap-py with you.


His griefs may re - turn— not a hope may re - main Of the
f
dim.
ad lib.
few that have brighten'd his path - way of pain— But he
a tempo.
ne'er will for - get the short vi - sion, that threw Its en-
p
chant - ment a - round him, while ling' - ring with you!


2ND VERSE.
And still on that evening, when plea - sure fills up To the
f
p
high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher-e'er my path lies, be it
f
gloom - y or bright, My soul, hap - py friends! shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your rev - els, your sports, and your wiles, And re-
f
dim.
ad lib.
turn to me, beam - ing all o'er with your smiles! Too

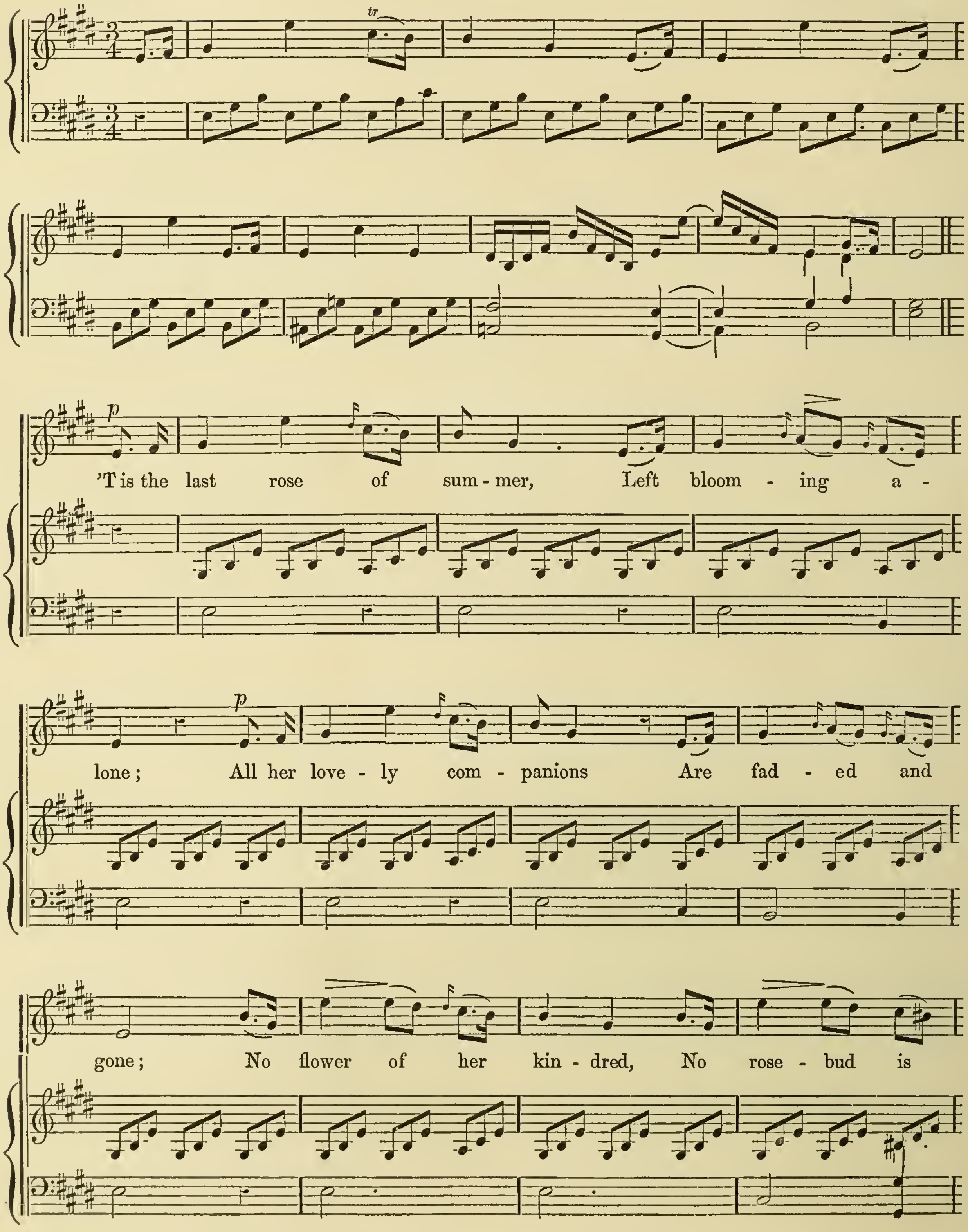

a tempo.
blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer, Some
kind voice had mur - mur'd, "I wish he were here!"
p

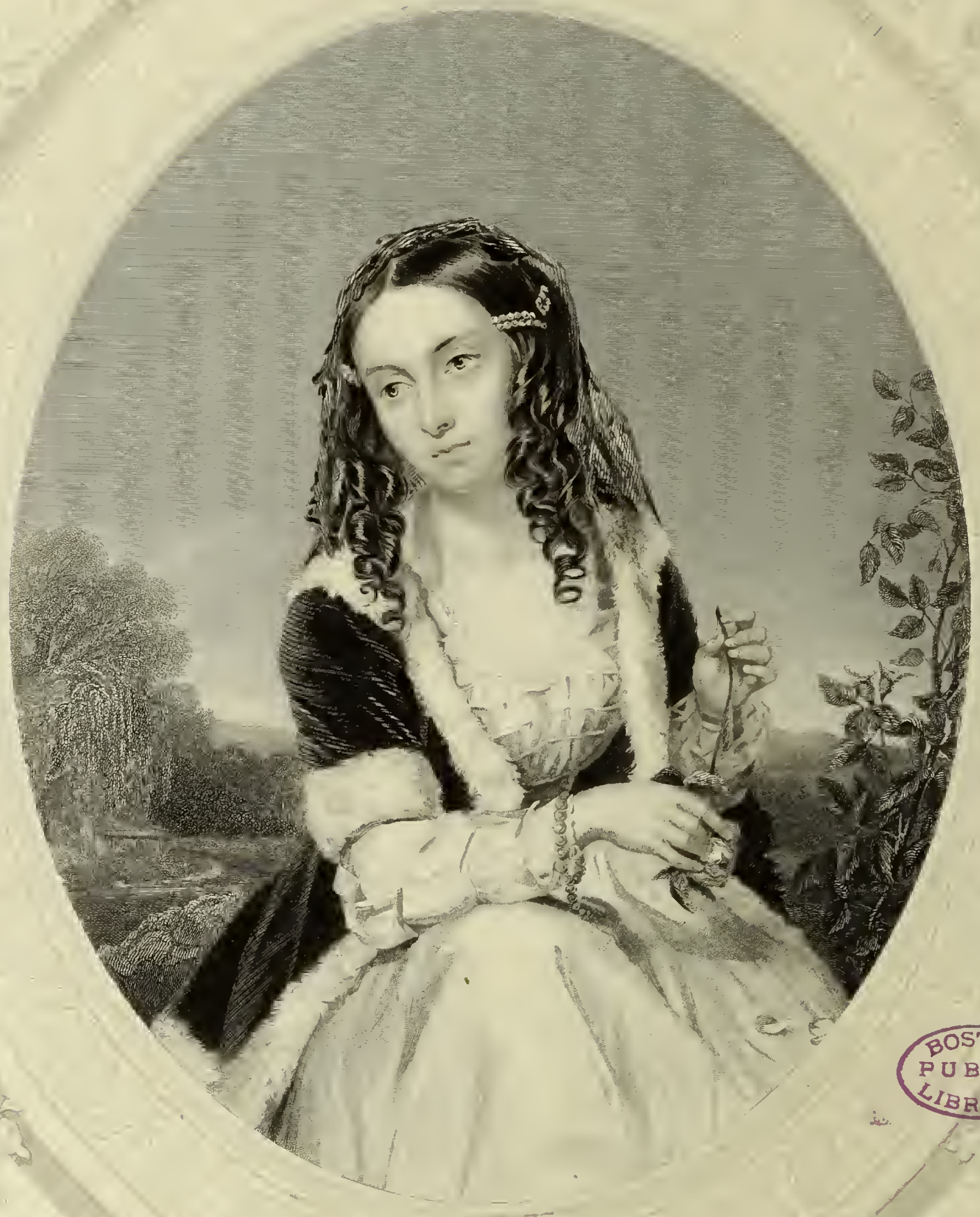
Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy—
Which come, in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will;
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!

'T IS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Feelingly.

AIR—GROVES OF BLARNEY.


tr
p
'T is the last rose of sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a -
lone; All her love - ly com - panions Are fad - ed and
gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is



BOSTON
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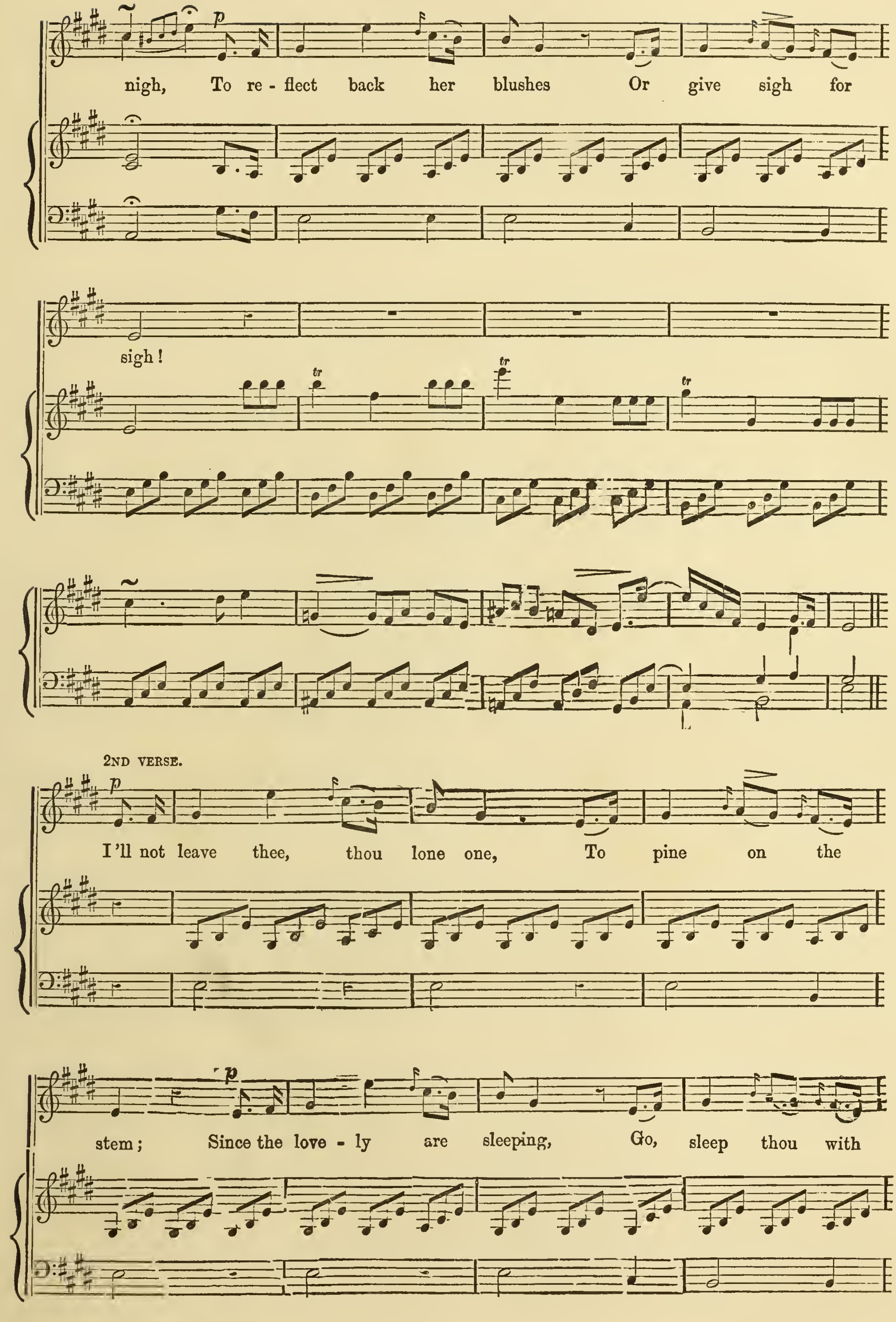
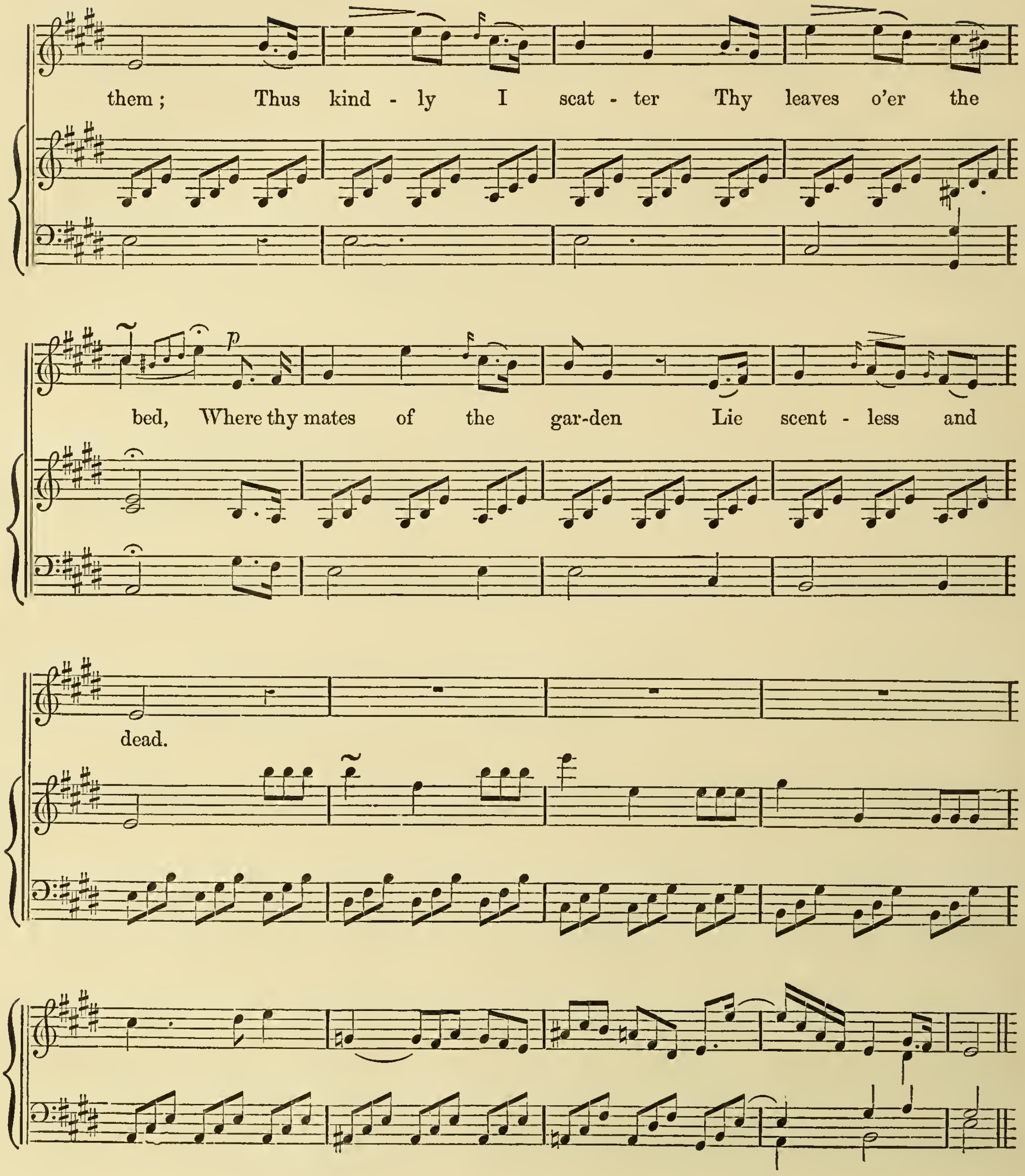
LIBRARY

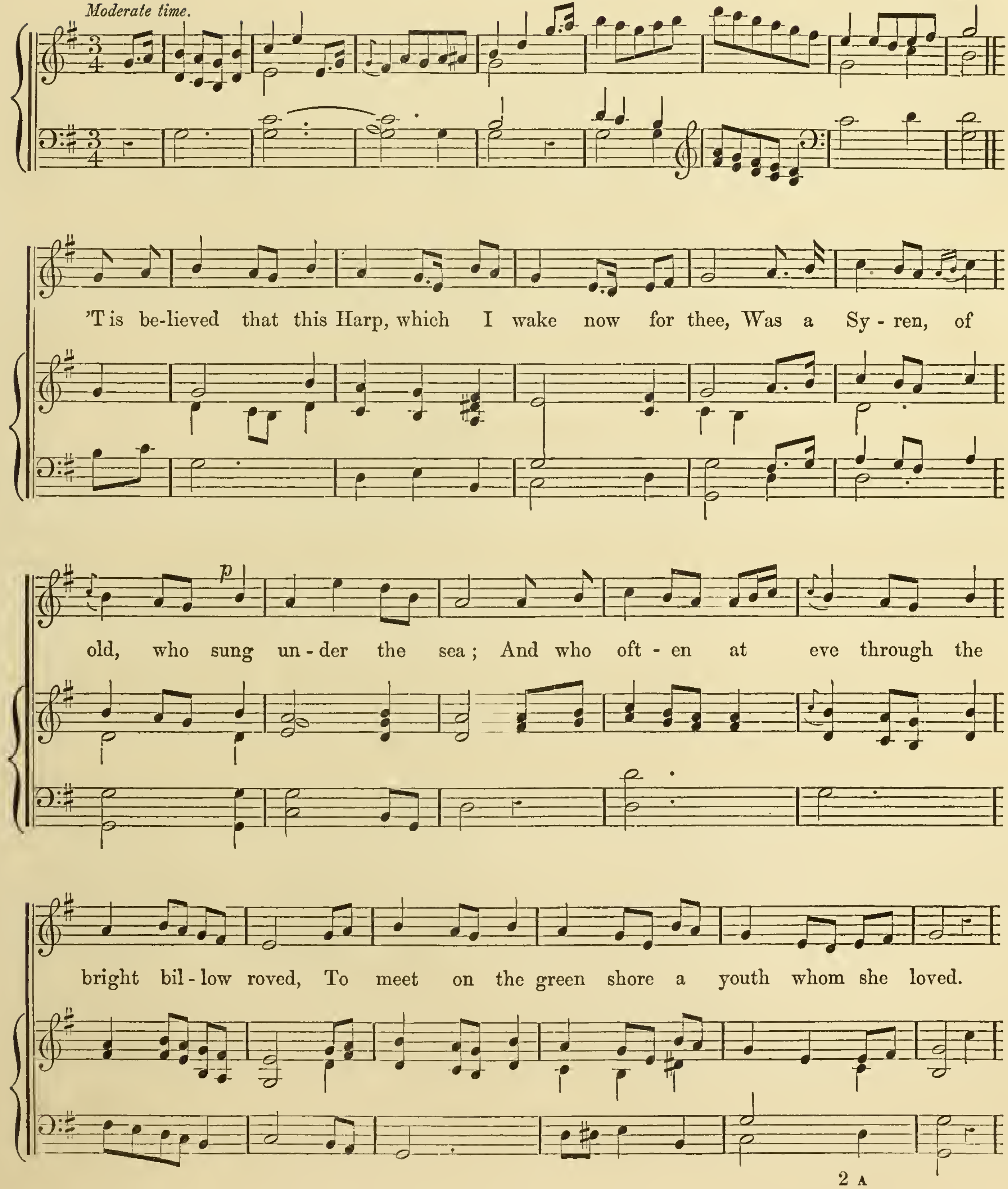

nigh, To re - flect back her blushes Or give sigh for
sigh!
2ND VERSE.
I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine on the
stem; Since the love - ly are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with
p
tr

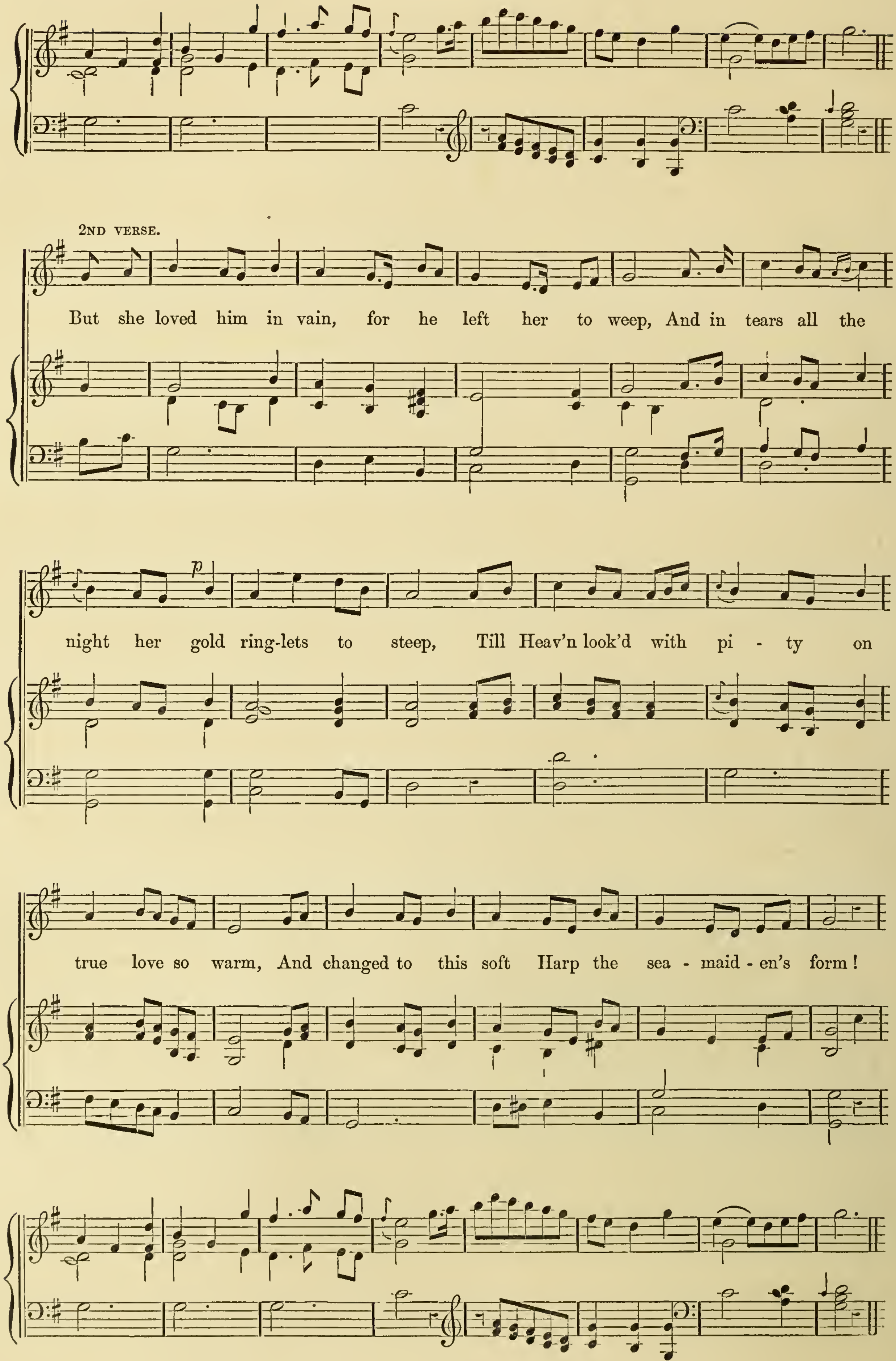

them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
bed, Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and
dead.
p

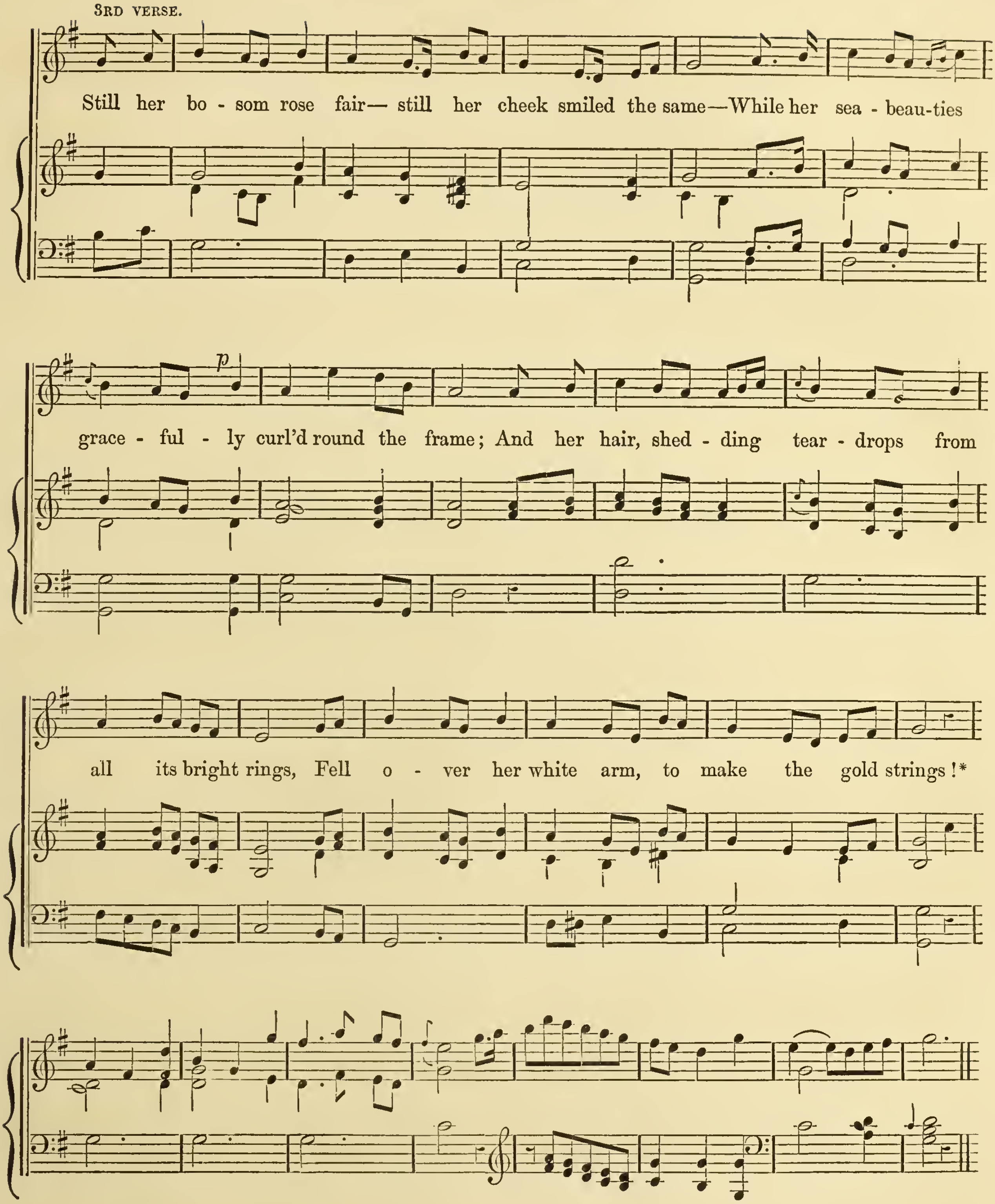
So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

'T IS BELIEVED THAT THIS HARP.

AIR—GAGE FANE.


Moderate time.
p
'T is be-lieved that this Harp, which I wake now for thee, Was a Sy - ren, of
old, who sung un - der the sea; And who oft - en at eve through the
bright bil - low roved, To meet on the green shore a youth whom she loved.


2ND VERSE.
But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep, And in tears all the
night her gold ring-lets to steep, Till Heav'n look'd with pi - ty on
true love so warm, And changed to this soft Harp the sea - maid - en's form!
p


3RD VERSE.
Still her bo - som rose fair— still her cheek smiled the same—While her sea - beau-ties
grace - ful - ly curl'd round the frame; And her hair, shed - ding tear - drops from
all its bright rings, Fell o - ver her white arm, to make the gold strings!*
p

Hence it came that this soft Harp so long hath been known
To mingle Love's language with Sorrow's sad tone,
Till thou didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee, and grief when away!

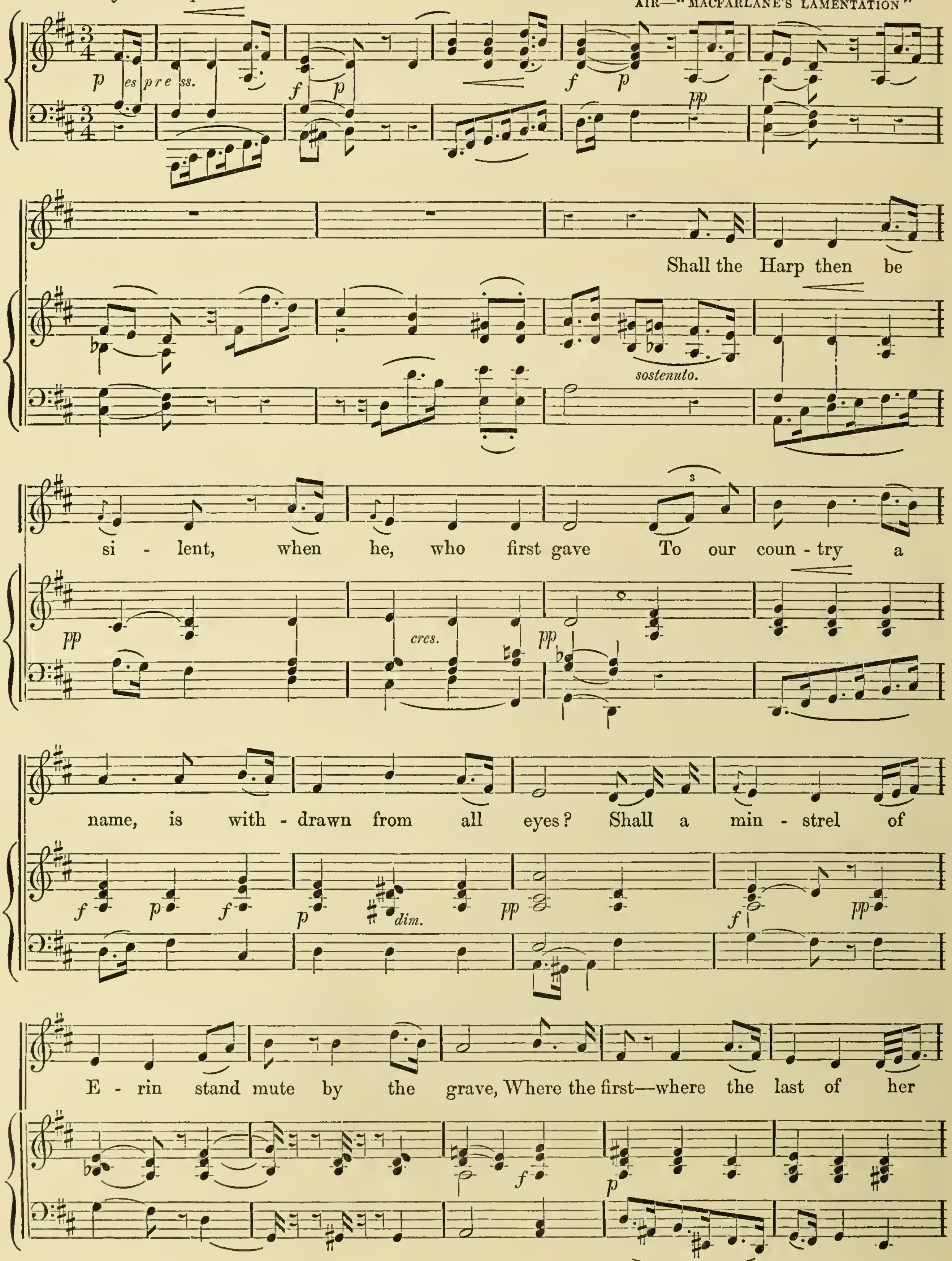
---

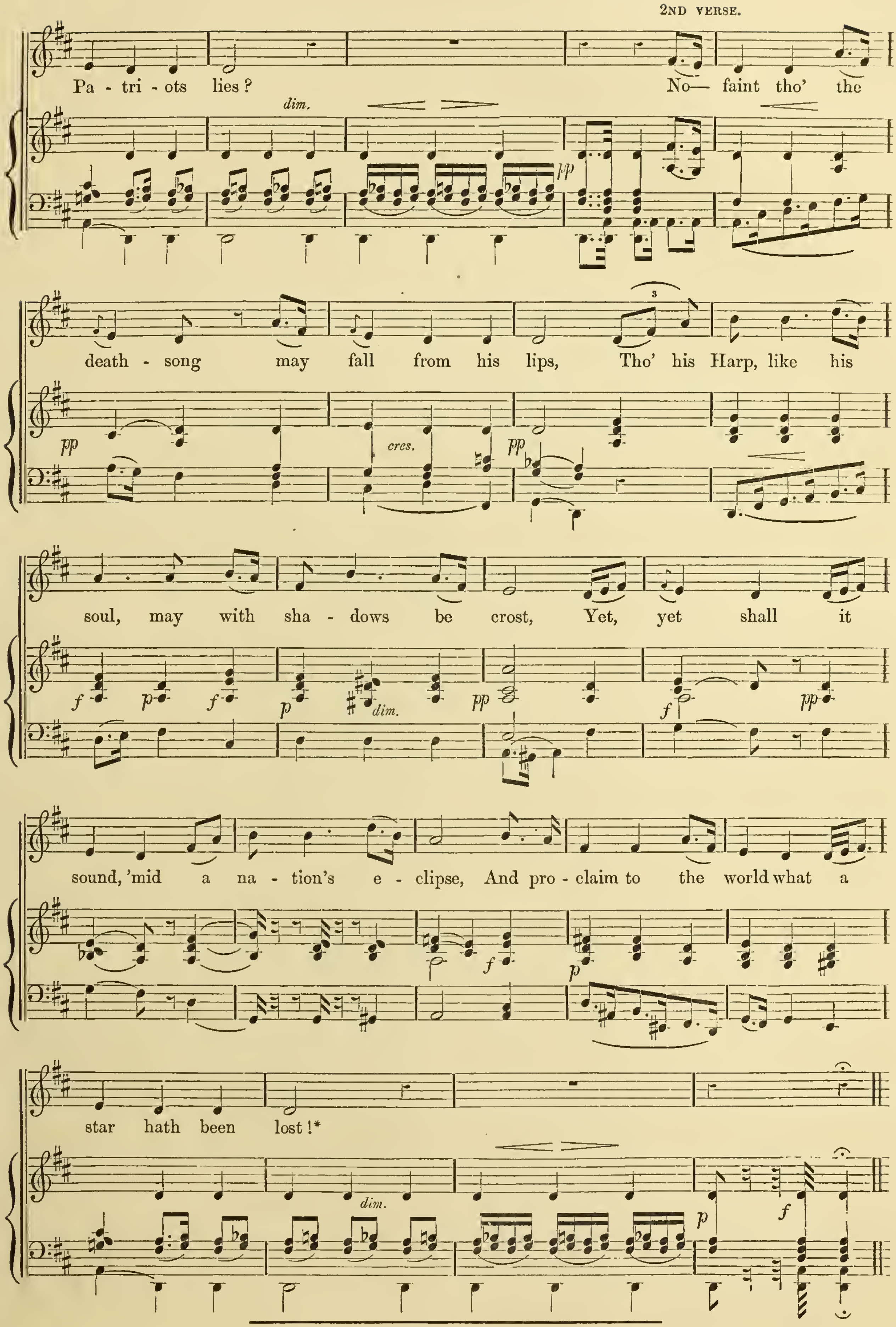
* This thought was suggested by an ingenious design, prefixed to an Ode upon St. Cecilia, published some years since by Mr. Hudson of Dublin.

SHALL THE HARP THEN BE SILENT?

Solemnly but with spirit.

AIR—"MACFARLANE'S LAMENTATION"


p espress.
f p
f p
pp
Shall the Harp then be
sostenuto.
si - lent, when he, who first gave To our coun - try a
pp
cres.
pp
name, is with - drawn from all eyes? Shall a min - strel of
f p f p dim. pp f pp
E - rin stand mute by the grave, Where the first—where the last of her
f p


2ND VERSE.
Pa - tri - ots lies? No— faint tho' the
death - song may fall from his lips, Tho' his Harp, like his
soul, may with sha - dows be crost, Yet, yet shall it
sound, 'mid a na - tion's e - clipse, And pro - claim to the world what a
star hath been lost!*
dim.
pp
cres.
f
p
dim.
p
f

---

* It is only these two first verses that are either fitted or intended to be sung

What a union of all the affections and powers,
By which life is exalted, embellish'd, refined,
Was embraced in that spirit—whose centre was ours,
While its mighty circumference circled mankind!

Oh, who that loves Erin—or who that can see,
Through the waste of her annals, that epoch sublime—
Like a pyramid, raised in the desert—where he
And his glory stand out to the eyes of all time!—

That *one* lucid interval, snatch'd from the gloom
And the madness of ages, when, fill'd with his soul,
A Nation o'erleap'd the dark bounds of her doom,
And, for *one* sacred instant, touch'd Liberty's goal!

Who, that ever hath heard him—hath drunk at the source
Of that wonderful eloquence, all Erin's own,
In whose high-thoughted daring the fire, and the force,
And the yet untamed spring of her spirit are shown—

An eloquence rich—wheresoever its wave
Wander'd free and triumphant—with thoughts that shone through,
As clear as the brook's "stone of lustre," and gave,
With the flash of the gem, its solidity too!

Who, that ever approach'd him, when, free from the crowd,
In a home full of love, he delighted to tread
'Mong the trees which a nation had given, and which bow'd,
As if each brought a new civic crown for his head—

That home, where—like him, who, as fable hath told,[*]
Put the rays from his brow, that his child might come near—
Every glory forgot, the most wise of the old
Became all that the simplest and youngest hold dear!

Is there one, who hath thus, through his orbit of life,
But at distance observed him—through glory, through blame,
In the calm of retreat, in the grandeur of strife,
Whether shining or clouded, still high and the same—

Such a union of all that enriches life's hour,
Of the sweetness we love and the greatness we praise,
As that type of simplicity blended with power,
A child with a thunderbolt only portrays.—

Oh no—not a heart, that e'er knew him, but mourns,
Deep, deep o'er the grave, where such glory is shrined—
O'er a monument Fame will preserve, 'mong the urns
Of the wisest, the bravest, the best of mankind!

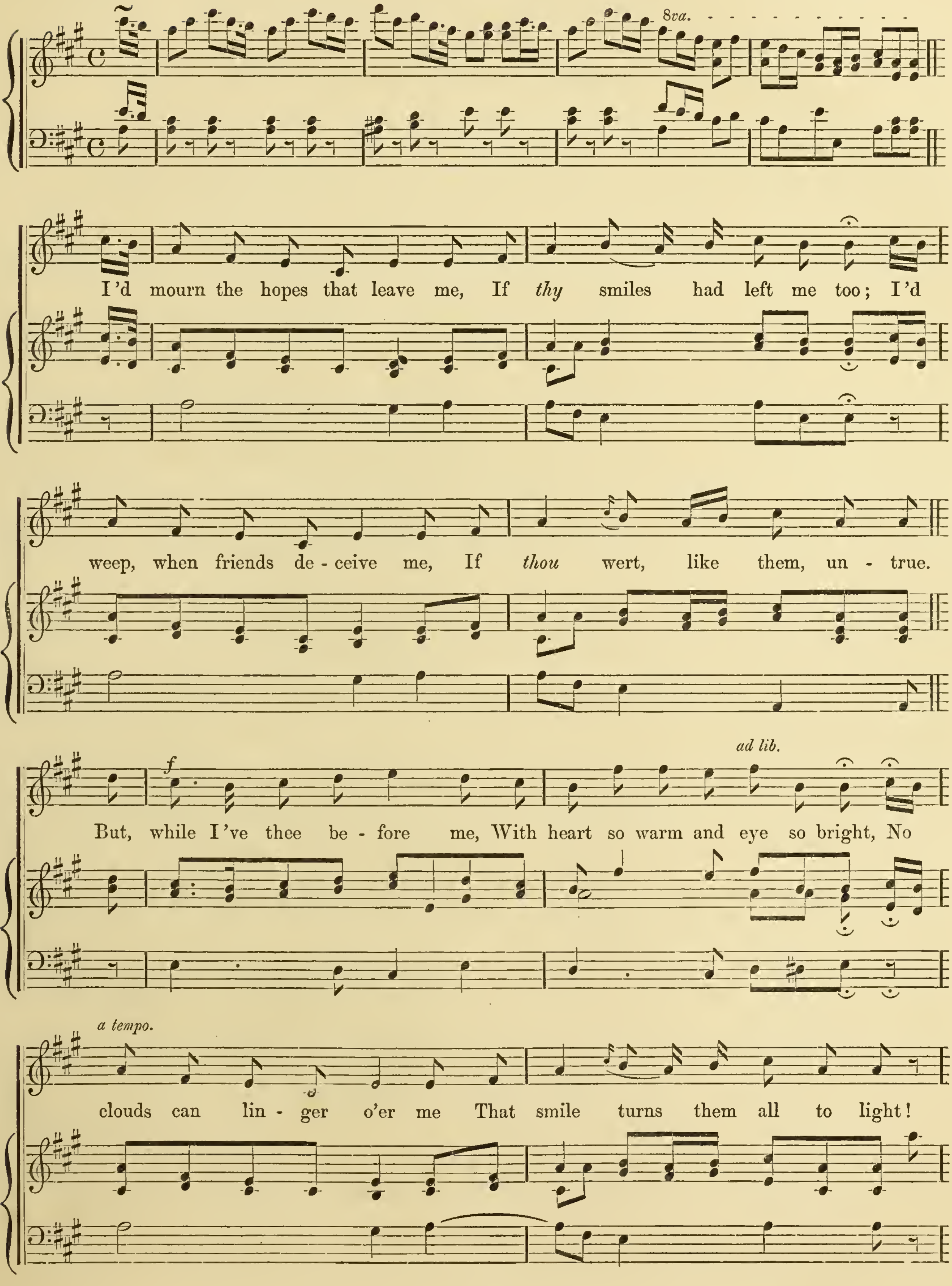
---

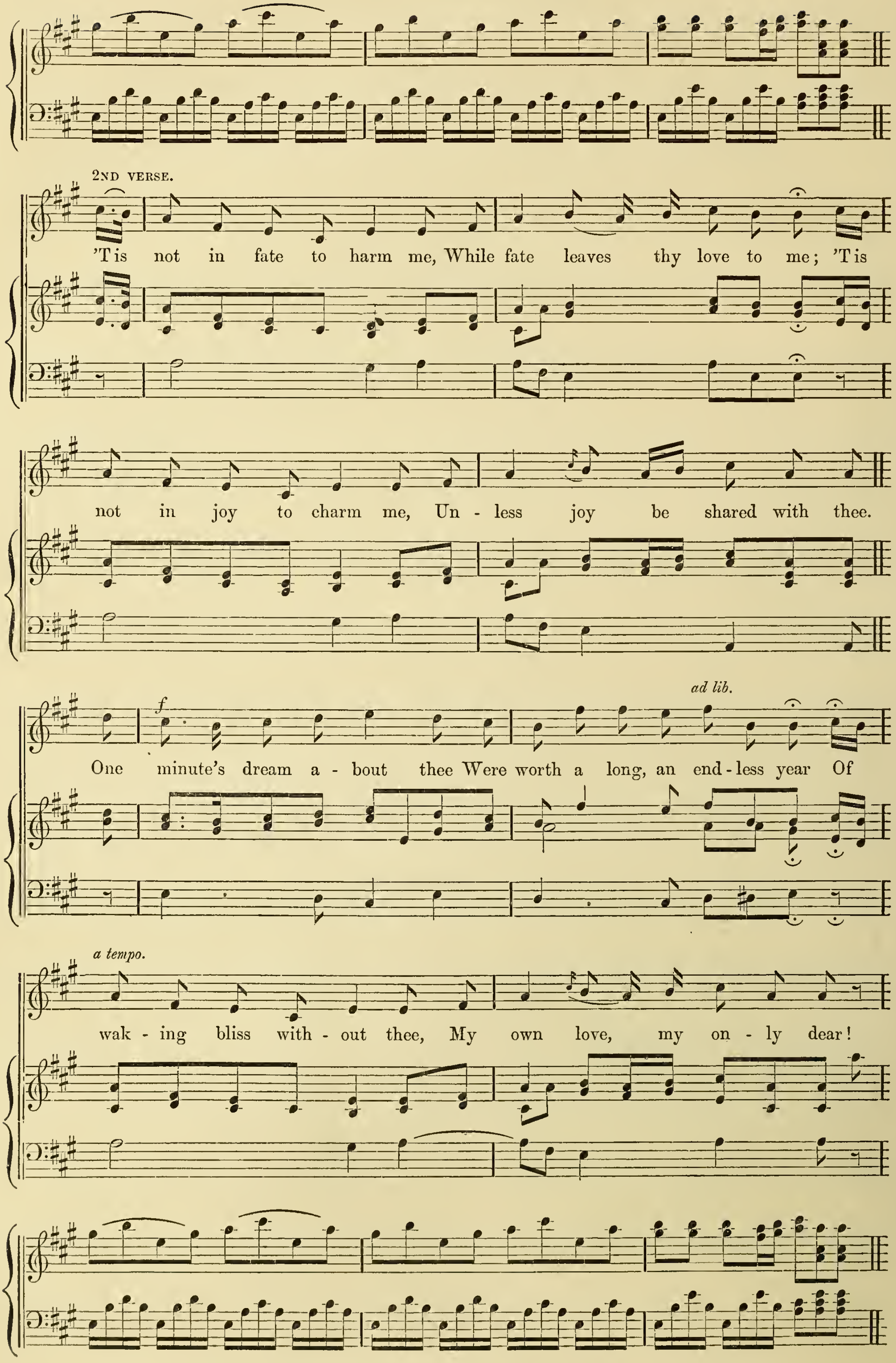
[*] Apollo, in his interview with Phaëton, as described by Ovid:—"*Deposuit radios, propiùsque accedere jussit.*"

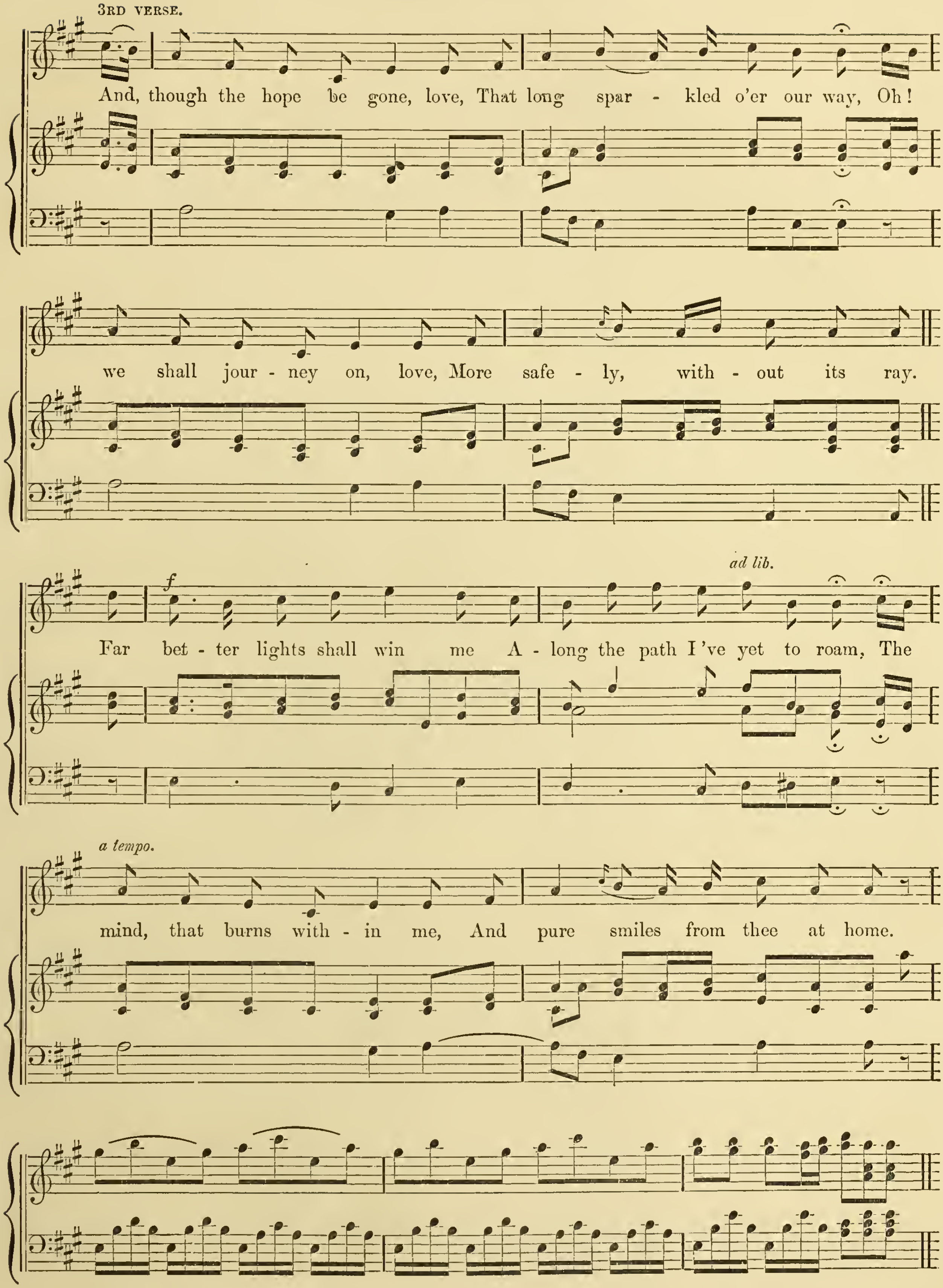
I'D MOURN THE HOPES THAT LEAVE ME.

Tenderly.

AIR—THE ROSE TREE.


8va.
I'd mourn the hopes that leave me, If *thy* smiles had left me too; I'd
weep, when friends de-ceive me, If *thou* wert, like them, un-true.
f
ad lib.
But, while I've thee be-fore me, With heart so warm and eye so bright, No
a tempo.
clouds can lin-ger o'er me That smile turns them all to light!


2ND VERSE.
'Tis not in fate to harm me, While fate leaves thy love to me; 'Tis
not in joy to charm me, Un - less joy be shared with thee.
f
One minute's dream a - bout thee Were worth a long, an end - less year Of
ad lib.
a tempo.
wak - ing bliss with - out thee, My own love, my on - ly dear!


3RD VERSE.
And, though the hope be gone, love, That long spar - kled o'er our way, Oh!
we shall jour - ney on, love, More safe - ly, with - out its ray.
f
ad lib.
Far bet - ter lights shall win me A - long the path I've yet to roam, The
a tempo.
mind, that burns with - in me, And pure smiles from thee at home.

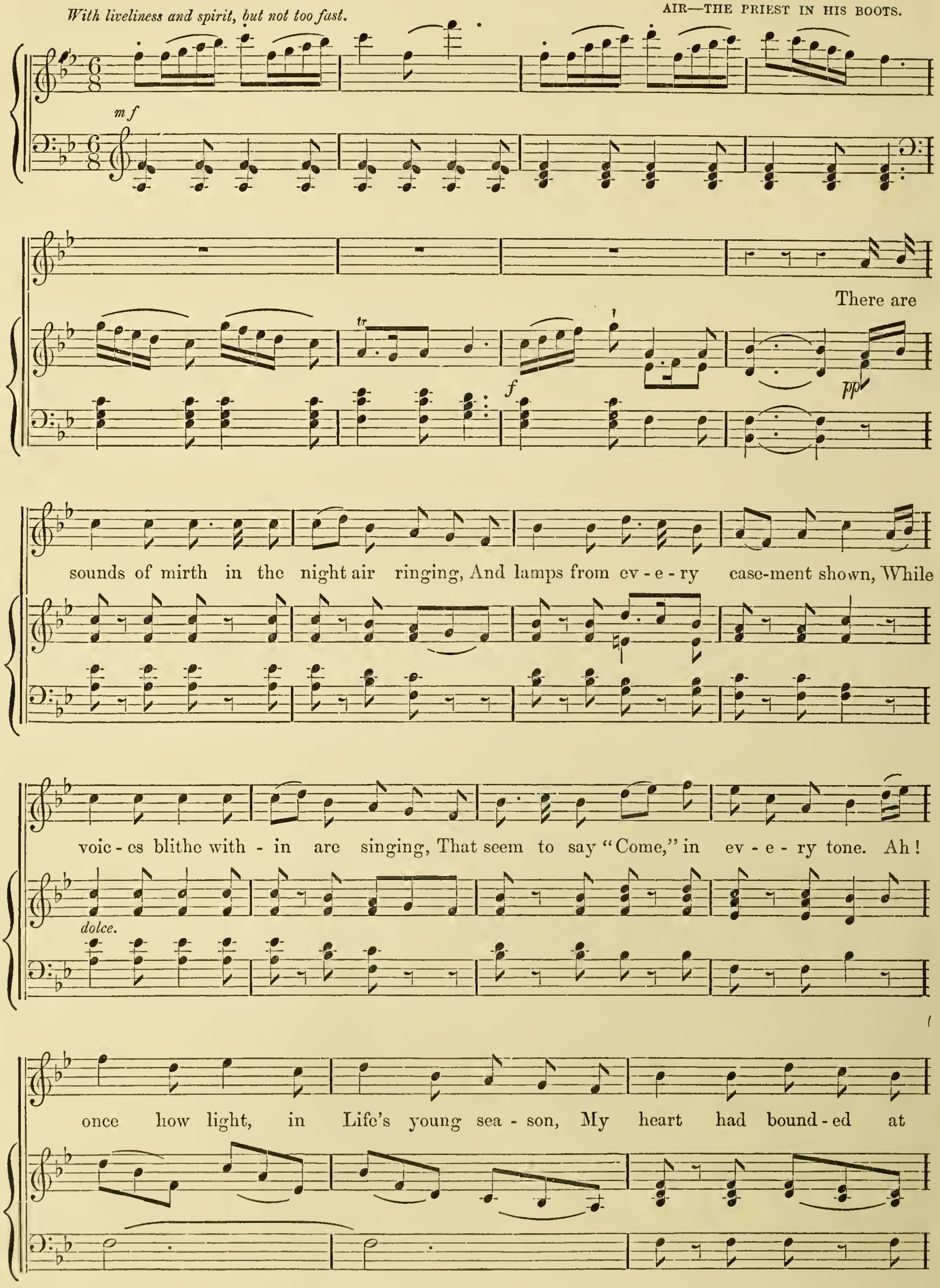
Thus, when the lamp that lighted
The traveller, at first goes out,
He feels a while benighted,
And looks round in fear and doubt.

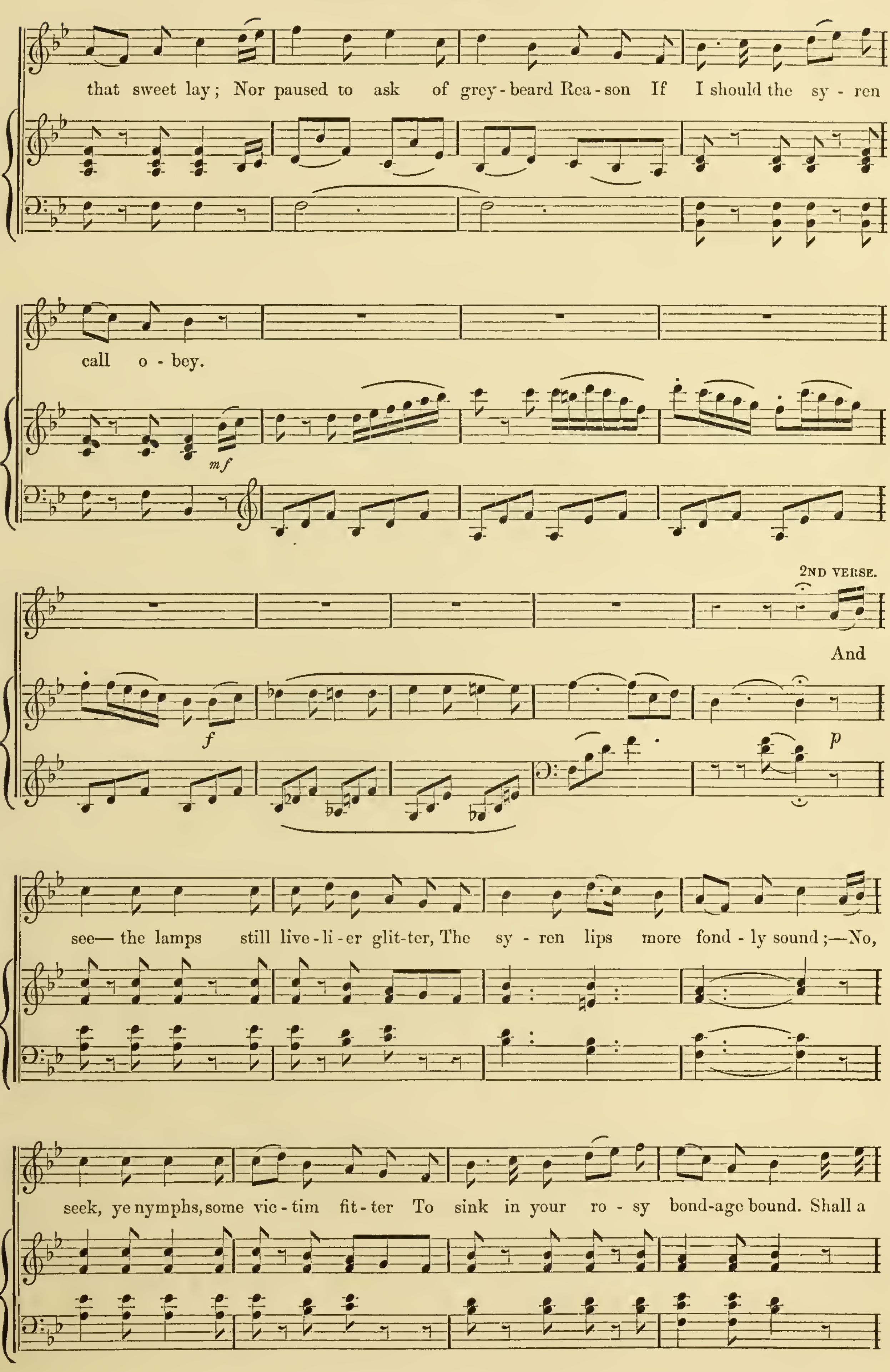
But soon, the prospect clearing,
By cloudless star-light on he treads,
And thinks no lamp so cheering
As that light which Heaven sheds!

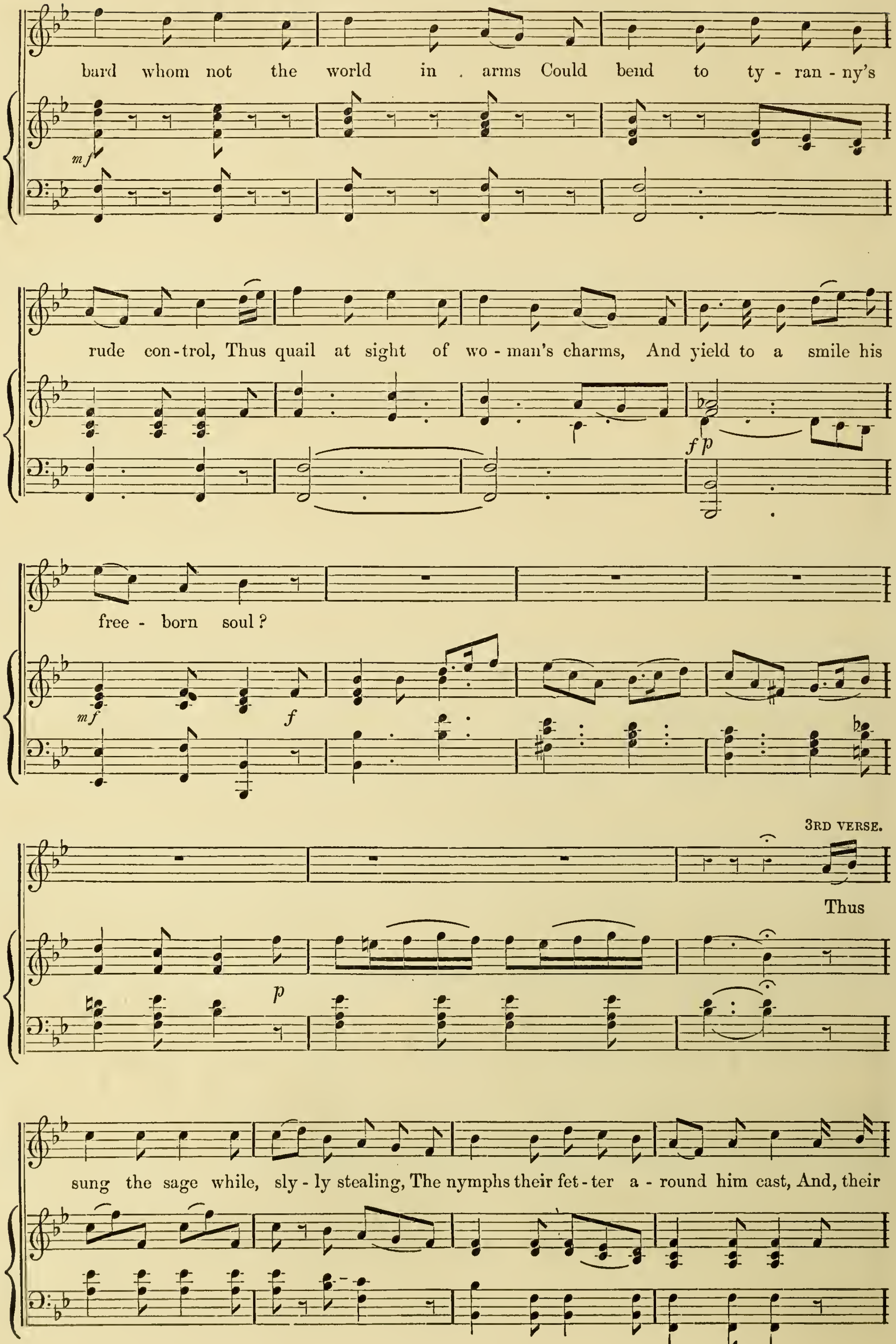
THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

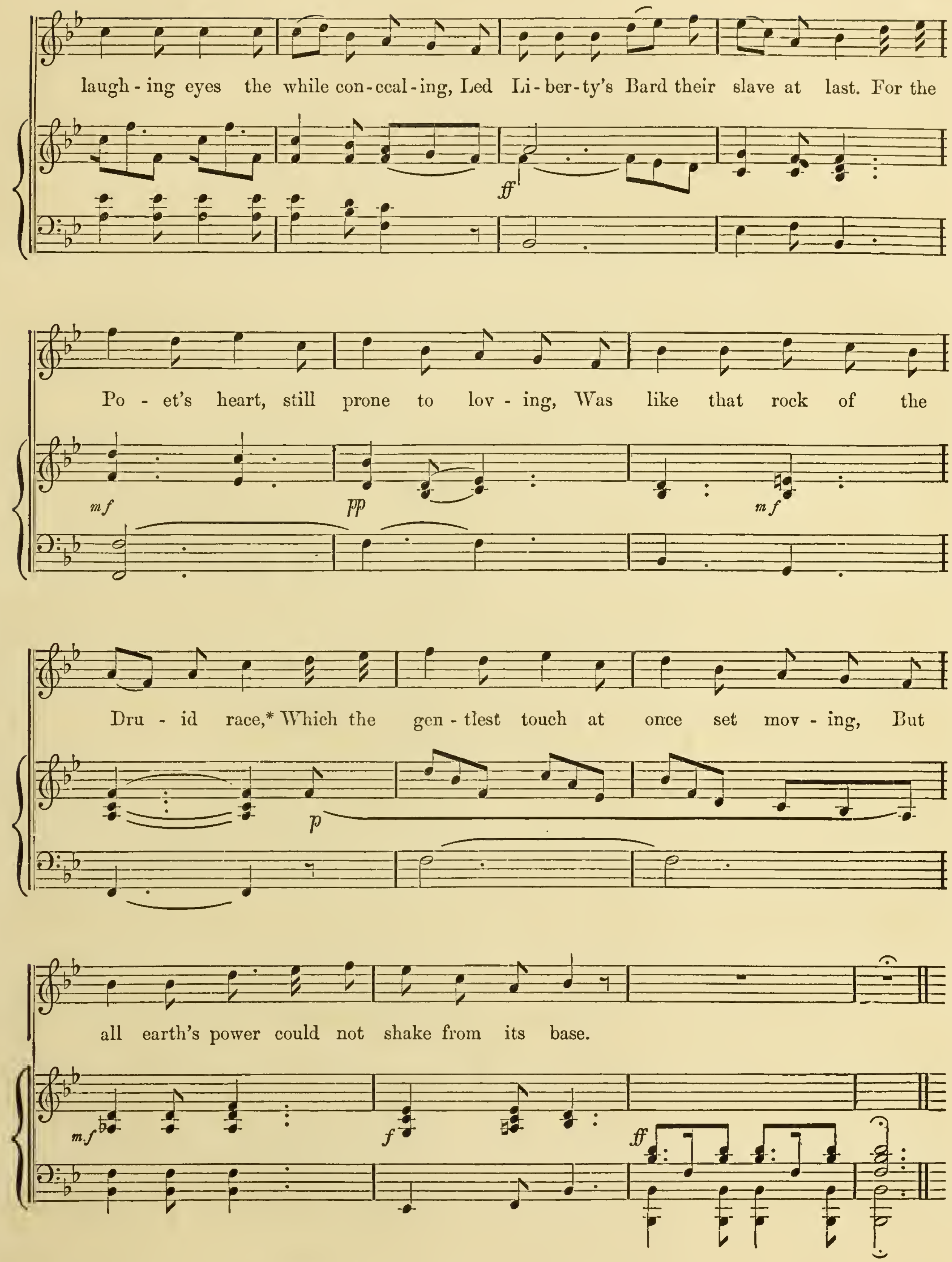
With liveliness and spirit, but not too fast.

AIR—THE PRIEST IN HIS BOOTS.


mf
tr
f
pp
There are
sounds of mirth in the night air ringing, And lamps from ev - e - ry case-ment shown, While
voic - es blithe with - in are singing, That seem to say "Come," in ev - e - ry tone. Ah!
dolce.
once how light, in Life's young sea - son, My heart had bound - ed at


that sweet lay; Nor paused to ask of grey-beard Rea-son If I should the sy-ren
call o-bey.
mf
2ND VERSE.
And
f
p
see— the lamps still live-li-er glit-ter, The sy-ren lips more fond-ly sound;—No,
seek, ye nymphs, some vic-tim fit-ter To sink in your ro-sy bond-age bound. Shall a


bard whom not the world in arms Could bend to ty - ran - ny's
mf
rude con-trol, Thus quail at sight of wo - man's charms, And yield to a smile his
fp
free - born soul?
mf
f
3RD VERSE.
Thus
p
sung the sage while, sly - ly stealing, The nymphs their fet - ter a - round him cast, And, their


laugh - ing eyes the while con - ceal - ing, Led Li - ber - ty's Bard their slave at last. For the
ff
Po - et's heart, still prone to lov - ing, Was like that rock of the
mf
pp
mf
Dru - id race,* Which the gen - tlest touch at once set mov - ing, But
p
all earth's power could not shake from its base.
mf
f
ff

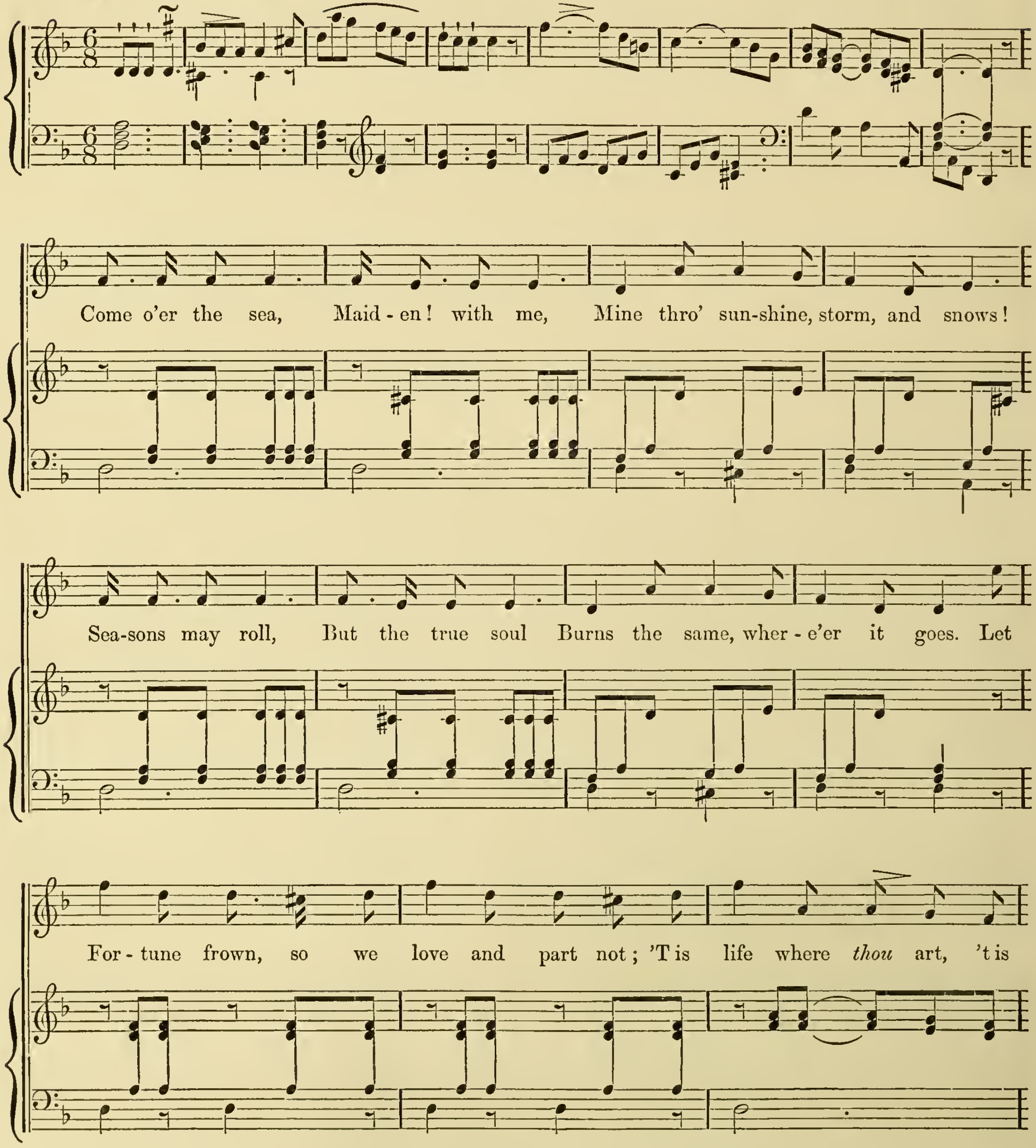
---

* The Rocking Stones of the Druids, some of which no force is able to dislodge from their stations

COME O'ER THE SEA.

With impassioned melancholy.

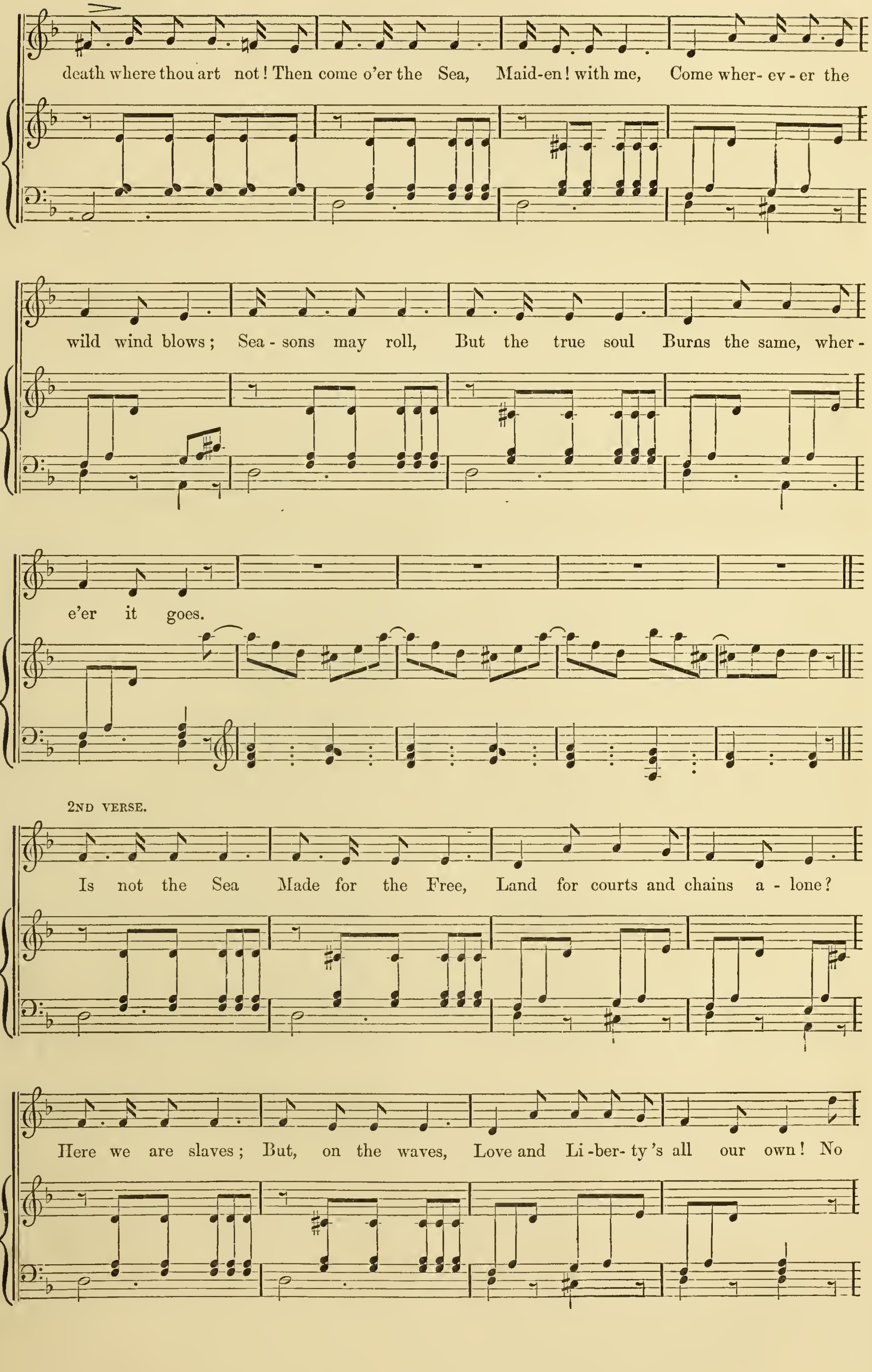
AIR—CUISHLIH MA CHREE.*

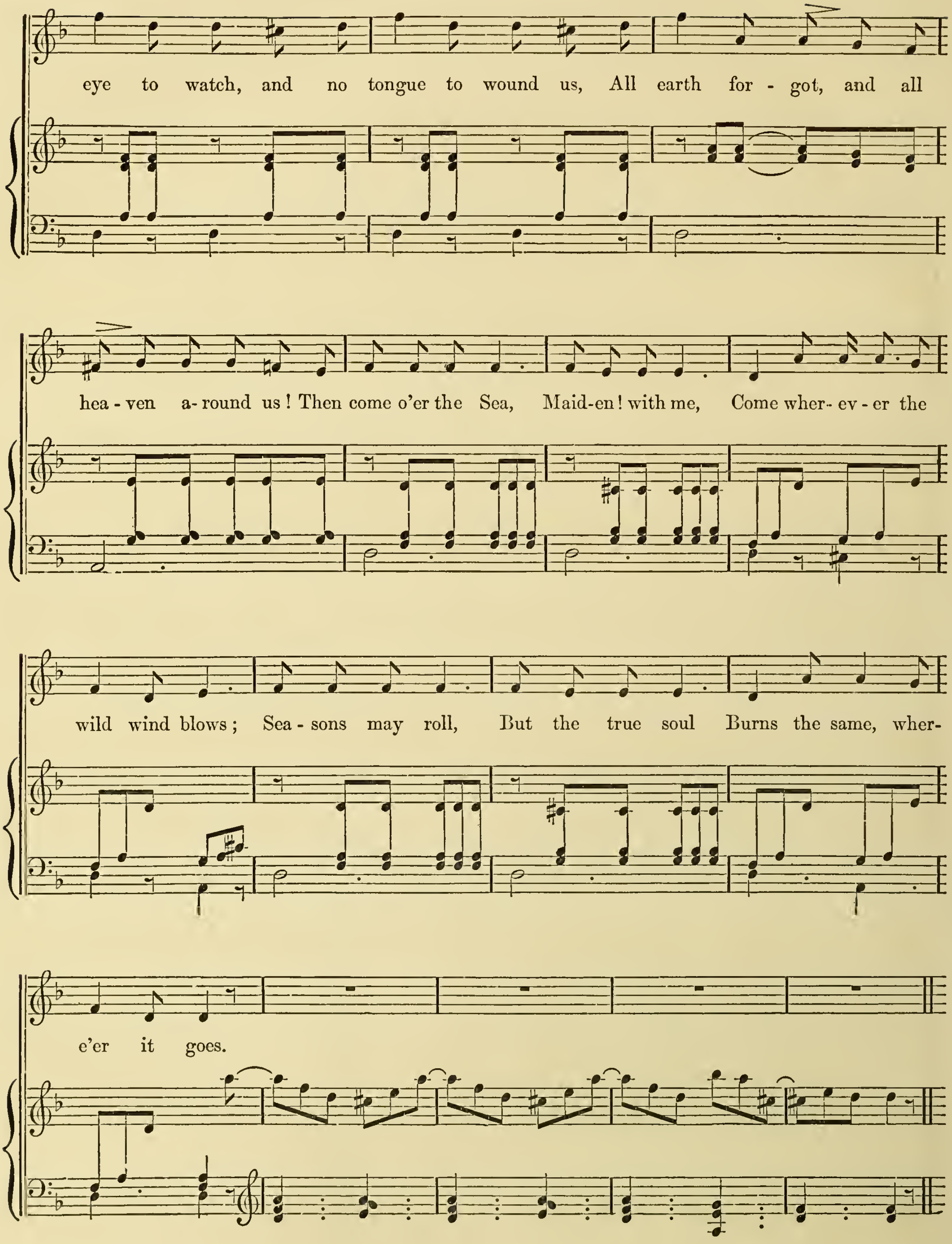

Come o'er the sea, Maid-en! with me, Mine thro' sun-shine, storm, and snows!
Sea-sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher-e'er it goes. Let
For-tune frown, so we love and part not; 'T is life where *thou* art, 't is

---

* The following are some of the original words of this wild and singular Air;—they contain rather an odd assortment of grievances.

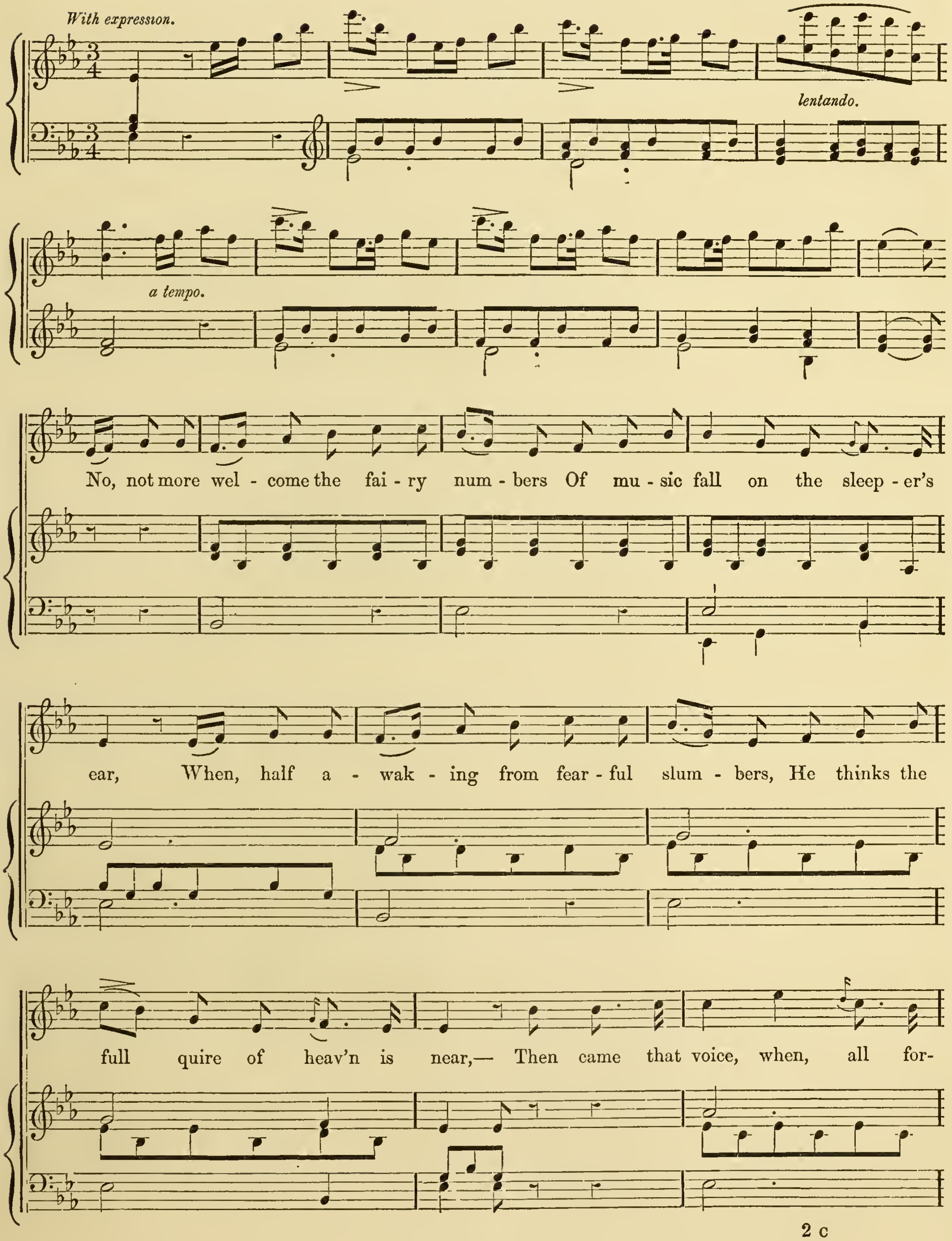
Cuishlih ma chree,
Did you but see
How, the rogue, he did serve me;—*Bis.*
He broke my pitcher, he spilt my water,
He kiss'd my wife, and he married my daughter!
O Cuishlih ma chree! &c

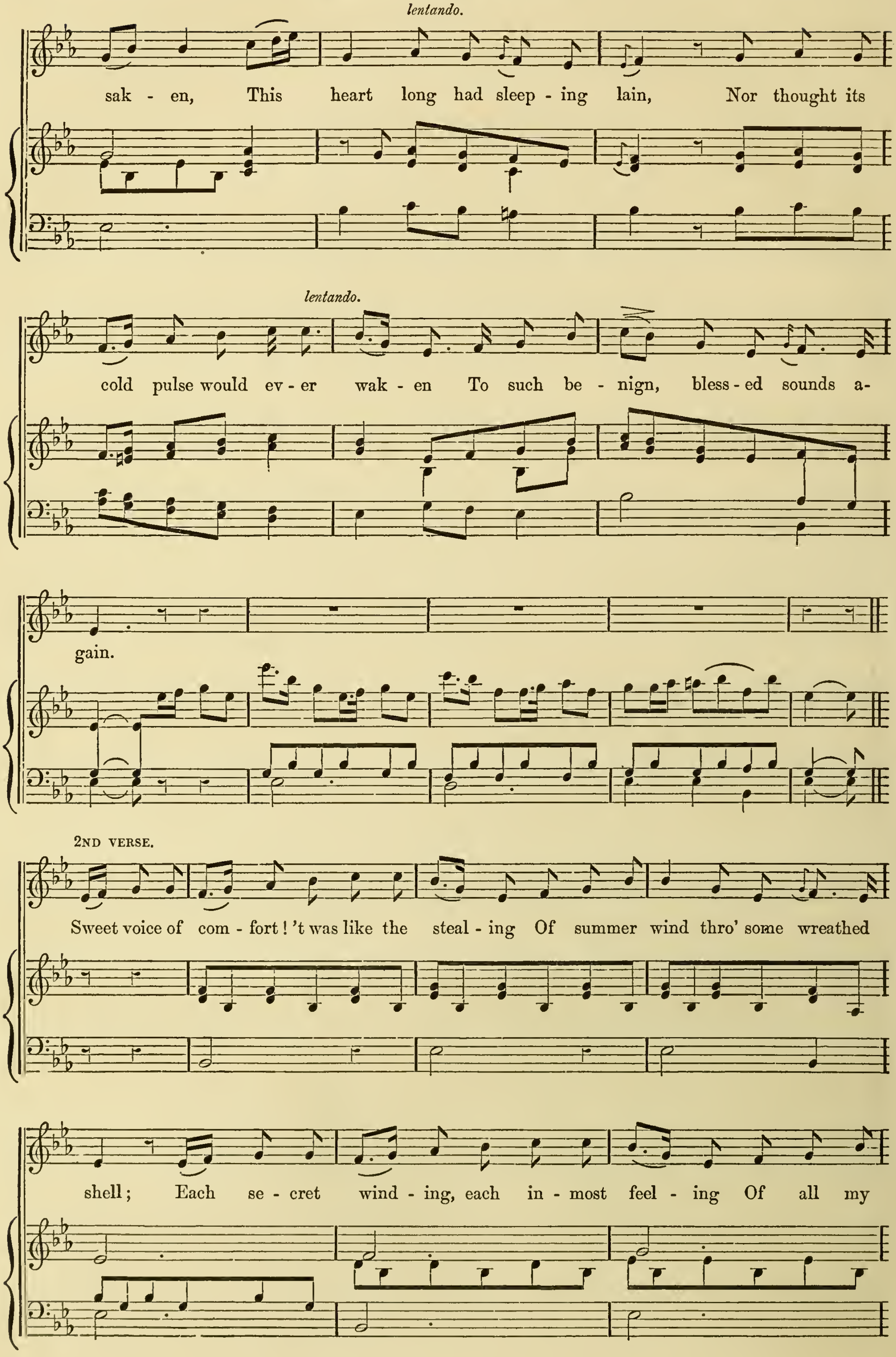

death where thou art not! Then come o'er the Sea, Maid-en! with me, Come wher- ev - er the
wild wind blows; Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher -
e'er it goes.
2ND VERSE.
Is not the Sea Made for the Free, Land for courts and chains a - lone?
Here we are slaves; But, on the waves, Love and Li -ber- ty 's all our own! No

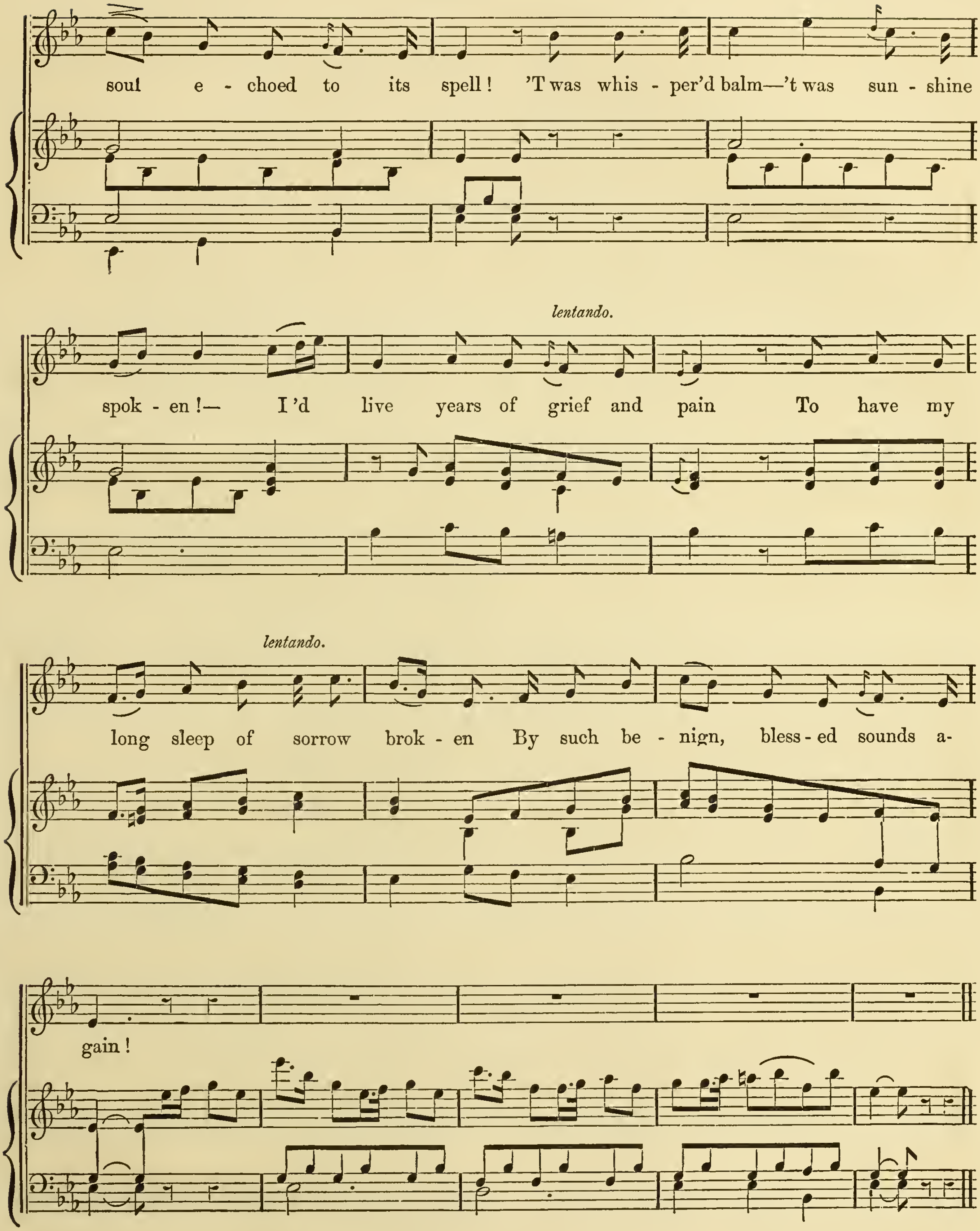

eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for - got, and all
hea - ven a- round us! Then come o'er the Sea, Maid-en! with me, Come wher- ev - er the
wild wind blows; Sea - sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same, wher-
e'er it goes.

NO, NOT MORE WELCOME.

AIR—LUGGELAW.


With expression.
lentando.
a tempo.
No, not more wel - come the fai - ry num - bers Of mu - sic fall on the sleep - er's
ear, When, half a - wak - ing from fear - ful slum - bers, He thinks the
full quire of heav'n is near,— Then came that voice, when, all for-

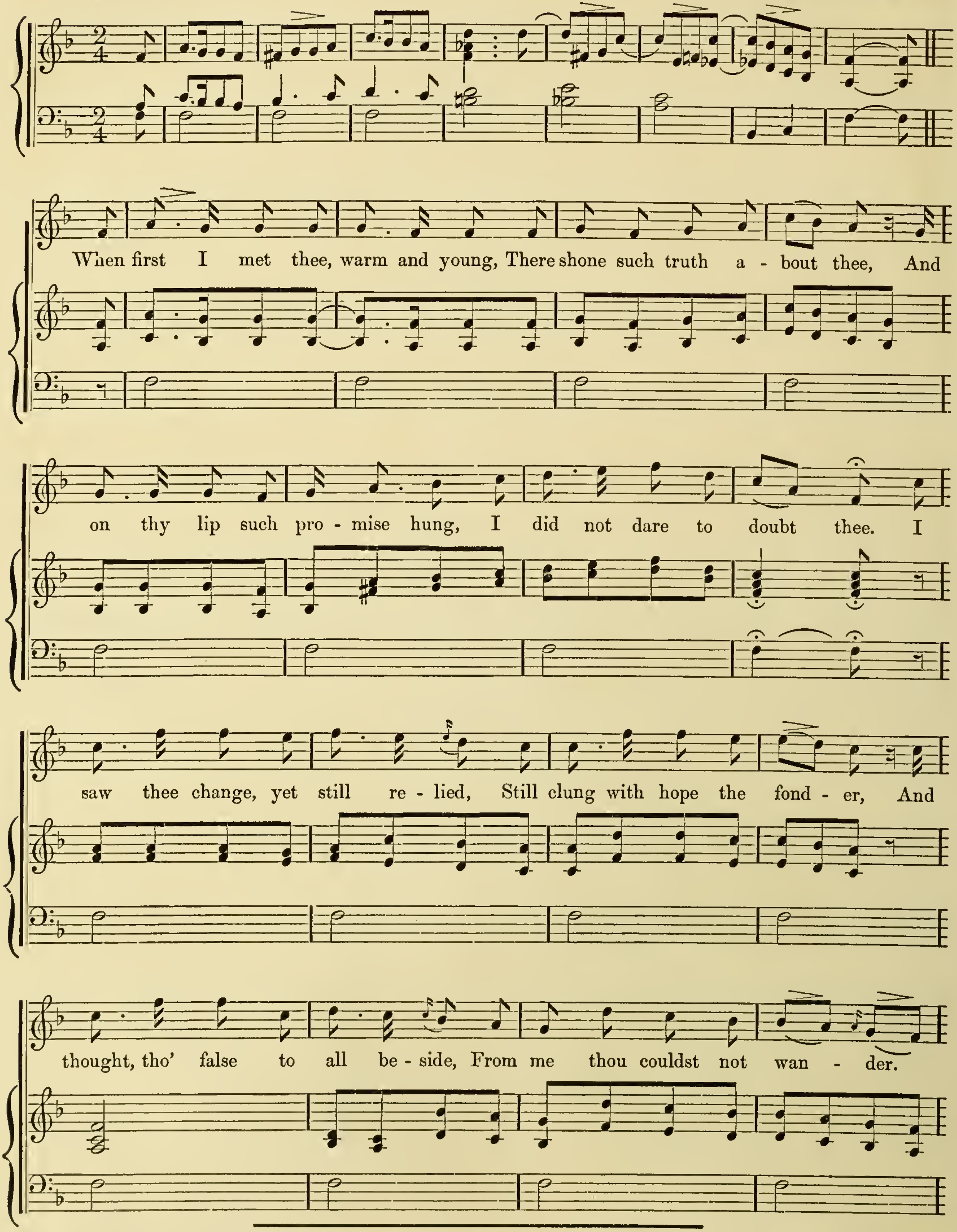

lentando.
sak - en, This heart long had sleep - ing lain, Nor thought its
lentando.
cold pulse would ev - er wak - en To such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a-
gain.
2ND VERSE.
Sweet voice of com - fort! 't was like the steal - ing Of summer wind thro' some wreathed
shell; Each se - cret wind - ing, each in - most feel - ing Of all my


soul e - choed to its spell! 'T was whis - per'd balm—'t was sun - shine
lentando.
spok - en!— I 'd live years of grief and pain To have my
lentando.
long sleep of sorrow brok - en By such be - nign, bless - ed sounds a-
gain!

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

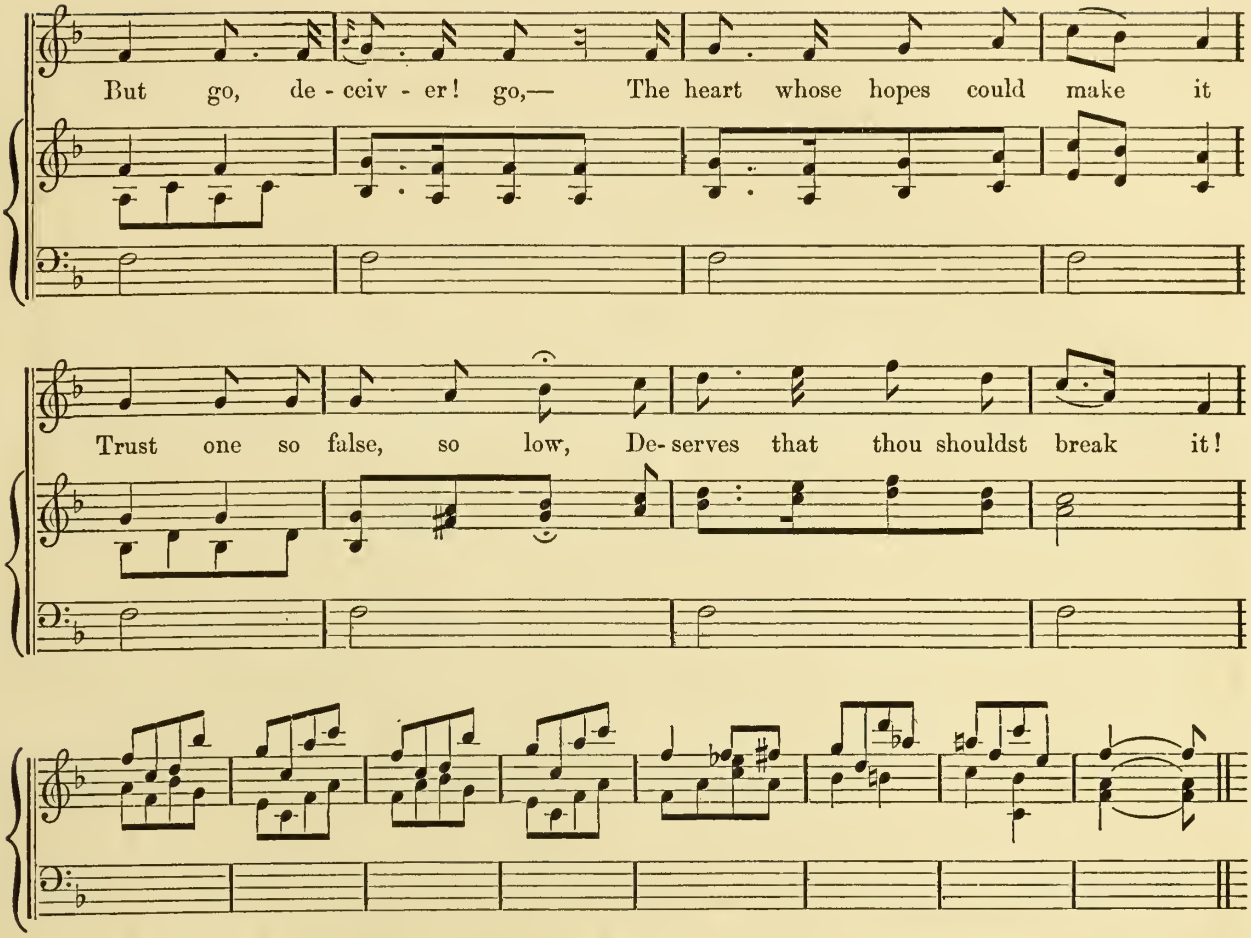
In moderate time.

AIR—O PATRICK, FLY FROM ME.*


When first I met thee, warm and young, There shone such truth a - bout thee, And
on thy lip such pro - mise hung, I did not dare to doubt thee. I
saw thee change, yet still re - lied, Still clung with hope the fond - er, And
thought, tho' false to all be - side, From me thou couldst not wan - der.

---

* This very beautiful Irish air was sent to me by a gentleman of Oxford. There is much pathos in the original words, and both words and music have all the features of authenticity.


But go, de - ceiv - er! go,— The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low, De- serves that thou shouldst break it!

II.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in ev'n the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go,—
Some day, perhaps, thou 'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

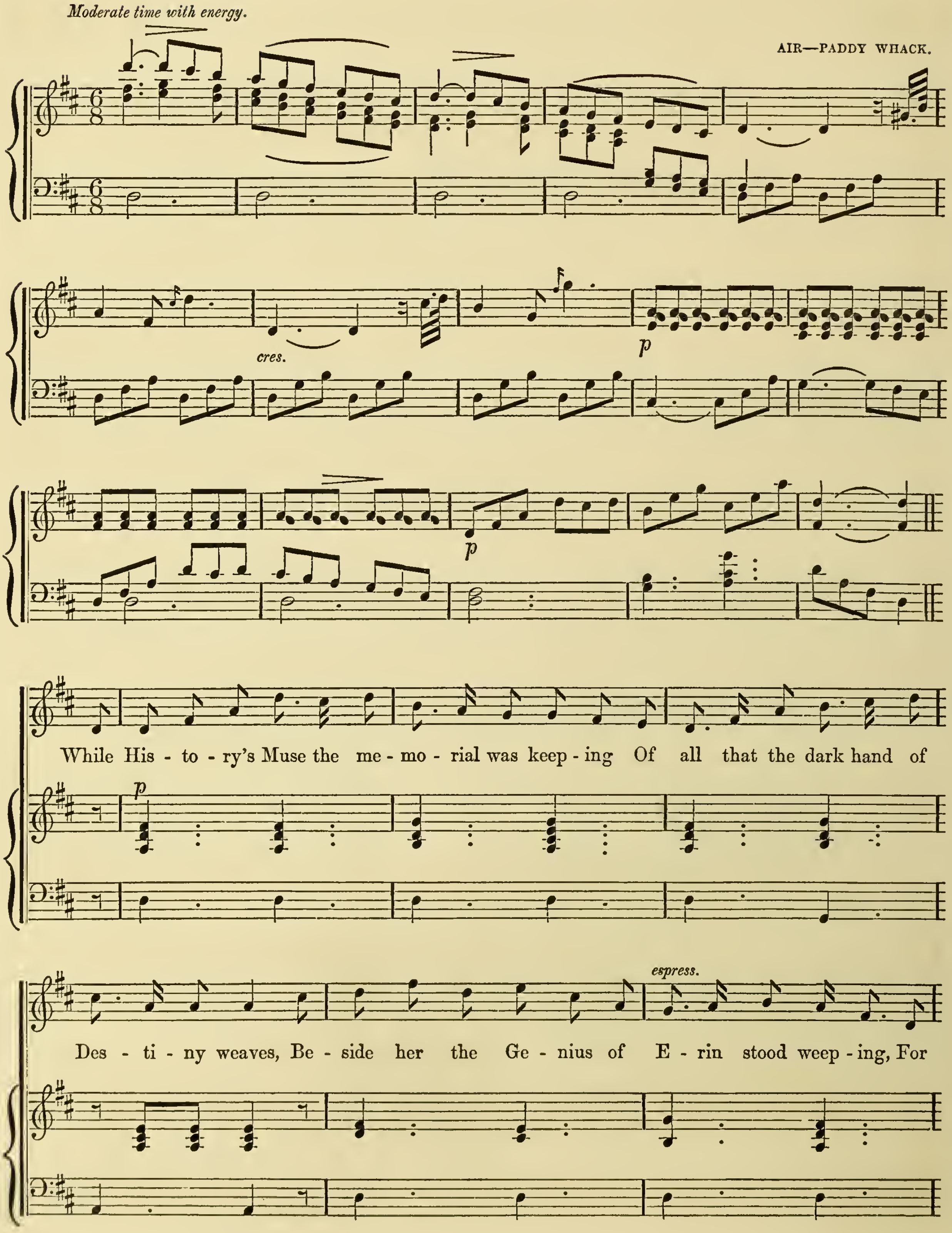
III.

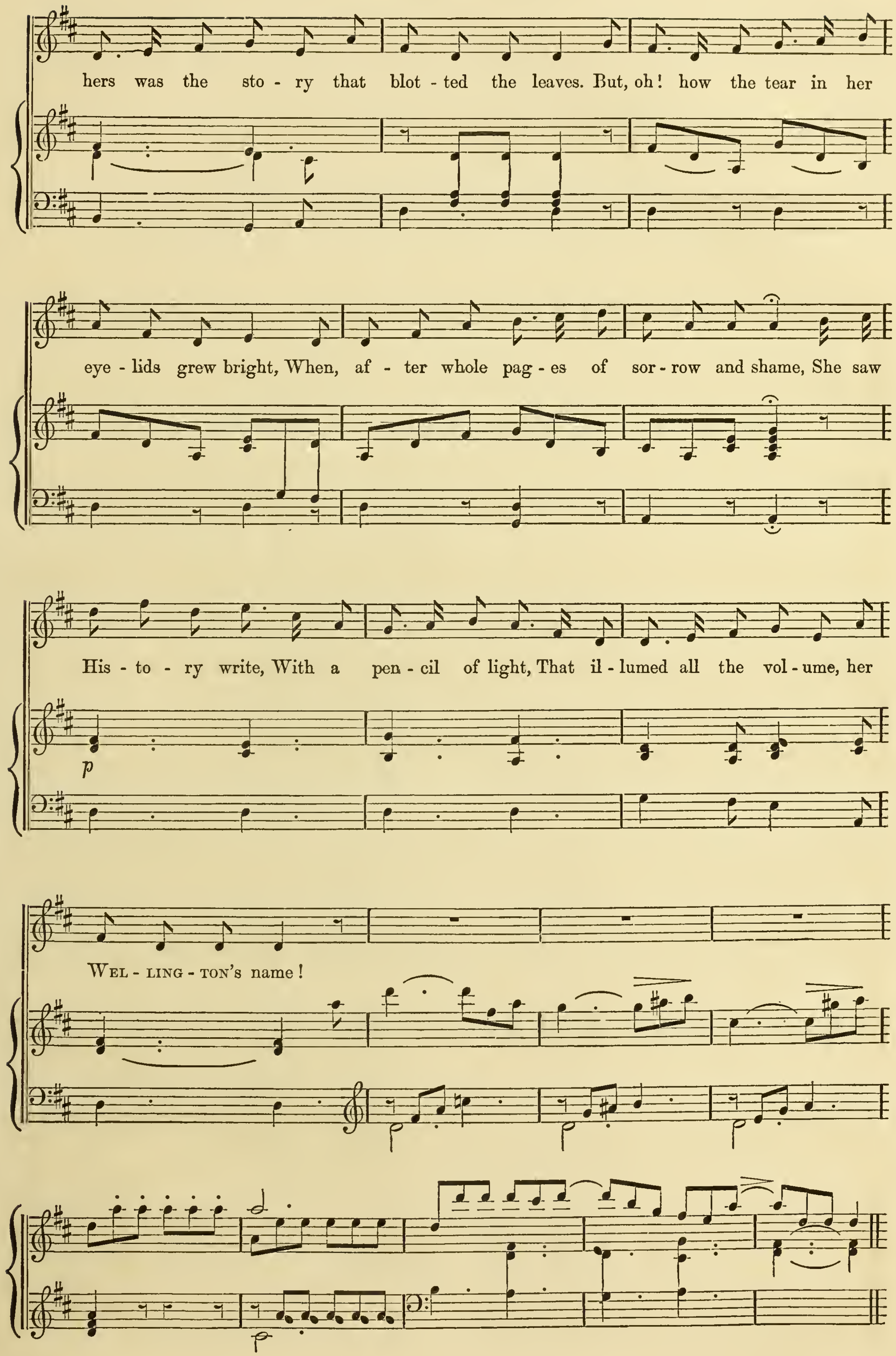
Ev'n now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee;
The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank, cold hearts beneath it!
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendour!

IV.

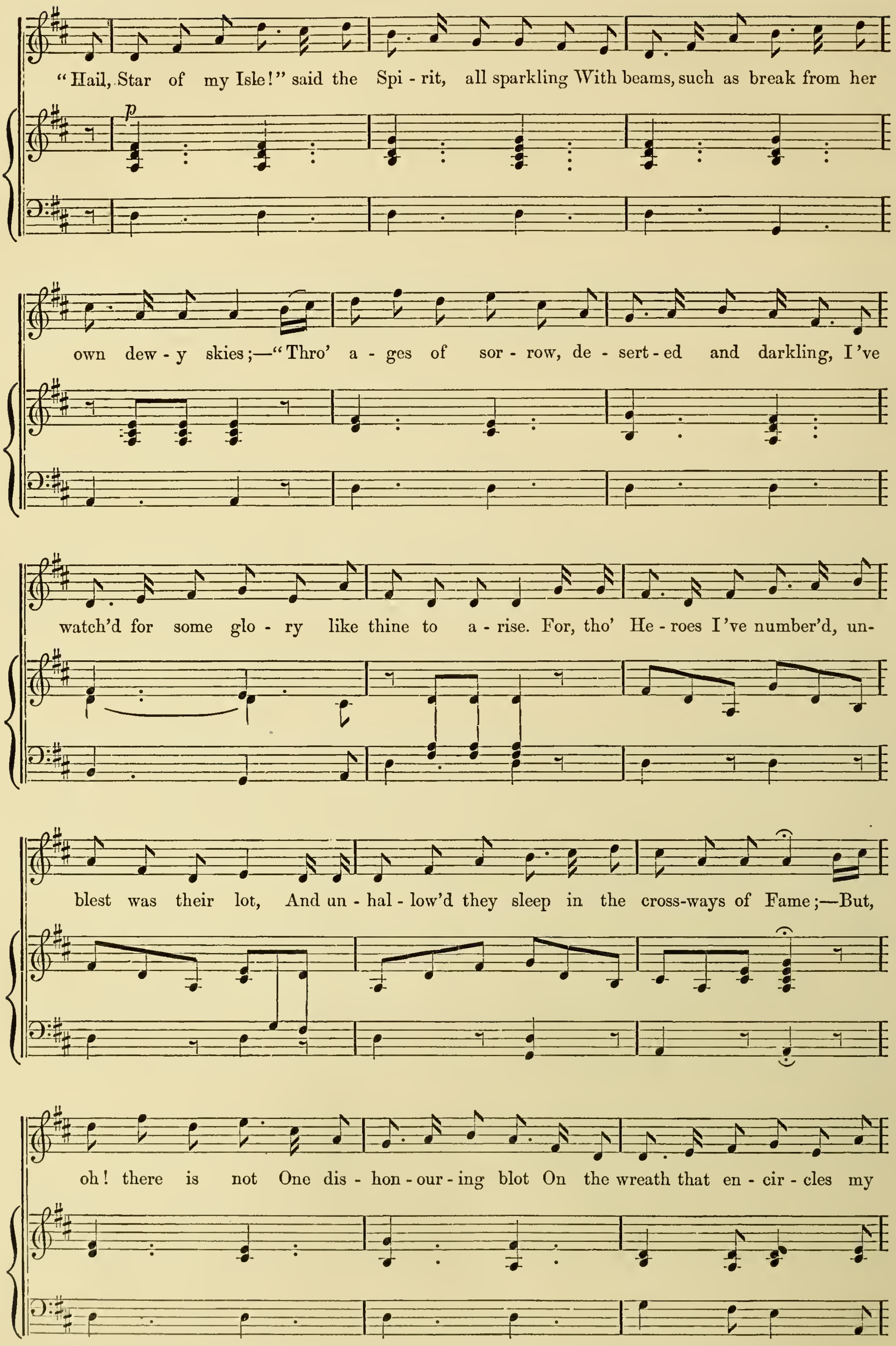
And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When ev'n those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou 'st lost for ever!
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'t is vain to curse,
'T is weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made

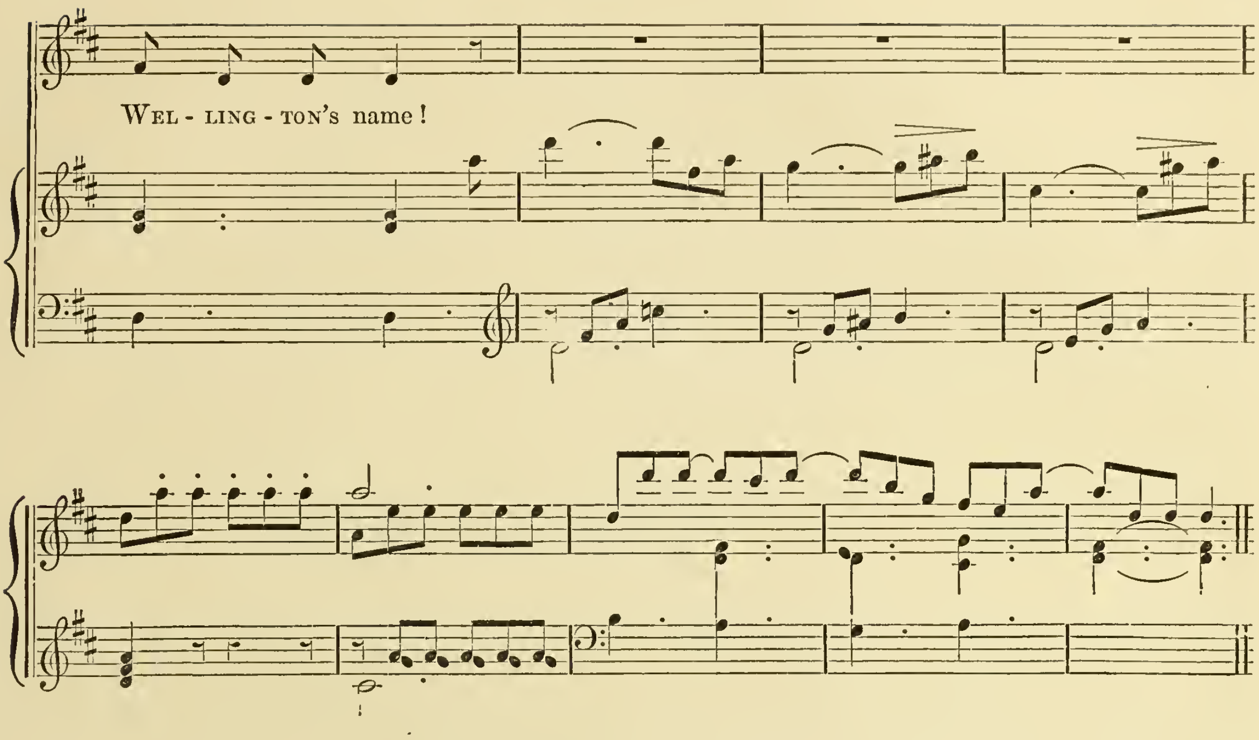
WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.


Moderate time with energy.
AIR—PADDY WHACK.
cres.
p
p
p
While His - to - ry's Muse the me - mo - rial was keep - ing Of all that the dark hand of
espress.
Des - ti - ny weaves, Be - side her the Ge - nius of E - rin stood weep - ing, For


hers was the sto - ry that blot - ted the leaves. But, oh! how the tear in her
eye - lids grew bright, When, af - ter whole pag - es of sor - row and shame, She saw
His - to - ry write, With a pen - cil of light, That il - lumed all the vol - ume, her
Wel - ling - ton's name!
p

2ND VERSE.


"Hail, Star of my Isle!" said the Spi - rit, all sparkling With beams, such as break from her
p
own dew - y skies;—"Thro' a - ges of sor - row, de - sert - ed and darkling, I've
watch'd for some glo - ry like thine to a - rise. For, tho' He - roes I've number'd, un-
blest was their lot, And un - hal - low'd they sleep in the cross-ways of Fame;—But,
oh! there is not One dis - hon - our - ing blot On the wreath that en - cir - cles my

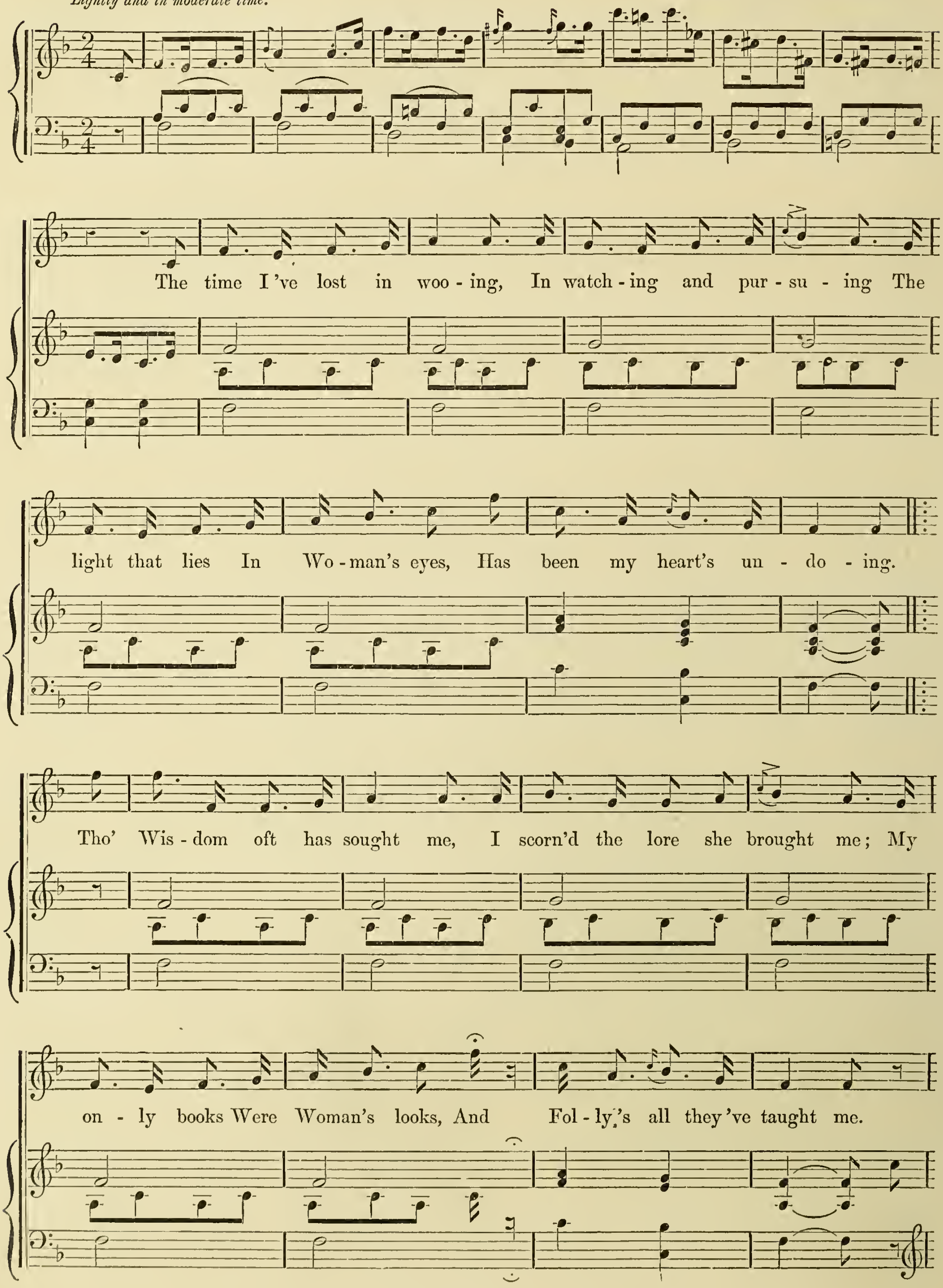


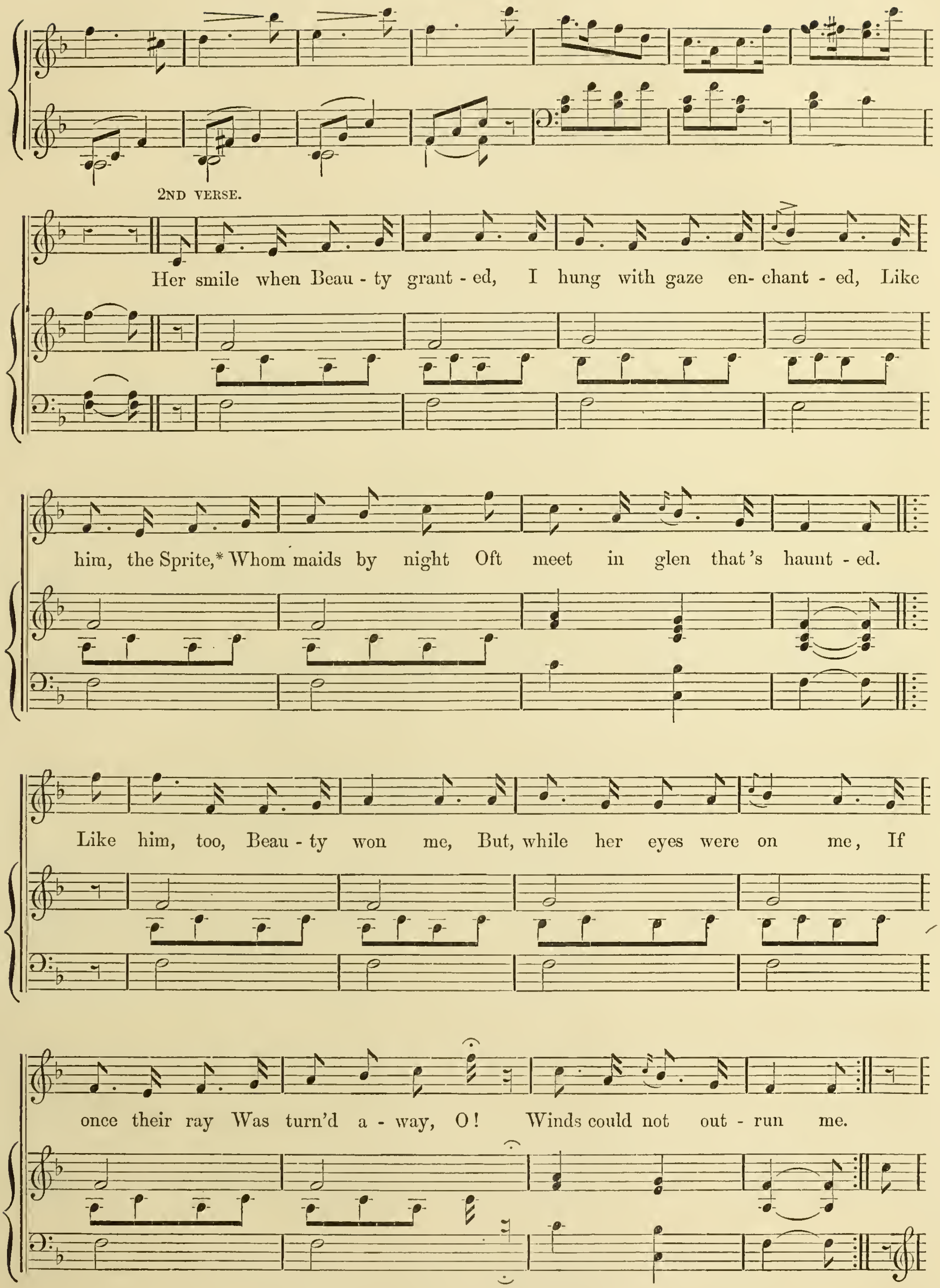
"And still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest e'en thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne, for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go plead for the land that first cradled thy fame—
And bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood
Let the rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

AIR—PEASE UPON A TRENCHER.

Lightly and in moderate time.


The time I've lost in woo - ing, In watch - ing and pur - su - ing The
light that lies In Wo - man's eyes, Has been my heart's un - do - ing.
Tho' Wis - dom oft has sought me, I scorn'd the lore she brought me; My
on - ly books Were Woman's looks, And Fol - ly's all they've taught me.


2ND VERSE.
Her smile when Beau - ty grant - ed, I hung with gaze en- chant - ed, Like
him, the Sprite,* Whom maids by night Oft meet in glen that 's haunt - ed.
Like him, too, Beau - ty won me, But, while her eyes were on me, If
once their ray Was turn'd a - way, O! Winds could not out - run me.

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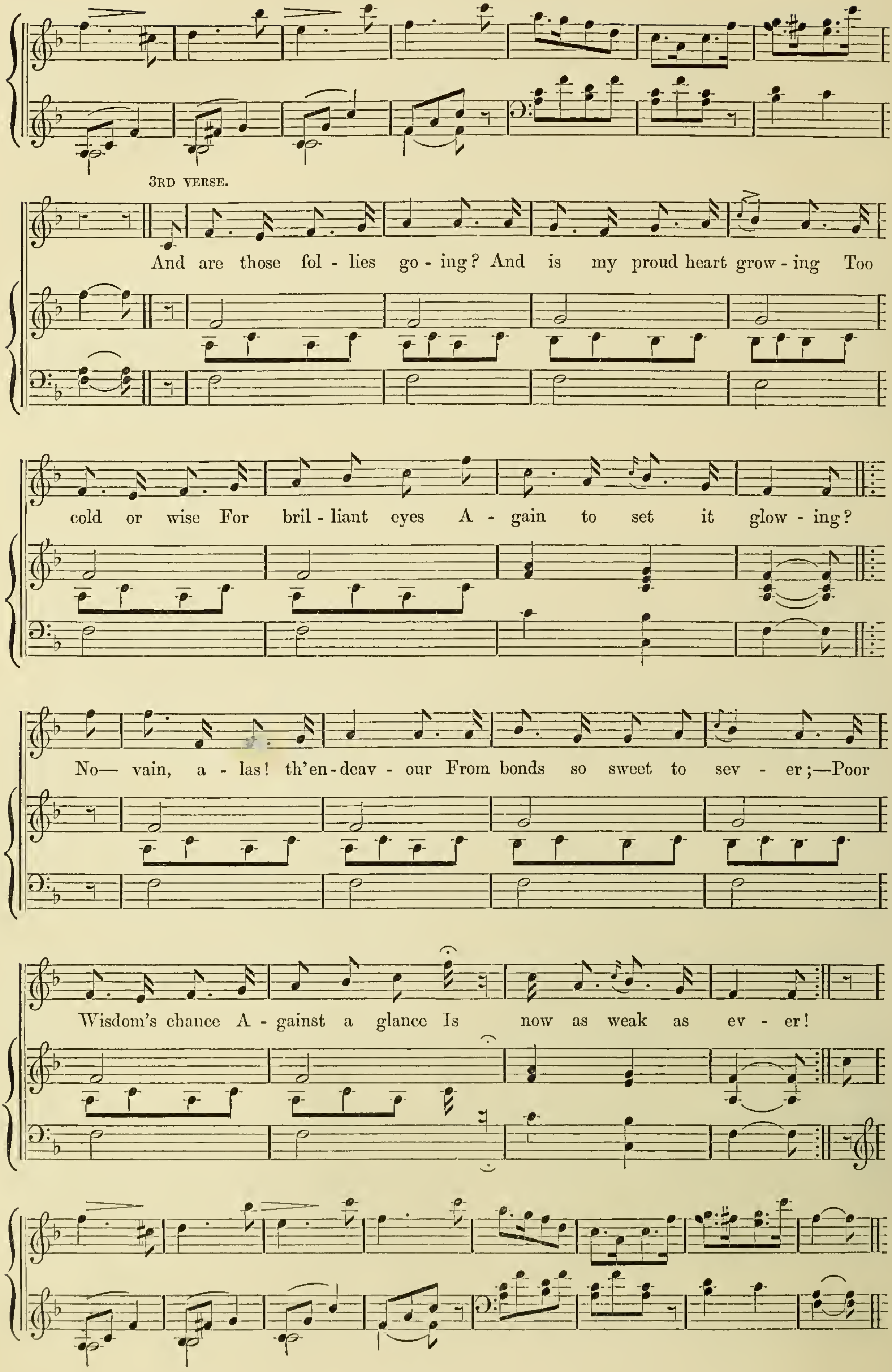
* This alludes to a kind of Irish Fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields, at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some inducement), he vanishes. I had thought that this was the sprite which we call the Leprechaun; but a high authority upon such subjects, Lady MORGAN (in a note upon her national and interesting novel, O'Donnel), has given a very different account of that Goblin.


3RD VERSE.
And are those fol - lies go - ing? And is my proud heart grow - ing Too
cold or wise For bril - liant eyes A - gain to set it glow - ing?
No— vain, a - las! th'en - deav - our From bonds so sweet to sev - er;—Poor
Wisdom's chance A - gainst a glance Is now as weak as ev - er!